Saturday Review

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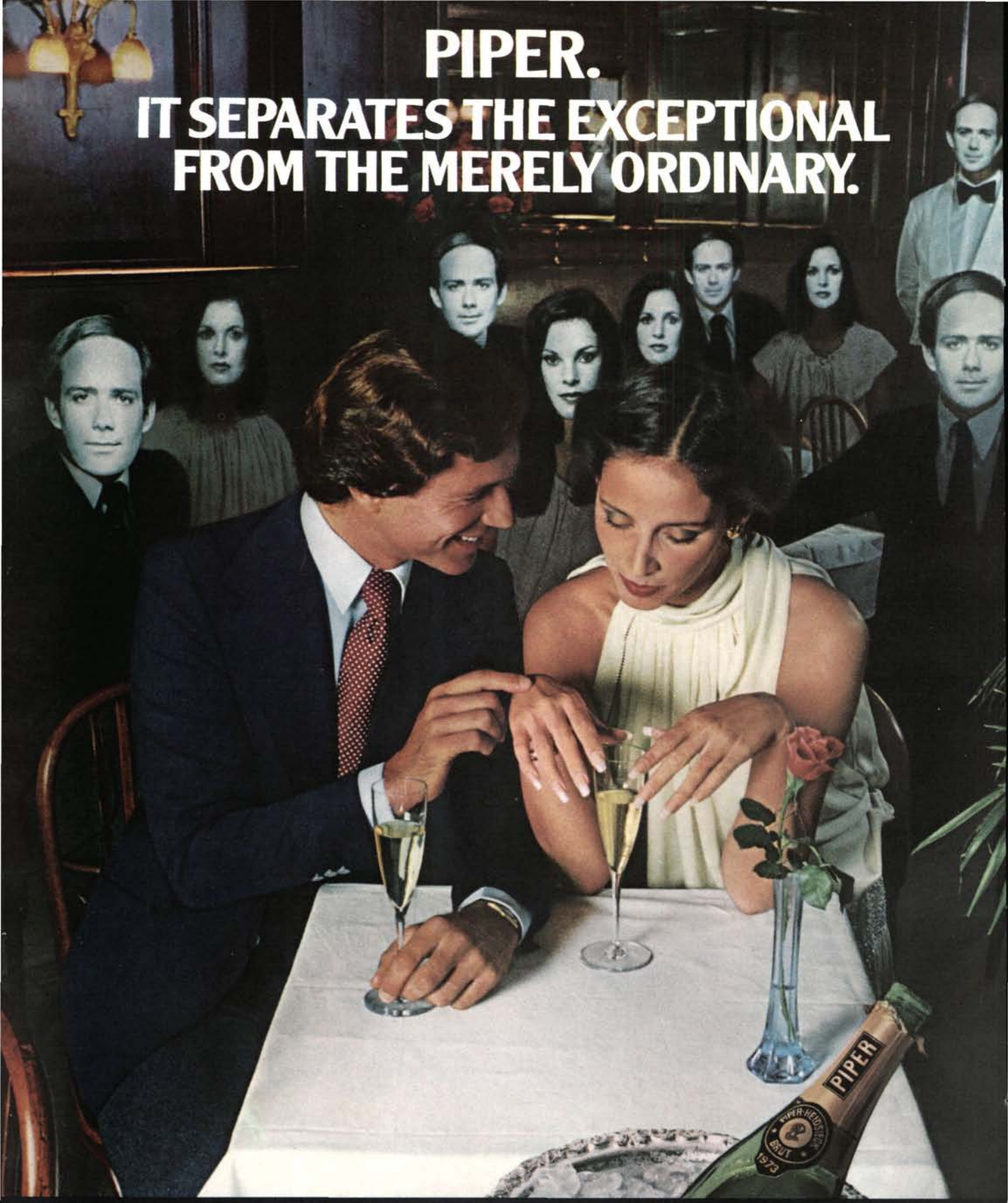

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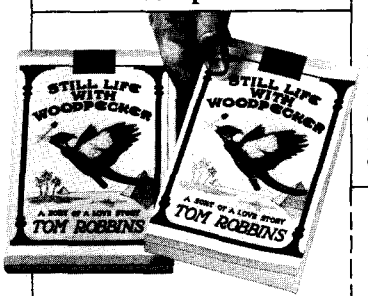
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SATURDAY REVIEW® DECEMBER 1980

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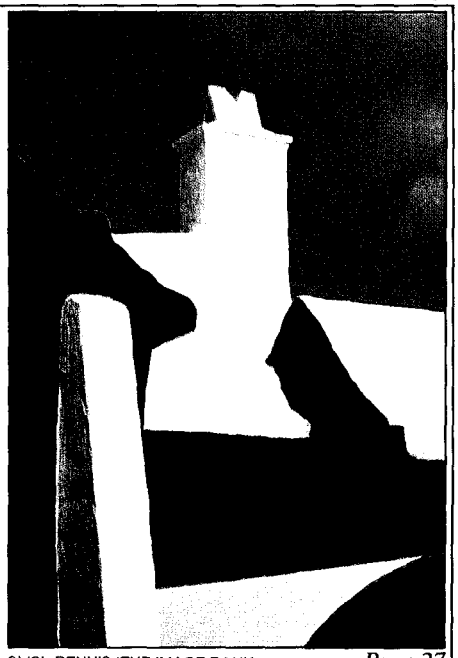

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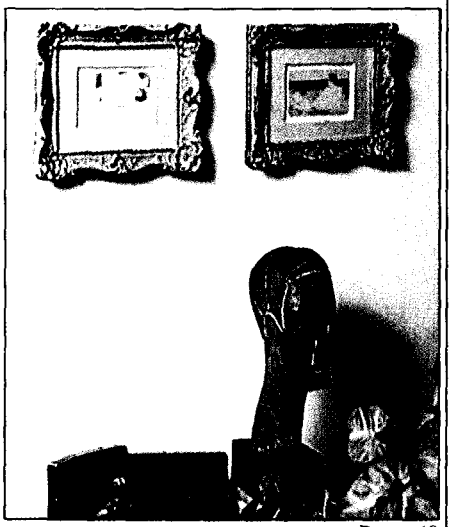

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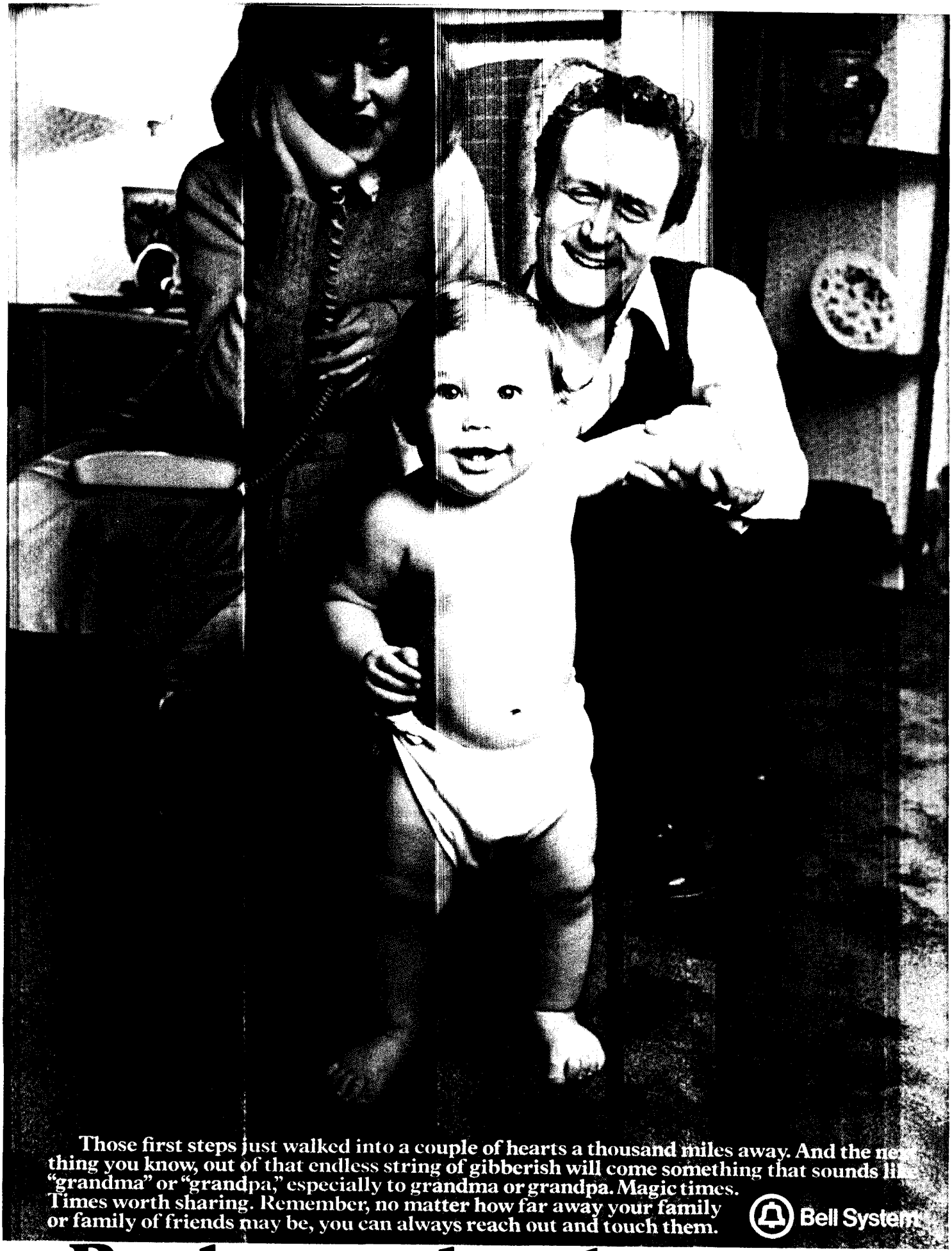

Those first steps just walked into a couple of hearts a thousand miles away. And the next thing you know, out of that endless string of gibberish will come something that sounds like "grandma" or "grandpa," especially to grandma or grandpa. Magic times. Times worth sharing. Remember, no matter how far away your family or family of friends may be, you can always reach out and touch them.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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The Brutalists

Robert Moss, in his otherwise excellent article "The Brutalists: Making Movies Mean and Ugly" [October], overlooks or misunderstands a vital tenet of the early Greek playwrights. Yes, "violence abounds" in many of their works, but the mayhem happened *offstage* and was usually reported by a witness to it.

Unlike the "master sadists" extolled by Pauline Kael, Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Euripides were primarily concerned not with affronting the eye or with disordering the mind, but with the impact of violence on the human heart. In their enduring plays, physical sensationalism was subordinated to emotional sensibility. Why do the brutalists have to repudiate this tradition, debase their art, and pander to the worst in us?

Robert R. Ruffing
Wayne, New Jersey

American Conductors

Roger Williams's article "Why America Spurns American Conductors" [October] has raised some eyebrows among our concertgoers. The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by American-born Leonard Slatkin, is not mentioned on the chart that appears at the beginning of the article. Artistically, as well as in terms of financial size, the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra is considered the equal of most of the organizations that you do mention, and in some cases, our scope is much broader than many of those listed. This concerns us because by excluding St. Louis from the chart, full representation is not given to the number of Americans who are conducting major orchestras in this country.

David J. Hyslop
Executive Director
St. Louis Symphony Orchestra
St. Louis, Missouri

The points that Roger Williams seeks to make in his article are only clouded by numerous errors as well as vague or unsupportable observations. First, one has to ask how we are to define "American conductor." Surely Mr. Williams would not insist that this term be reserved only for those conductors actually born in the United States. In fact, he lists Andre Previn in his "Nationality Scorecard" as American, though Mr. Previn was born in Berlin. On the other hand, Antal Dorati is listed as Hungarian, though he has been a U.S. citizen for some 40 years.

Richard D. Freed
Rockville, Maryland

I was surprised that Mr. Williams did not mention John Nelson, musical director and conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. John Nelson certainly belongs to the elite of young American conductors.

Norbert Neuss
President, Fine Arts Society of Indianapolis
Indianapolis, Indiana

Roger Williams replies: Mr. Freed did not read my third paragraph carefully. It says: "For the purpose of evaluating the progress of Americans in this field, the term American should apply only to those artists who were born, bred, *or*

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LETTERS

trained in the United States." Therefore Previn qualifies and Dorati does not. Nevertheless, the "Nationality Scorecard" is misleading. By listing 11 non-American conductors out of a total of 13, it makes the situation look even worse than it is. The scorecard was not meant to be definitive or all-encompassing. Mr. Neuss's point on John Nelson is well taken. Nelson should have been included in my discussion of Americans worth consideration as music directors of our top orchestras.

Posslq's Rightful Author

No, no, no! I was not the author of the delightful verse on posslq quoted in part by Thomas Middleton in his October Language column. It was written by Charles Osgood of CBS Radio, to whom I have always ascribed authorship—except for the first four lines that Mr. Osgood borrowed from John Donne.

Dero Saunders
Executive Editor, Forbes
New York, New York

Artists' Unions

In her article "Can Performing Arts Survive the Unions?" [October], Julia Vitullo-Martin apparently expects actors to subsidize the work of playwrights who have so little talent and accomplishment that no producer will mount a bona fide production of their work on Broadway, off-Broadway, or in stock or dinner theaters. The article fails to mention that every OOBA theater can and does exploit the talents of as many non-Equity actors as it wishes. Some of these "poor, experimental" enterprises have budgets supplied by government grants. And they all ask for "donations" as admission. As a professional performer who makes a good living working for intelligent, responsible producers, I deeply resent my tax dollars being spent to make inroads on my potential paid employment.

Zelda Pulliam
New York, New York
Ms. Pulliam is a member of the Council of Actor's Equity Association.

The editors reply: Ms. Pulliam seems to object, on the one hand, to nonsalaried productions of plays that don't merit production under any other circumstances and, on the other hand, to the fact that as a member of Actor's Equity, she may not be allowed to act in such productions and thus is losing—unsalaried—employment opportunities.

But if a playwright can strengthen a poor script after seeing it in an unsalaried workshop presentation and, as a result, is able to find a producer willing to pay for a first-class production, salaried opportunities will have been created—for which Ms. Pulliam would probably like an opportunity to audition.

As for subsidizing authors, it is, of course, true that playwrights usually find success through actors' performances—and it is equally true that actors usually find success through playwrights' scripts. Equity is asking playwrights to share any financial success with actors from previous productions of their plays. Are actors willing to sign away a portion of their future salaries to each playwright whose creations have enabled them to achieve success?

An Inspiration

Saturday Review has performed a real service in publishing John Canaday's article on David Finn's new book, *The Florence; Baptistry Doors*, "A Masterpiece Preserved" [October]. We all know the doors to be inspired works of art, but how many of us get to appreciate them at the close range they deserve? The article and the pictures have given me that opportunity, and conveyed the inspiration of the sculptures. Thank you.

Charlene Hoover
New York, New York

Notes: *The Great Los Angeles Fire* was reviewed [August] from bound galleys that contained the note: © 1980 by Gordon Lish. Our reviewer speculated about authorship of the book based on that note. The note does not appear in the published hardbound edition and Lish disavows any connection with the novel. Our speculation was apparently based on a misplaced line of type.

In the article on Muriel Kallis Newman's collection [October], her "August Calendar" was mistakenly attributed to Jasper Johns. It is, of course, by Claes Oldenburg, the master of the soft touch. Apologies to all concerned.

The picture that appeared on page 86 of Walter Terry's column "Scheherazade Revisited" [November] was misidentified. The photograph was of Ben Stevenson's *Space City* and the dancers were Janie Parker and William Pizutto.

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Dostoevsky's Legacy

January 28, 1981, marks the 100th anniversary of the death of Fyodor Dostoevsky, Russian literary grand master, creator of memorable fictional characters, chronicler-supreme of inner longings and human persistence. He was a giant among giants. Leo Tolstoy, Ivan Turgenev, Ivan Goncharov, and Nikolai Nekrasov were his contemporaries, but no one surpassed him in terms of ability to see inside the human soul or to comprehend the universality of despair.

"I am like a pebble cast aside," he once wrote to his brother. "I have always been of a gloomy, sickly, susceptible disposition." He was scored by critics for the pervasive somber mood of his novels, but he held his ground. "Do you think I am one of those who mend hearts, deliver the soul and drive out suffering?" he asked in a letter to a friend. "I have little skill in healing, although I have sometimes tried it." Yet his own work ultimately refutes his melancholy obsessions. What made his stories so compelling was the vital spark that enabled his characters to resist final defeat.

In another letter to his brother about his bitter experiences in a Siberian prison camp where he was being punished for his political independence, he could write that he discovered within himself "hopes and desires which in bygone days I did not even anticipate. . . . Do not imagine, I pray you, that I am still as moody as I was in my last years in Petersburg." His prison ordeal, far from crushing him, enabled him to find reserves of spirit that gave new meaning to his life and that were also reflected in his writings.

Dostoevsky believed in the capacity of human beings to persevere despite all the pervasive indignities and defeats that surround and confound members of the human species. And the triumphs were all the more credible because they were never total. One never fully subdued one's fears but somehow learned to be less terrified by them. One never fully shattered one's loneliness but learned to make it less omnipresent. Not every illness could be fully conquered, but there were ways of fighting back that gave the pain-free intervals a certain sweetness and opened the sensitivities even wider.

He had epilepsy and it sometimes struck when all of his creative and physical powers were needed for other things. The fact that his affliction might hit at any time was a dreadful weight, but, as with his Siberian prison experience, the epilepsy made his awareness of life's possibilities all the keener. His writing never came easily—not just because of his illness but because of his own high standards.

His characters' triumphs were credible because they were never total.

When, after long years, recognition finally came, he could reflect that no one of his books was really what he wanted it to be. He worked under unremitting pressure. Like Dickens, he wrote many of his stories in the form of serials for magazines—sending them in to be published as they came along and seldom knowing what was going to happen in the next chapter. But he never allowed the uncertainty to become sovereign. Even in the act of creating in his novels characters who were cut down time and again, he discovered the reality of inner strength for new beginnings.

Tolstoy liked to say that the greatest unhappiness in life is the result not of one's needs but of one's abundance. Being wealthy himself, Tolstoy was not being theoretical. Dostoevsky, living in poverty, probably would have said that unhappiness in life is the result of the blocked search for perfection. He was never able to believe that any one of his books—not *Crime and Punishment* or *The Brothers Karamazov* or *The Possessed* or *The Idiot* or *The Gambler*—reflected the best of which he was capable. He was constantly tormented by afterthoughts, by notions of how the work might have been better. André Gide made perhaps the most searching comment on the mistaken nature of Dostoevsky's self-doubts when he wrote that "his best works rise almost throughout to a degree of precision and clarity that is not easy to imagine excelled."

Like most authors of his day, Dostoevsky was never fully content with his book publishers. Finally, late in his career, his wife decided to take on that responsibility herself. She was so successful in this direction that Tolstoy's wife was inspired to do the same. The difference in net income in both cases was so great that it is a wonder that any Russian writer did not set up a family publishing company.

More than any of his contemporaries, perhaps, Dostoevsky was able to depict the drama of man's inner life; the pursuit by bitter dreams; the interlacing of hopes, longings, apprehensions. One hundred years after Dostoevsky's death he can be seen as the master of the psychological novel who anticipated modern fiction and, indeed, became its greatest teacher. **—N.C.**

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DECEMBER SPOTLIGHTS

New Year's Eve

To each his own New Year's Eve carousing. But for the arts lover living in Boston or its environs, the problem of remaining conscious until midnight may well be solved. This New Year's Eve, as on the last four, the streets of Bean Town will be taken over by **First Night** celebrations and pageantry, and the revelers will be entertained by a one-night festival of the arts.

The fun begins at five o'clock when, to the accompaniment of the city's church bells ringing in concert, a processional of hundreds of puppets and maskers wielding banners and playing kazoos starts off for the Boston Common. Following a jubilant gathering, one can choose from among 40 indoor arts performances in and around the Back Bay area. One $2 First Night button will give you entry to programs of classical music, jazz, mime, dance, theater, poetry, video, film, folk music, folk dancing, and martial arts all over town. Two of the grander-scale—if less profound—events: the Laser Circus, combining computer-generated laser projections and more traditional circus fare such as juggling and tightrope walking; and Copley Light, an "environmental light ballet" choreographed for eight colored search lights beaming from Copley Square and reflecting off the mirrored surfaces of downtown skyscrapers. For a complete agenda, call or write: First Night, Inc., 182 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02111. (617 725-3000.)

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Boston's First Night arts festival begins with a gala procession to the Common.

Photography

Just 10 short years after its invention, photography bloomed as an art form in 19th-century France. **After Daguerre: Masterworks of French Photography, 1848-1900, From the Bibliothèque Nationale**, opening this month at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, is the result of a remarkable bit of museum archaeology by Weston Naef, Associate Curator of Photography at the Met, and his French colleagues Bernard Marbot and Jean-Pierre Segan. Their systematic search through the immense files at the Bibliothèque Nationale has brought to light a host of invaluable works, all but forgotten in their archival tombs and neglected by history. The exhibit will feature photographs by over 100 artists from the golden age of French photography, most of which haven't been seen in public since their first showing in Paris a century ago.

Among the works on display: the only photographs made by Eugene Delacroix and the photographic work of the eminent portrait sculptor Adam-Salomon; unrecorded photographs of the Crimean War made by Langois (ranked by Naef with the work of Robert Fenton, the accepted master chronicler of the Crimean War); multiple exposures of motion; and abundant examples from the short, happy infancy of nude photography that flourished in France until abruptly quashed by censorship in 1857. This will be the first and very likely the last

J.B.H. DURAND-BRAGER

An 1855 photograph, "Kamiesch, entrée du port," from the Met's exhibit.

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Williams as Popeye, Duvall as Olive, Hurt as Swee'pea, and Smith as Bluto, from Altman's new movie, *Popeye*.

American glimpse at these treasures: Because of France's strict loan policies, Naef doubts this historic exhibition will ever be repeated. (December 18 through February 15.)

Music

In one of life's friendly ironies, the current music director of the New York Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta, will conduct the American premiere of a composition by his immediate predecessor on the Gotham podium: Pierre Boulez's new "work-in-progress," **Notations**. This will be the first performance of a piece by M. Boulez at the Philharmonic since his return to musical life in Paris.

As a composer, Boulez is a notorious musical ideologue, and it is unlikely that his highly intricate, mathematically computed, serial score will sway unsympathetic ears—even conducted by the mellower Mehta, under whom Brahms at the Philharmonic no longer sounds like a Marine Corps drill. Still, *Notations*, commissioned by l'Orchestre de Paris (which gave the piece its first performance under Daniel Barenboim last June), is reputed to be more melodious than Boulez's past works. Dvorak's cello concerto, with Yo-Yo Ma as soloist, and four interludes from Debussy's *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* round out the program. (December 11, 12, 13, and 16.)

TOM CARAVAGLIA

Choreographer-dancer Murray Louis will dance in Nikolais's *Schema* in Paris.

Dance

Alwin Nikolais, the American avant-garde choreographer and founder-director of the Nikolais Dance Theater, follows in the footsteps of Louis XIV at the Paris Opera (founded by *le roi soleil* in 1672) with the world premiere of a three-act, multimedia dance extravaganza entitled **Schema**. The piece will employ the talents of the Paris Opera Ballet's *étoiles* and supporting dancers, live and on-screen modern dancers, 12 acrobats from the Fratolini circus in Paris, and seven puppeteers manipulating a 21-foot-high marionette. Nikolais himself wrote the music with the David Darling ensemble and also designed a set that will include a giant steel abstraction of a Christmas tree that splits open to become a spinal column, and a tableau depicting the birth of Man that evolves into the Trinity. (December 18, with other performances scheduled through February 15.)

Film

"I yam what I yam and that's all that I yam." Popeye's homely philosophy and ever-ready can of spinach kept him in good stead through the vicissitudes of cartoon life and the ravages of Bluto (the meanest vicissitude of them all). Now screenwriter Jules Feiffer (*Little Murders*, *Carnal Knowledge*) and director Robert Altman (*M*A*S*H*, *Nashville*) have translated Popeye the Sailor Man into **Popeye**, a live-action musical-comedy movie.

Feiffer's story follows the peripatetic sailor (played by Robin Williams, the Mork of *Mork and Mindy*) to the isolated harbor town of Sweethaven. There he meets the Oyl family (cadaverous Shelly Duvall appropriately cast as the anorexic Olive; Altman's grandson, Ivan Hurt, as Swee'pea), the gluttonous Whimpy (Paul Dooley) and, of course, Bluto (portrayed by 320-pound Paul L. Smith). "In this motion picture," Altman explains, "we go back to discover the roots of a genuine American hero." If the film succeeds, it will also give fresh muscle to Altman's reputation, which has been sagging since *Quintet* and *A Perfect Couple*. (Premiering December 12.)

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The Genius of Katherine Anne Porter

by Robert Penn Warren

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

After a long and painful sequel to a stroke, with increasing impairment of faculties, but with occasional flashes of old charm and wit, Katherine Anne Porter's prayer for death is answered. A famous, though far from massive, body of published work is her most obvious legacy. But there is also an enormous body of correspondence (she was a compulsive writer of letters to all sorts of people, in a style headlong, witty, shrewd, or eloquent) and a number of private journals that await editing and publication. It would, in fact, seem that experience could scarcely exist for her until it had found its "word."

Pondering this extraordinary accumulation of spontaneous and unpublished material, one is tempted to suggest that for Katherine Anne Porter the distinction between art and life was never arbitrarily drawn: Life found its fulfillment in the thrust toward art, and art sprang from life as realized in meditation. In an interview with Hank Lopez, she once said: "Everything I ever wrote in the way of fiction is based very securely on something in real life." Eudora Welty sensed this about her friend when she wrote, "What we are responding to in Katherine Anne Porter's work is the intensity of its life."

This insistence on "life" by both the author and her critics seems to be an invitation to the study of that "life" as available in correspondences, journals, and other more random sources. But here, a caveat. The life of a dedicated writer who happens to be a charming, beautiful, tough-minded, and witty woman, a brilliant conversationalist, a convincing judge of character, a friend of the great and the obscure, a wanderer in many countries and many sections of this country, would seem to be a natural prey for the popular biographer who aims for a quick kill and a brief glory near the top of the best-sellers. It is conceivable that Katherine Anne Porter might even risk the fate that, in reference to Katherine Mansfield, she has called the worst "that an artist can suffer—to be overwhelmed by her own legend, to have her work neglected for an interest in her 'personality.'"

No exploration of Katherine Anne Porter's "personality," however, can explain the success of her art: the scrupulous and expressive intricacy of structure, the combination of a precision of language, the revealing shock of precise observation and organic metaphor, a vital rhythmic felicity of style, and a significant penetration of a governing idea into the remotest details of a work. If, as V. S. Pritchett has put it, the writer of short stories is concerned with "one thing that implies many"—or much—then we have here a most impressive artist.

How did Katherine Anne Porter transmute life finally into art? In her journal of 1936, she herself provided a most succinct, simple, and precise answer to the question. All her experience, she writes, seems to be simply in memory, with continuity, marginal notes, constant revision and comparison of one thing with another. But now comes the last phase, that of ultimate transmutation: "Now and again, thousands of memories converge, harmonize, arrange themselves around a central idea in a coherent form, and I write a story."

The author here speaks as though each story were an isolated creation, called into being by the initial intuition of a theme. That, indeed, may have been her immediate perception of the process of composition. The work of any serious writer, however, is not a grab bag, but a struggle, conscious or unconscious, for a meaningful unity, a unity that can be recorded in terms of temperament or theme. In my view, the final importance of Katherine Anne

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IN HER OWN WORDS

In 1963, freelance writer Anne Turner Bruno interviewed Katherine Anne Porter in Rome. The interview was never published. The following are statements made by Katherine Anne Porter in that conversation:

I am appalled at the aimlessness of most people's lives today. Fifty percent don't pay any attention to where they are going; 40 percent are undecided and will go in any direction. Only 10 percent know what they want, and even all of them don't go toward it. Terrible things happen to people, like those in *Ship of Fools*, and they don't learn by it. They go into their graves the same shapeless creatures that they were in their cradles.

As a result of doing what I believed in, I have had success. All that I have valued, I have had for the past 20 years. I have been known as the best living short-story writer. I have had the respect and affection of persons whose opinions I respect. I have had the best press that any writer has ever had. It has been said that I have a "formidable reputation." About 50 essays of criticism have been written on my work in the past 20 years.

In my drive to write, there was the great dream of glory, of being a first-rate writer. I didn't want money and fame. I only wanted to say what I thought was *important*.

If I had not set my sights on being *great*, I would not even have been *good* today. No one promised me anything. There was never any assurance of my talent nor that anyone would read one line that I would write. There was nothing that I could have for the asking. I had to earn it. Most of all, I never wrote for the money. Writing is not a business. Writing is an art.

Sometimes it takes me 10 years to find out what happened to me. It is like iron filings from all directions coming to the magnet.

Life is a tremendous riddle and no one has yet found the answer.

Porter is not merely that she has written a number of fictions remarkable for both grace and strength, a number of fictions which have enlarged and deepened the nature of the story, both short and long, in our time, but that she has created an *oeuvre*—a body of work including fiction, essays, letters, and journals — that bears the stamp of a personality distinctive, delicately perceptive, keenly aware of the depth and darkness of human experience, delighted by the beauty of the world and the triumphs of human kindness and warmth, and thoroughly committed to a quest for meaning in the midst of the ironic complexities of man's lot.

Beyond generalizations, about her method of composition Katherine Anne Porter has given some more specific hints of the concerns underlying her work. In connection with the novel *Ship of Fools*, she once said all her literary life she had been obsessed with the attempt to "understand the logic of this majestic and terrible failure of the life of man in the Western World." This comment seems, at first glance, more cryptic than helpful, and may even evoke the suspicion that it springs from an unconscious need to establish the relation between the critically controversial novel and the earlier body of work seemingly so different. A review of her *oeuvre* reveals that, in spite of its sharp impression of immediacy, it is drenched in historical awareness.

Most obviously, we have the story of Miranda—a sharply defined person, but also a sort of alter ego of the author. In "Old Mortality," Miranda, first as a child, then as a young woman with a broken marriage returning to a family funeral, grows into an awareness of the meaning of myth and time. In the beginning of the story Miranda inspects the myth of the beautiful Aunt Amy, doomed to an early and perhaps disgraceful death. The romantic story is first subjected to a child's realistic scrutiny, then to an old-fashioned moral judgment, and finally to the modern judgment of Marx and Freud (although these names never appear). Miranda, at the end, swears that she will be done with all old tales, old romance, that she will live her own life, will know the truth "about what happens to me." This is a promise she makes to herself, and this would be the end of a certain kind of story. But this story ends with three simple phrases: ". . . making a promise to herself, in her hopefulness, her ignorance." And indeed, these three phrases *are* the story. What kind of truth can we know about our own being, our own fate?

Later, in *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, we see Miranda again, she and her lover set against the hysteria of war, the lover dying, she herself dying into a new order of life—the life of the great ruthless machine of the modern world. We can regard *Pale Horse, Pale Rider* as a thematic prologue to *Ship of Fools*, in which we see all entrapped in their own complicity with this infernal machine.

This question is always present in the work of Katherine Anne Porter: What does our history—of the individual or in the mass—mean? World War II is only one episode in that long question, with the horror of Nazism only an anguishing footnote to a great process in which we are all involved. In the face of the great, pitiless, and dehumanizing mechanism of the modern world, what her work celebrates is the toughness and integrity of the individual. And the great virtue is to recognize complicity with evil in the self. We may be foolishly hopeful, or ignorant, as young Miranda making her promise to herself. But even in the face of the savage irony of history, could she otherwise affirm her integrity?

I have caught myself in the act of trying to interpret Katherine Anne Porter's work. This was not my intention in the beginning, but it began to seem unavoidable. Candor, however, compels a footnote. At the death of a writer of such distinction there is always a mandatory—sometimes foolishly mandatory—moment of "reassessment." And for many the word *reassessment* is automatically taken as a synonym for downgrading. Here we should remind ourselves of two facts. First, a reassessment is rarely final. Second, reassessment is as much of the critic as of the writer he criticizes. Critics and writers are in the same basket. They are in the basket of their particular period and are always in the trap of their personal history and temperament. The risk the critic takes is the same as that taken by the writer, and his duty is the same: to elude as best he can the easy and fashionable, and to maintain what minimal integrity is possible. ■

Poet and novelist, Robert Penn Warren's latest book is *Being Here* (Random House).

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Can Baryshnikov Star as Impresario?

by Walter Terry

The dance world reacted with shock and disbelief when it was announced, a year and a half ago, that Mikhail Baryshnikov, Russian-born and Russian-trained, would assume command of the 40-year-old American Ballet Theatre. The appointment of the dazzling dancer, the seemingly happy-go-lucky "Misha," the jet-set Lothario, was made by the board of trustees of the Ballet Theatre Foundation, the corporation administering the company's financial affairs. But this appointment was not made without vehement resistance.

Lucia Chase, co-director (with stage designer Oliver Smith) of ABT since 1945 and its prime patroness since its blueprints were drawn in 1939, refused either to resign or to retire. Still, having lost her longtime control of the board of trustees, she was ultimately forced to "relinquish her post" (the euphemism she agreed to).

Baryshnikov was conspicuously absent from the 40th anniversary celebration this past summer of the American Ballet Theatre, the nation's finest—rivaled only by George Balanchine's New York City Ballet—and one of the world's most illustrious dance troupes. Chase, at 73, was permitted to celebrate the apogee of her career as dancer, dance-actress, director, and a sort of "mother superior" to her company during a 10-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Oldtime, recent, and current Ballet Theatre stars from all over the world came to pay tribute to "their Lucia" in a glittering dance gala. Baryshnikov, who had been engaged by Chase to star with ABT following his defection to the West in 1974, not only did not perform with his fellow artists, he was nowhere to be seen. He sent a wire of congratulations.

Did Baryshnikov stay away out of embarrassment or out of courtesy, in order to allow Chase to be, on that gala night, the star figure with the company on which she had expended millions of dollars from her own fortune and which could not have survived for four decades without her?

Or was there an additional reason for his absence? Was he too busy with guest appearances at home and abroad, with

Does Baryshnikov have an impresario's vision—and can he communicate it?

television, with plans for a fling in Broadway musicals or movie projects to lend his talents to the anniversary season? Baryshnikov is often portrayed as on-the-move, both as international superstar and as jet-set playboy. When he left Ballet Theatre a few seasons back to join the rival New York City Ballet, he said he was making the move in order to work with one of the great dance geniuses of the century and a fellow Maryinsky-Kirov Ballet alumnus, George Balanchine. But a popular joke of the time suggested that Misha had dated every Ballet Theatre girl who would have him and that he needed a new company to go through!

Would his public and private self-indulgences, then, lead to regular absences after he assumed ABT's directorship? If so, the future of the American Ballet Theatre would rest in the hands of proxy directors, among them Herman Krawitz, the company's executive director and fund raiser par excellence, and Charles France, the young and ambitious publicity director for ABT, recently promoted to Baryshnikov's assistant.

And even if he remained on the scene, would Baryshnikov have an impresario's vision—or be able to communicate it? A year ago, ballerina Violette Verdy was approached about serving as Baryshnikov's assistant at ABT. Verdy, a principal dancer for many years with the New York City Ballet and the retiring director of the Paris Opera Ballet says, "I turned down the job because it was unclear what my duties would be. Misha himself couldn't tell me what he wanted of me. And although I was looking around for a new job when my term with the Paris Opera was finished, I found that I was more worried about ABT than about me! No one there could tell me what they were doing. I wasn't at all worried about that popular view of Misha being interested only in money, girls, and his dogs—that's just folklore! He's a superb artist—but I didn't think he knew what was expected of him or what he really wanted to do."

This uncertainty was noted widely, creating a growing sense of panic throughout ABT—made worse by the sudden rise of newly important aides to Baryshnikov and the dismissal of certain members of the company. What other heads would fall? The dancers

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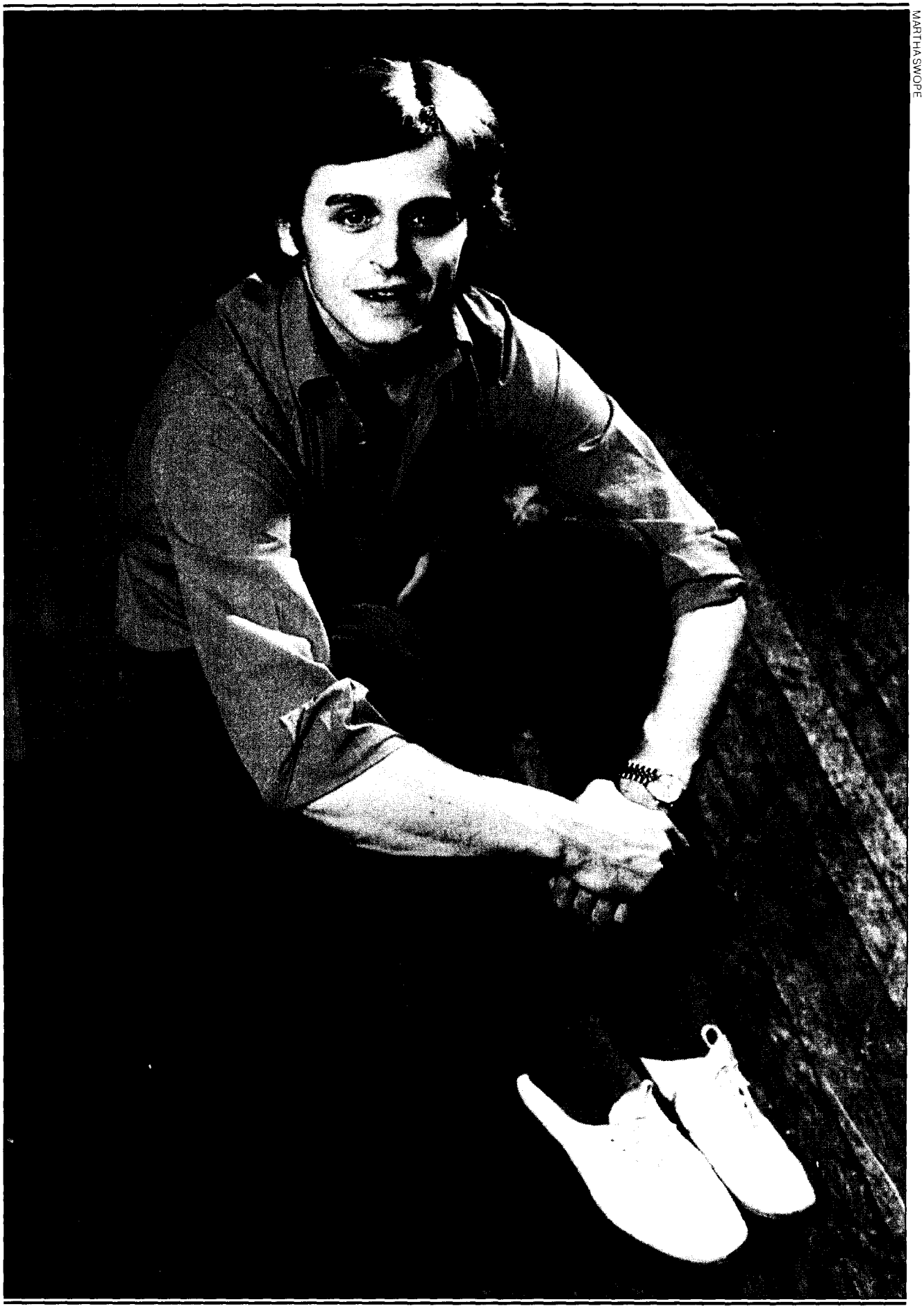

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were frightened. "We never see him," they would say. "You wouldn't believe the intrigue." "I don't know what will happen to us."

The first major dismissal was Kirk Peterson who had risen from corps de ballet rank to principal dancer, and there were others who were not invited to continue under the Baryshnikov regime or who elected not to return. Yoko Ichino, a young virtuosa, will not be back. George de la Peña, star of the Herbert Ross film *Nijinsky*, was scheduled to return to the company to assume several leading roles but later chose to remain free.

Then, last spring, as his company began to show signs of falling apart, Baryshnikov was threatened with total humiliation when Natalia Makarova, a star dancer with ABT and, like Baryshnikov, a defector from Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, announced that she would establish her own company. The fanfare surrounding the Makarova project—a four-week season at Broadway's Uris Theater—was big and loud. The Russian ballerina would appear in company with such guest stars as ABT's own prima ballerina, Cynthia Gregory, and the premiers danseurs of ABT, Anthony Dowell and Fernando Bujones, along with glittering stars from other companies.

If Makarova and Company, as the new troupe was called, turned out to be a smash, would Gregory, Dowell, and Bujones defect from Baryshnikov's ABT? Would Makarova's future New New York engagements affect Ballet Theatre's box-office draw at its annual engagements at the Metropolitan Opera House? As things turned out, Makarova and Company opened and—in a word—bombed. Despite the presence of stars, the corps was composed of obvious novices, and most of the repertory was inferior. The danger to Baryshnikov from Makarova and Company was suddenly over, at least temporarily.

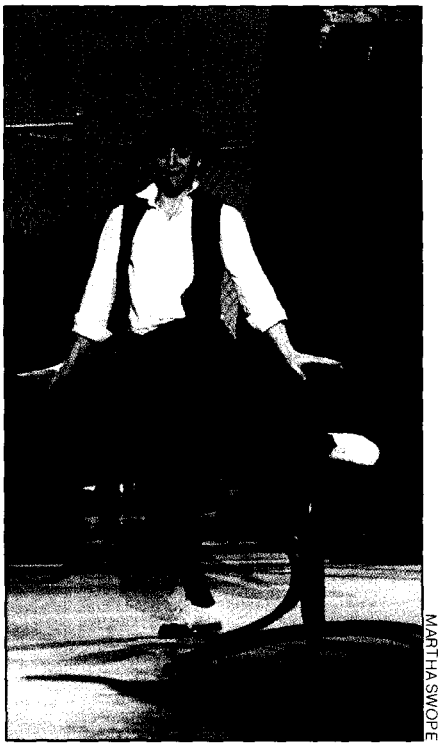
Other questions linger. But answers are starting to arrive. Does Baryshnikov, for instance, know what sort of repertoire he wants? "I do not want to change the face of this wonderful theater," Baryshnikov responds. "It was run so very successfully for so many years by Lucia and Oliver. And the way it was run produced many choreographers and many wonderful ballets. We must continue that."

But although the new director will keep in the repertory the contemporary ballets of Agnes De Mille, Antony Tudor, Jerome Robbins, Eliot Feld, and others, he would like also to discover "a very talented new choreographer who would be honestly interested in working with our dancers. If I could find a really great one, I'd make him resident choreographer." For the present, however, he is adding to the repertory established ballets by Balanchine (*The Prodigal Son* and *La Sonnambula*), Sir Frederick Ashton (*Les Rendezvous*), and modern-dance choreographer Paul Taylor (*Airs*).

Although Baryshnikov created his own version of *The Nutcracker* and staged the Kirov Ballet's version of *Don Quixote* for ABT, he says now, "I will do no more choreography because I think I am not a natural-born choreographer. In *Nutcracker*, I didn't kill myself trying to invent steps. What I did was simply to illustrate a story. I was more of a director than a choreographer." Baryshnikov himself, however, will restage—or supervise the restaging of—those 19th-century ballet classics of which he's fondest: *Giselle* and an all-Petipa program consisting of divertissements from *Raymonda* and

(Left) Lucia Chase as the Queen in ABT's *Sleeping Beauty*. (Right) Misha's distractions: TV (*Baryshnikov on Broadway*).

LOUIS PERES



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Le Corsaire, and Act III of *The Sleeping Beauty*.

If Baryshnikov's withdrawal from the field of choreography comes as no great surprise, a second contemplated withdrawal will shake the entire dance world. When asked how he planned to adjust his busy career as one of the great performers of our day to his new and demanding duties as director, he replies: "Well, you see, I've sort of lost my ambition to perform!"

This means that images of Baryshnikov soaring through space, accomplishing aerial sorties with elaborate *batterie* and vertigenous spins on the ground, executing effortlessly yet excitingly the most complex movement patterns ever seen in classical ballet will soon become a part of dance history. Yet he seems to have no regrets about his decision.

"I've done a lot of dancing," he says. "I've been on the stage as a professional since I was 18. That makes 14 or 15 years of continuous dancing. That's more than enough! Anyway, I have very few years left. Maybe two. Maybe three."

In order to serve Ballet Theatre to the fullest in his new job, he will be giving up many guest appearances (at astronomical fees) with every kind of company from obscure regional ballets to international troupes, and he won't have much time to make movies (such as *The Turning Point*) or do TV specials (such as *Baryshnikov on Broadway* with Liza Minnelli). "I still like to perform, but from now on in situations that please me, with people that I like, in productions that interest me, with conductors who know what they're doing!

"When I decide to stop finally, I'll stop"—snapping his fingers—"just like that! I don't think I have great acting ability that would enable me to be an actor-partner like in the Bournonville ballets." When he does retire, he would like to be remembered not just for his virtuosity, which he does not consider important, but for his overall artistry in his interpretations of a wide variety of roles.

But at the present, it is clear that his interests are shifting from the challenges of performing to the demands of directing. "This year I am concentrating on Ballet Theatre and nothing else. There will be no guest appearances, no television, no films. There are lots of projects around for me but, fortunately or unfortunately, I cannot do them now. I assure you that if I do shows, it will be on my free time."

Baryshnikov recognizes that he will need advice, and assistance will be forthcoming from Nora Kaye, a charter member of Ballet Theatre and the greatest dramatic ballerina of her day, who is next in line of command as an associate director; the veteran Antony Tudor; 34-year-old Charles France, who has studied ballet all his life in Europe and the United States and who has risen from ABT's promotion and press department to assistant to Baryshnikov; and seven ballet masters, ranging from Elena Tchernichova, trained in Leningrad and an emigré since 1977, to Michael Lland who joined the company as a dancer as far back as 1949.

Fears of artistic control being ceded to executive director Herman Krawitz now seem somewhat exaggerated. Krawitz, who oversees the company's $10-million-a-year budget and has been described as something of an ogre from company members right up to Lucia Chase herself—"I've never been treated so rudely in my life"—insists he's only a tough businessman who saved Ballet Theatre from financial

More distractions: (left) guest appearances (in *Santa Fe Saga* for Eliot Feld) and movie stardom (*The Turning Point*).

MARTHA SWOPE

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

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disaster in the past and who must meet the ever-increasing financial demands in the future. "He will have nothing to do with artistic decisions," declares Baryshnikov. Yet Krawitz certainly had something to do with the most central artistic decision of all: the selection of Misha as artistic director. He knows the money-value of Baryshnikov's name: "People like to give money to enterprises that excite them," he explains.

As the company's plans and new power-structure have been clarified, staff morale has begun to climb. Rebecca Wright, a versatile, highly gifted young dancer, reports that "the confusions and frustrations" that prevailed last spring have given way to a "joyous" attitude today. "It's true," she says, "that the corps kids who want to talk to Misha have to go via Charles or someone else. In all regimes, I suppose there is a bad guy and Charles has been it. But I guess he's just being protective of Misha."

Hilda Morales, a Puerto Rico-born dancer who has been with the company eight years, agrees. "At first I felt so weird when Lucia didn't pop up. The company seemed strange without her. She was like a mother-figure. But I know the company needed a change. We used to be under-rehearsed, but with Misha we are thoroughly prepared to go on stage even down to third and fourth casts. I find that under him we really know what we're doing."

Last spring, Chase's co-director, Oliver Smith, stated bluntly that he feared for the creativity of Ballet Theatre under the new director who, he felt, leaned toward the production of 19-century ballet "dinosaurs." Today, Smith says, "I now feel philosophical about the change and I welcome a young direction. It is rather like being an ancient relative who looks benignly at his family and believes that it is time the kids took over."

Baryshnikov is concerned, but not worried about the future of the American Ballet Theatre under his egis. He has no handy slogan for his regime. "In my pidgin English, in a split second, I could not produce a smart phrase that would please everybody. I cannot produce miracles either. I hope to do just normal things, like being strong and fair and honest, and like training our dancers to bring the very best to the public. After all, we exist for only one reason, the public."

Recently, going over photo proofs with dance photographer Martha Swope, Baryshnikov discarded all the smiling poses with the comment, "No more smiles. Smiling is a thing of the past. I'm a serious man now!" But does his new seriousness run any deeper than a suppressed smile? Talking to him as he goes, sweaty and tired but smiling, from one Ballet Theatre rehearsal to another, one finds in him the same intensity of purpose and the same compelling dedication to dance that are present in his incandescent performances on stage. The playboy image, the Lothario reputation, whatever the basis behind them, are fast disappearing. ("If I did everything you read about in the columns," Misha insists, "I wouldn't have time to take class. I wouldn't have time to dance!")

Whether there is finally a firm basis for belief in the new Mikhail Baryshnikov, wholly committed and untiring director of one of the world's great ballet companies, will not be known with any certainty until Ballet Theatre, sans the knowing and loving hand of Lucia Chase, opens its first engagement under his command December 10 at Washington's Kennedy Center. Later, this month, the world will know. ■

Baryshnikov in the ABT's *Sleeping Beauty*—with Natalia Makarova, once a fellow ABT star, now a rival impresario.

MARTHA SWOPE

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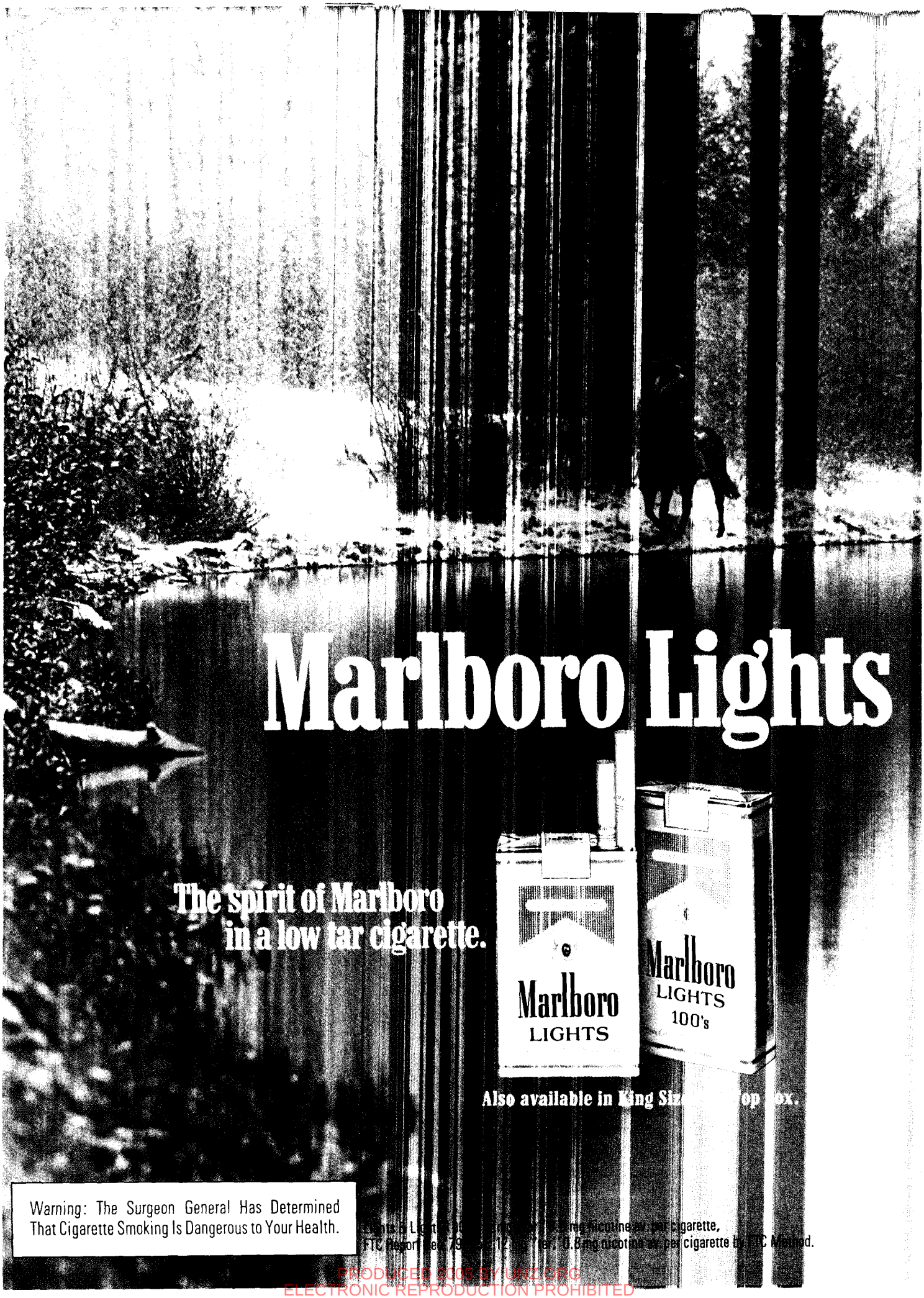

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Unwrapping Christo

by Carter Ratcliff

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When Christo was studying at the Fine Arts Academy in Sofia, Bulgaria, he and a number of his fellow art students were assigned to produce billboard-size panoramas of agricultural lushness. The idea was to set these massive paintings along the nation's major railway lines to hide the sad state of Bulgaria's postwar economy. This anecdote tells us much about the desperation of Soviet-bloc regimes. And when the same anecdote pops up over and over again in discussions of Christo's art, it tells us something about our own desperations. We need stars, not just on entertainment screens, large and small, but at the highest levels of culture. We need art-stars.

Right now, Christo is looming as one such art-star, threatening to turn into the sort of larger-than-life, aesthetic heavyweight around whom possibly mythic life stories coalesce. Moreover, when Christo recently announced a new project for New York City's Central Park—an arrangement of 11,000 gates hung with nylon sheets, some over 20 feet wide, all of them 15 feet high—the stories moved from inside art magazines to the front pages of newspapers. It's impossible to comment on this process without contributing to it—in other words, it is essential to list a few of the things that are inevitably said about Christo and his art. For example, *Running Fence* of 1976, a ribbon of white nylon, stretched across 24½ miles of northern California farmland. It was the first work of art to have required an environmental-impact report. Christo paid for the report himself—as he and his admirers point out at every opportunity. He pays for all the paperwork, all the lawyering and engineering, and every bit of hired labor his projects demand.

Foreground: Christo—the artist as construction boss. Behind him: *Valley Curtain* (1971-72), Rifle, Colorado.

The money comes from the sale of Christo's small art works and books such as *Christo—Running Fence*, recently published by Harry N. Abrams. Christo also wrapped 120 copies of Sam Hunter and John Jacobus's book *American Art of the Twentieth Century* in plastic and twine. Each sold for $750. And there is a steady market for drawings, collages, and prints of Christo's projects. These appear from time to time in auction catalogues and dealers' windows, yet Christo has no permanent gallery affiliation. Collectors, museums, and individuals alike must come to him directly. They do, in sufficient numbers to give the artist all the support he needs. This is considerable. He estimates it will cost $500,000 to wrap the Reichstag Building in Berlin. Christo has been selling images of the shrouded monument since 1972, and expects the project to be fully financed by next year. None of his endeavors has ever been sunk by a cash shortage.

In 1969, Christo produced the *Wrapped Coast—Little Bay—One Million Square Feet* near Sydney, Australia. This required 1,000,000 feet of fabric, 36 miles of rope, and the assistance of 15 professional mountain climbers. His *Valley Curtain* (1971-72) consisted of 200,000 square feet of nylon suspended in a gorge near Rifle, Colorado. In the works for 28 weeks, the curtain was hanging for only 28 hours when gale-force winds initiated the removal process. This was unexpected but not entirely unwelcome. All of Christo's outdoor works are intended to stay in place for short stretches of time—10 weeks, two weeks, sometimes less. When their spell of visibility is up, they are removed.

Christo never disturbs the environment—this is *always* said. It seems to be true, and there is no denying that Christo's art has its permanent existence in documents and photographs, not in the form of fences, curtains, and wrappings. This point is made with great insistence by the Christo faithful, his admirers among critics and coworkers. His detractors tend to focus on the visual effects of his enormous projects and ask whether they are worth all the trouble.

Gales in the Colorado mountains; stacks and stacks of reports, transcripts, permits; 1,000,000 square feet of this, mile after mile of that—what is the sum total? Is Christo a megalomaniac, a Pied Piper, a displaced bureaucrat, a visionary who recreates the landscape with a godlike power once available only to painters of landscapes? Is he none of the above or all at once? Taken on their own merits, the ritually repeated bits of Christo's story do not cohere. No satisfactory answer to these questions emerges. But that doesn't seem to be a problem. The point of Christo's career has come to reside less in his art, more in his quietly dazzling presence. The fragmented legend surrounding him provides that dazzle with a foil of reverence. Those who finance Christo's projects, like those who serve for minimal wages on his work crews, seem to be drawn by his "energy," "imagination," and "daring"—all code words for charisma, a quality that appears to grow more desirable as, consciously at least, we grow more suspicious of it.

In 1957, Christo left Bulgaria for Vienna's Fine Arts Academy. Dropping his last name, Javacheff, along the way, he arrived in Paris the following year. The artist was 23 years old. His first wrapped objects, bottles and cans, date from this period. In 1962,

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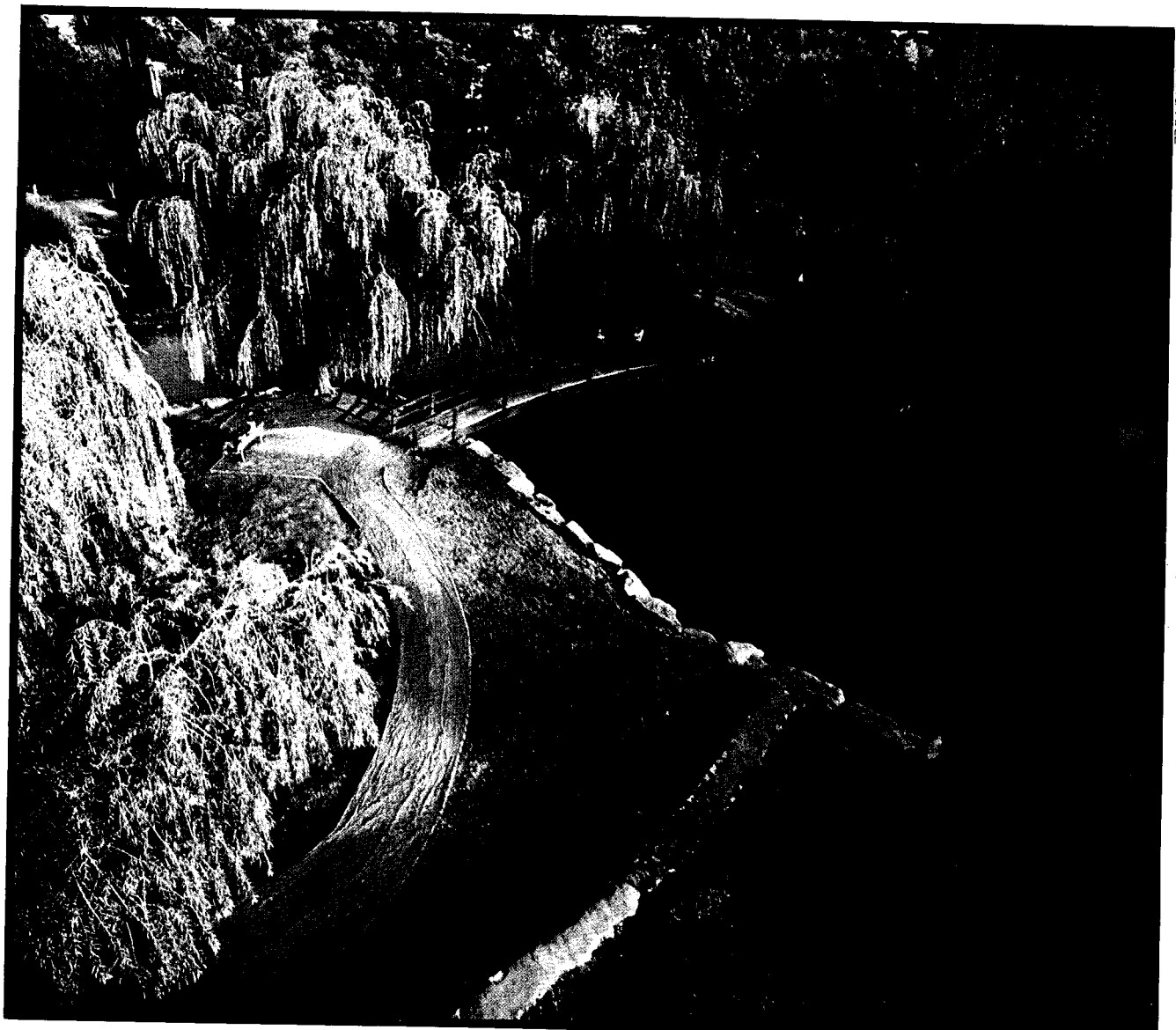

WOLFGANG VOLZ

J.D. LAJOUX

Above: *Wrapped Walk Ways* (1977-78) winding through Loose Park, Kansas City, Missouri. Below: *Wall of Oil Barrels—Iron Curtain* (June 27, 1962), in the Rue Visconti, Paris. After the furor this project provoked, Christo made certain to obtain every permit, bond or license in advance.

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he stacked oil barrels in the Rue Visconti. This blocked the street and recalled the most difficult of the borders Christo had recently crossed—the work was titled *Iron Curtain—Wall of Oil Drums*. And it recalled the barricades that appeared in 19th-century Paris in times of radical unrest.

Christo is nearly always careful to see that his projects have all their papers in order—every last permit, bond, or license that any official could possibly require him to produce. None of this groundwork had been laid for the Rue Visconti episode, which left Christo with a great deal of persuading and soothing to do when it was over. Parisians are unfriendly when their routines are disrupted, especially when the disruption has the look of an industrial junkyard. Yet Christo prevailed. He convinced the authorities that *Iron Curtain* was an artwork, and he has gotten more persuasive with every new project. As he says, each one gains credibility from all the others. And his own credibility is now greater than the sum enjoyed by the entire body of his art. Christo is most definitely a cultural presence in our times.

Although he is of medium height, Christo attracts words like "waif" and "wraith-like." This may be because he is so thin, so angular. His bony, delicate face evokes those specters that loom out of portraits by the Viennese painters—Egon Schiele and Oskar Kokoschka—yet the comparison isn't perfect. Christo has the Central European intensity of the figures, but he shows little of their anguish. There is an optimism about this artist that, quite as a matter of course, led him to the freedoms of Paris and the West, including the far west of Colorado and the Pacific Coast.

Until recently, Christo wore his hair long. It would flow out from under a hardhat as if to insist on the paradoxes built into his self-appointed role—counterculture construction boss. Today, the role is the same but the hair is shorter because nearly everyone on the experimental edge of art is careful, these days, not to be mistaken for a hippy. With his wire-rimmed glasses, Christo looks a bit stern, even pedagogical, as he lectures on his future projects. He hopes to wrap the Pont Neuf in Paris the moment he gets done wrapping the Reichstag Building. Soon after, local authorities permitting, he'll begin the Central Park project.

Facts tumble out, yet Christo's schoolmasterish air doesn't oppress. His lectures flow with ease. After all, they are concerned less with facts than with processes—bureaucratic, logistical, aesthetic. The classroom atmosphere is swept away. And it is kept at a distance by Christo's English, which isn't very good (another thing that is routinely said about him). He apologizes for this, and indeed some words are missing. Others come out resonating more of Paris than New York, where the artist has lived since 1964. At this point, one introduces Jeanne-Claude, Christo's wife, a French woman with a full command of English.

She is the daughter of a general, so perhaps it would be wrong to call her Christo's first-lieutenant. If he is an art-world Napoleon, she is his general-grade chief of staff. You come to her if you want to buy a small work by Christo—"My wife is my dealer," he says. His grand-scale projects are simple in concept and endlessly complex in execution. Without Jeanne-Claude to look after day-to-day operations, nothing much larger than a book or a bottle would ever get wrapped—at least, that's how the Christo legend has it. And in fact it is often Jeanne-Claude, with her surer grasp of languages, who opens negotiations with bureaucrats and landowners.

For Christo, "art for art's sake" includes bureaucracy, engineering, political maneuvering—and now star-making—for art's sake.

Yet there is always a moment when Christo must speak for himself. His plans for Central Park have already required the artist to address four meetings of city commissioners, community board members, and heads of Manhattan arts organizations. By all reports, these speeches, like the ones he made on behalf of the *Running Fence*, have been impressive. Whether or not they are persuasive remains to be seen. The artist already has the full support of Parks Commissioner Gordon Davis and Joseph Bresnan, New York's Director of Historic Parks. Christo knows how to communicate his vision.

When he speaks, the flaws in his English turn to signs of an intent that reaches far beyond language. A few key facts, a key phrase or two—"dynamism," "the marriage of form to natural forces"—and an air of sublime reasonableness are Christo's main tools. He creates the impression that it would be silly, even morally dubious, not to share in his optimism, not to join him in thinking at a scale somewhere out in the wide blue yonder beyond mere monumentality. The international scope of Christo's art has its beginnings in an acute, almost phobic reaction to the constricted culture of his origins.

Still, he has not repudiated his past, not even the Marxist dogmas of his school years in Bulgaria. Christo calls himself a dialectician, and indeed there is a dialectic at work as this artist approaches stardom: The remembered smallness of Bulgarian art and life has generated a vision so large it must unfurl itself across miles and miles of California farmland. It must capture a long stretch of Australian coast and in the process suggest how an entire continent might be wrapped up. If all goes as he hopes, Christo will give an utterly new look to the Reichstag Building, which stands at the border of East and West Berlin.

He wants to wrap this neo-Baroque white elephant in the fall of 1981, a process which will take four or five days. After two weeks, the wrapping will be removed and the Reichstag will reappear in all its dowdy glory. It will be business—and appearances—as usual at this meeting point of East and West. Yet Christo hopes there will be a difference. The Reichstag was built in 1871 to house the German parliament. The Kaiser despised it, the Weimar Republic dutifully used it for its intended purpose, then the Nazis set it on fire. Severely damaged in the Russian entry to Berlin, the building was restored in 1970. It is a dull, overlooked, and under-used presence, a corner of which pokes into the Soviet zone of Berlin. To transmogrify it with fabric and rope, believes Christo, would bring the Reichstag's past back to life. New thoughts, new possibilities, would be engendered.

The play of form and idea, of object and concept—that is the dialectic

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Christo prefers to discuss. It reflects a faith (less Marxist than Romantic) that imagination is the prime mover in the universe. For over two centuries, high culture in the West has been dedicated to this faith. We'll make a star of anyone who can rouse the embers of belief into a blaze. Picasso, Dali, Jackson Pollock, Andy Warhol, and one or two more are the moment's leading art-stars. Cautious yearnings fix on Andrew Wyeth. The roster is far too short to satisfy a culture as restlessly voracious as ours.

Major figures of the art-historical past are being recycled. If Michelangelo wasn't an art-star last month, he is now, thanks to the appearance of his Sistine Chapel paintings in a book so luxurious its publication party was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There is an accompanying exhibit, reviews have followed, audiences are being drawn. A large portion of the star-making machinery has ground into action. But the other portion, which deals less with art than with artists, can't be cranked up because Michelangelo is long dead. No fresh anecdotes about the painter can be circulated. No mini-cams will ever relay his image from the hot-spot of a major socio-cultural event. Michelangelo, bluntly, is not interviewable, so he cannot be a presence among us.

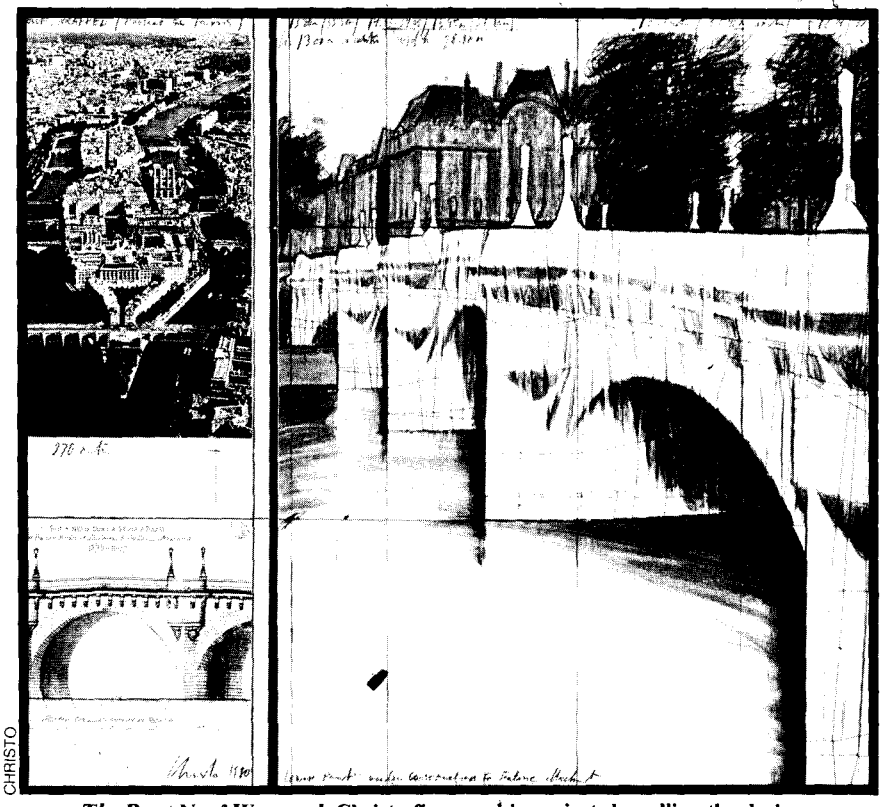
What makes Christo fascinating is the way his aura steadily brightens. As bits of his story are ritually repeated, he approaches that moment when his image will burst out into full-magnitude stardom. At that instant, the discussion of his art will be superfluous. Nothing will count but Christo's culture-hero status. At present, opinion is deeply divided. Thomas Hoving, former director of the Metropolitan Museum, calls Christo's projects "gimmick art." He compares Christo to Arcimboldo, the 16th-century Italian painter whose arrangements of vegetables look (if you squint your eyes) like human faces. The *Running Fence*, the *Valley Curtain*—it's all entertaining, says Hoving, but not profound. Before he went to the Met, Hoving served as John Lindsay's Commissioner of Parks. Gordon Davis, his current successor in that post, supports Christo's Central Park walkway with the conviction that, if the project is executed, it will be a major cultural event in New York City.

Opinion is similarly split in the avant-garde art world. Some critics provide automatic praise. Others feel Christo is too closely involved in the politics of the media and of ordinary, day-to-day government. There's no doubt that he is involved in the latter. His expertise in East and West German bureaucracy is matched only by the stock of information he has amassed about the workings of Abu Dhabi, the Persian Gulf shiekdom where he has proposed a 500-foot-high mastaba made of discarded oil barrels. Higher than the pyramid of Cheops, this work would be, in the artist's words, a "monument to oil civilization." Elitist doubts about Christo's worldliness miss the point. His political interests don't compromise him because they are the substance of his art. In a time of image-making and logo-waving, in a culture more and more defined by the ways it finds to package its concerns, Christo has made the packaging process an end in itself.

This is understood by some commentators. For those who won't understand, there is always a *Fence*, a stack of barrels, or a massive, shrouded form to contemplate. These objects are intended to be satisfying on their own, purely sculptural terms. Inside Christo the bureaucrat-construction boss is a 19th-century sensibility dedicated to *"l'art pour l'art"* —art for art's sake— independent of any but aesthetic considerations.

Christo has seen that the "machinery of life," its nuts and bolts and administrative procedures, can be viewed as art, too. Plunging into that ordinariness, Christo recycles it. He has extended art for art's sake to bureaucracy for art's sake, engineering for art's sake, political maneuvering for art's sake. And aesthetic ism, Christo-style, is expanding to include star-making for art's sake. A few seasons back, it was possible to unwrap Christo's projects and find the artist. Now, unwrapping the artist, one feels his intense desire to be a first-rank culture hero.

The moment he gets his wish, all questions about the value of Christo's art will drift away to a limbo of inconsequence. It may have already happened. What Dali was for the 1950s and Warhol was for this past decade, Christo may well be for the decade to come—a personality, an art-celebrity, whose way of presenting himself is more significant than anything else he does. Art-stars reduce their own work to the status of stage decor in lavish productions where they play the leading (in fact, the only) role. Christo's innovation may be to find a place for a co-star—his wife, the indispensable Jeanne-Claude. ■



CHRISTO

***The Pont Neuf Wrapped*: Christo finances his projects by selling the designs.**

Carter Ratcliff is an art critic and poet.

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Dinia Anariba
Age: 10 years
Central America

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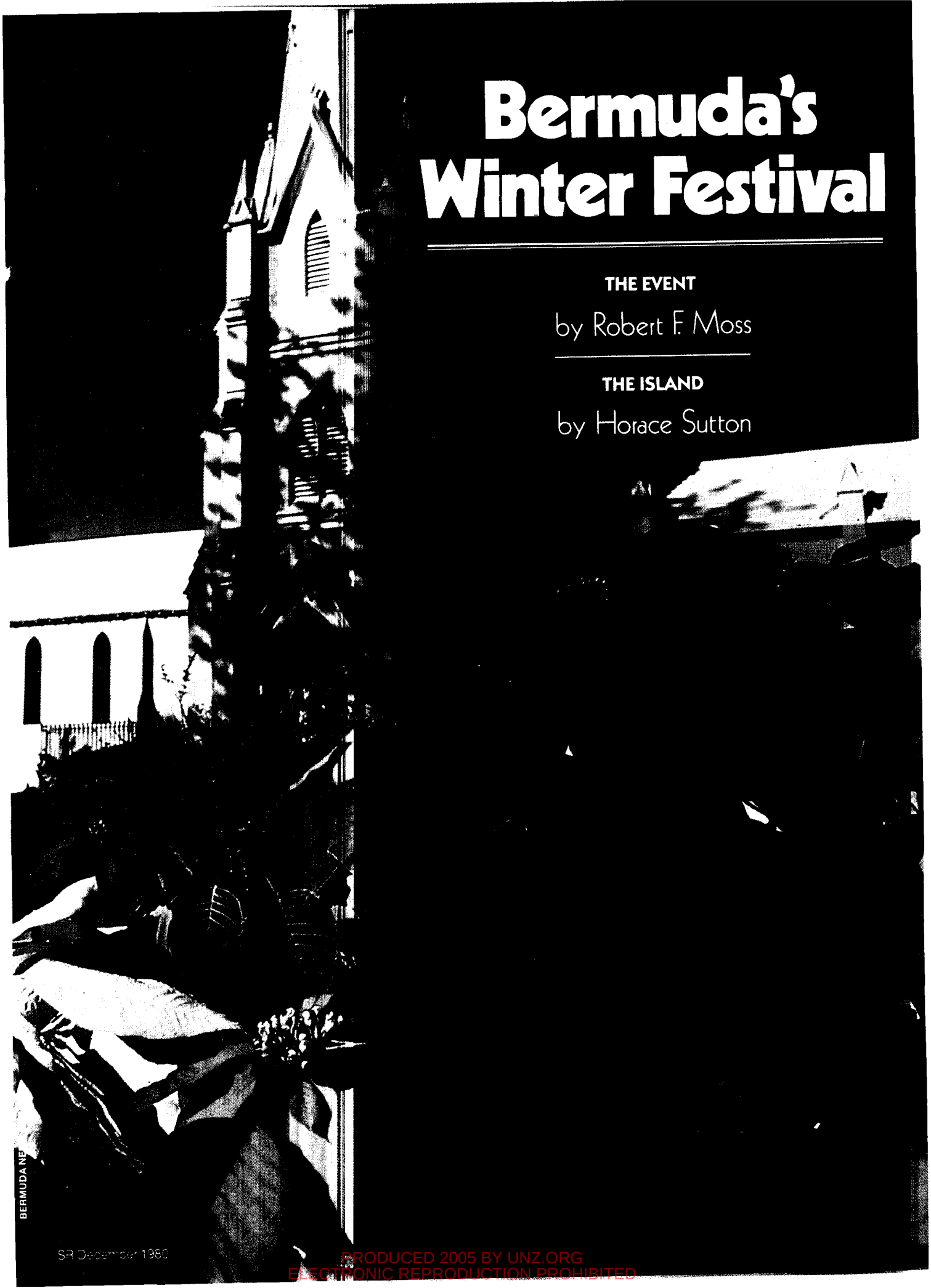
Bermuda's Winter Festival

THE EVENT

by Robert F. Moss

THE ISLAND

by Horace Sutton



BERMUDA NE

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THE EVENT

Historically, the function of music festivals has been to keep culture from going into estivation during the summer months by temporarily shifting it from its urban habitat to some bosky dell or lakeside vista, where vacationers can enjoy art and nature at the same time. The Bermuda Festival (January 14 through February 21) reverses this procedure, importing culture to keep its vacation attractions from going into hibernation. One of the preeminent valhallas of tourism in this hemisphere, Bermuda is more readily associated with pink-tinged beaches than with weighty culture.

Still, art is seldom one of the pleasures available in a luxurious resort, and it would be petty not to welcome an event that counterbalances the more sensuous Bermudan joys with the artistry of soprano Jessye Norman, the Tokyo String Quartet, the Mummenschanz mime troupe, and jazz pianist Count Basie.

Among the younger generation of opera stars, few have aroused more critical and popular enthusiasm than Jessye Norman, who will appear in a joint recital with pianist Garrick Ohlsson, a specialist in the Romantic repertory (February 18 and 20). Bearing away first prize at the Munich competition in 1968, Norman stayed in Europe and traversed the continent, singing lead roles with the Deutsche Oper in Berlin, the BBC Choral Society, and La Scala. Far more remarkable, however, is the vast musical geography she has covered. Initially identified as a mezzo, Norman soon evolved into a dramatic soprano and made her mark in such roles as Aida, Selika in *L'Africaine*, and Cassandre in *Les Troyens*. At the same time, she mastered not only a complementary body of German lieder but French art songs as well. Rarely does any voice have the flexibility to embrace the deep primary colors of Wagner's "Wesendonck Songs" and the delicate, prismatic charms of Ravel's "Chansons Madécasses," yet Norman sings both.

The 10-year-old Tokyo String Quartet, four Juilliard-trained musicians from Japan (February 19 and 21), is one of the finest chamber ensembles in the world. Obviously the fabric of any good string quartet must be nearly seamless, but the Tokyo's musical cohesion is so remarkable as to make the group sound like one ambidextrous genius playing all four instruments. Proficient in the chamber music of every epoch, the quartet is perhaps most striking in the Romantic canon because of the inherent restraint it applies to rhapsodic ardors.

Not all of the art at the Bermuda Festival is quite so austere as the Tokyo Quartet. Visitors with a love of sheer theatricality will rejoice over Mummenschanz (January 19, 21, 22), the extraordinary three-person Swiss mime troupe. Unlike most mimes, the Mummenschanz performers jettison the old white-face tradition exemplified by Marcel Marceau in favor of highly bizarre masks and flexible body wrappings. Gone too is the old tragicomic, Chaplinesque subject matter, and in its place is a post-modernist collage of fanciful arabesques and surreal capers, all of them painstakingly choreographed. In one sequence, a mime is wrapped in a stretch fabric and eiderdown blanket to become a hapless blob attempting to clamber up on a platform. In another, a couple of mime lovers parody eroticism by lasciviously devouring each other's pastry-concocted masks. "Mummenschanz" means "games of chance" in Swiss-German, but the show offers a virtual certainty of delightfully innovative theater.

If Mummenschanz is perched between serious art and entertainment, it stands side by side with another presentation of the Bermuda Festival, Count Basie and his orchestra (February 6 and 7). The patrician jazzman will

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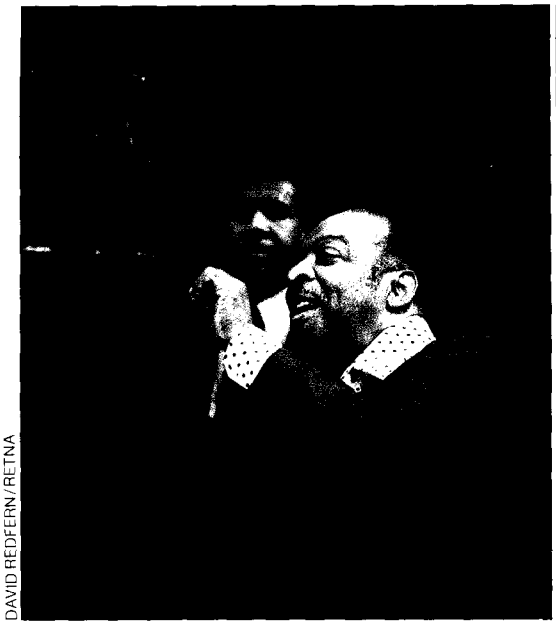
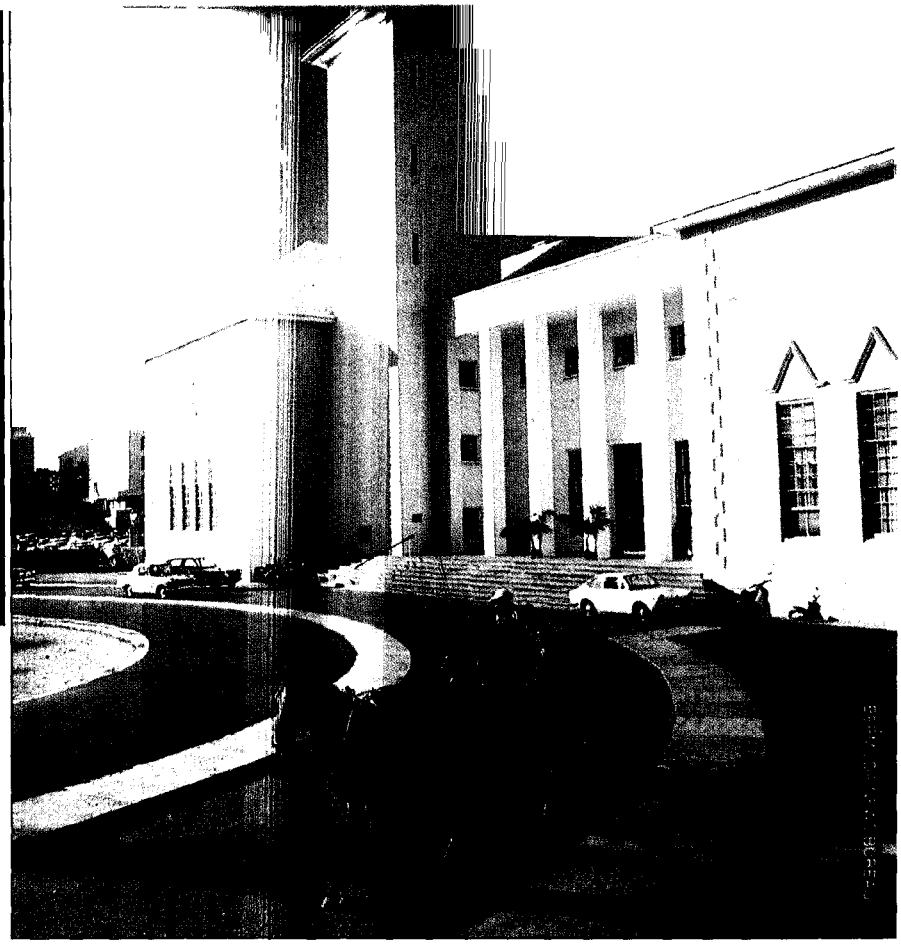


DAVID REDFERN/RETNA



Bermuda Regiment, at left, performs in full regalia at Fort Hamilton during the island's Rendezvous Season. Count Basie, above, with his orchestra, will be one of a dozen acts performing during the annual Bermuda Festival which starts in mid-January. A horse-drawn carriage rounds the driveway at Hamilton's "shocking white" City Hall, right, where many theatrical events are staged. St. Paul's church in Paget (prior page) stands amid mid-blooming poinsettias.

hold court for two concerts, with a 17-man retinue of distinguished instrumentalists. The last of the epic jazz figures, the smiling, sleepy-eyed Count formed his own band in 1936, and during its incredible 44-year history, it has been a seedbed for some of the finest talent in the business: saxophonist Lester Young, guitarist Freddie Green, blues singer Joe Williams. And yet there is nothing musty or archaeological about the Basie band. As a melody is passed smoothly around among the soloists, each man polishes it lovingly into a unique variation, and the orchestra lights up with the elegant sheen for which it is famous. The Count himself only ventures into the spotlight long enough for a few flashes of his elliptical, understated style.

These, then, are the performers who seem likely to be the festival's headliners. Among the spread of secondary offerings, which are of varying interest, the visitor can choose either of two apprentice companies, the Joffrey II dancers (January 14 through 17) and the National Opera Touring Company, the road-show division of the New York City Opera (February 2, 4, 5, and 7). However, audiences can probably expect more rewarding evenings from the respected English Chamber Orchestra, under George Malcolm (January 28 through 30); veteran classical guitarist and lutist Julian Bream (January 20, 24, 26); and the exciting young virtuosos, pianist André-Michel Schub (February 9, 10, 12) and violinist Daniel Phillips (February 11 and 13).

Theatergoers will have two possible outings in addition to Mummenschanz: the National Theatre School of Canada, the Canadian version of Britain's Royal Academy, which will mount Sheridan's *The Rivals* (February 14 through 17); and John Gray's *Billy Bishop Goes to War*, the one-man Canadian musical about the country's great World War I fighter pilot. Despite difficulties attracting audiences in New York, both on Broadway and off, the show received warm notices and fully deserved them. The staging is sly and wittily inventive, and Cedric Smith's performance as the scarved and begoggled hero brims with bumptious charm and soaring spirits.

Though the *raison d'être* of the festival appears to be the stimulation of off-season tourism, the Bermudans might respond that they themselves bought 80 percent of last year's tickets, and besides, any cultural event is properly judged by the caliber of its artists. And certainly, on that basis, the festival has much to recommend it. The muses have rarely been booked into a setting of more intensely civilized loveliness than this Anglican paradise. ■

THE ISLAND

Even with the benefits of generous hindsight, history would still be obliged to conclude that Juan de Bermudez blew it when, en route from Spain to Cuba in 1503, carrying a cargo of hogs, he sniffed about Bermuda, decided there wasn't enough water to sustain life, and after depositing a few beasts (on what became Hog Bay), hoisted anchor for Havana. He left this spindly island, which has often been described as a fish hook, naught but his name, along with the beginnings of a reputation as a nasty nest of coral outcroppings that could easily stave a hole in a passing hull.

It fell to Admiral Sir George Somers, en route to relieve the English colony at Jamestown in 1609, to do just that, and although it took considerable time to rebuild the ship, along with another that carried supplies, not only was the Virginia colony replenished, but Bermuda became British. Into the bargain, Sir George's saga aboard the *Sea Venture* became the grist for Shakespeare in *The Tempest*, the first of an endless stream of writers to find fancy with what the Bard called "the still vex't Bermoothes."

The roster of writers who have found

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a fascination about the Bermoothes embraces O'Neill, Thurber, Van Wyck Mason, James Ramsay Ullman, William Stevenson (who wrote about the shadow intelligence war in Bermuda in *A Man Called Intrepid*), Peter Benchley (whose book *The Deep* was filmed here), and, unforgettably, Mark Twain ("You go to Heaven if you want—I'll just stay right here").

The soft, never-freeze air, lulled by the Gulf Stream, the poinsettias of winter, the royal poincianas of summer, the indigo of morning glories bursting like miniature trumpets against the green ivy, the fan fronds of banana plants, the sea grape and feathered casuarinas, the lilies of Easter, the fidelwood trees, the oranges and grapefruit, limes and lemons, all growing around pastel cottages with their stepped, white rooftops, never fail to impart an other-worldliness about Bermuda that can soothe the rancors of statesmen who have often come to draw congeniality from this setting of peaceful abundance.

Although the cruise ships have been steaming into port for countless decades—Furness-Withy Lines once had a ship called *The Queen of Bermuda* as well as another, *The Monarch of Bermuda*—it took the airplane, especially the jumbo jet, to turn Bermuda into an isle of instant repose for some 600,000 visitors a year. After all, a DC-10 of American Airlines on which I was a passenger made it to JFK in just one hour and 40 minutes, hardly time for a drink and lunch. No wonder, then, that it brings, as it traditionally has, the Greenwich set in their lime-green pants and Izod polo shirts; bewildered honeymooners in their new shoes and carefully chosen going-away costumes; trippers on charters whose luggage is piled to the eaves in front of the Hamilton Princess; fishermen out for wahoo, amberjack, yellow tail, tuna, and that outsized prize, blue marlin; tennists who disport on 100 courts—Plexipave, Har-Tru, cork turf, Tarmacadam, and Dynaturf, to say nothing of asphalt. It was, one must consider, Miss Mary Outerbridge who first saw tennis in Bermuda and had courts built at New York's Staten Island Cricket Club.

There would seem hardly room for six 18-hole golf courses, not to mention three nine-hole links most of which play around the fringes of the sea. The range swings from the arch and snooty Mid-Ocean Club (members only, but privileges for some hotel guests twice a week) to the splendid public course (and tennis courts) at the Port Royal built for everyone's use by the government on singularly arable land. The conversion from marketable crops to tourist playground was a clear indication which harvest Bermuda considers more profitable.

BERMUDA NEWS BUREAU

Even the Springfield Library reflects the singular style of Bermuda. As Mark Twain once said, "You go to heaven, if you want, I'll just stay right here."

It used to be that visitors sought out the spring season here, as matriculants know who come for Bermuda's far-famed College Weeks in April. Spring is the season, too, for the Easter lily, first brought to this island aboard a distressed ship in the 1800s. On board was a missionary on his way home from Japan, and when he gave some bulbs carried from the Liukiu Islands to a local cleric, Bermuda lilies blossomed.

Now in air-conditioned days, with the run from America to so idyllic a retreat compressed to a jaunt by the jets, the Bermuda season has stretched over summer, too. Bermuda likes to say it has only two seasons, anyway, spring—from mid-November to mid-April—and summer the rest of the year. The months of the American winter are slowest, but the temperatures still average 70 in December, 68 in January, 67 in February. As it has done in the past, this year Bermuda will augment its winter attractions with an arts festival, bringing in dance, theater, and music to be played in the theater of its gleaming white—shocking white, one might call it—City Hall and in the nightclub of the Southampton Princess.

It might prove a bit of a chill to fling oneself into the Atlantic from the magnificent beaches along the south shore during the winter months, but many of the hotels have heated pools, and the Sonesta (which will close for a $7 million facelift December 2 to February 7) has a rakish swimming hole covered by a glass dome, connected to the hotel by a glass walkway. If one cannot swim from the beaches, they are there to admire; they function, too, as an incomparable bridle path. Warwick Riding School sets up two-hour sunrise rides along the trails that fringe the beaches, returning along the old railroad right of way. Warwick also packages riding holidays with Elbow Beach Hotel, a veteran caravansary that has added inviting beachside lanai rooms two steps from the pink sands.

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Salt Kettle Yacht Charters rents sailboats with skippers (too many shoals for bareboating). An eight-hour sail will bring mariners up to the 17th-century town of St. George's where a replica of Sir George Somers's *Deliverance* decorates Ordnance Island across from the square known as the King's Parade. A six-hour sail will allow time to get to Somerset in the quiet rural purlieus of Sandy's Parish to the west.

The oleander bushes grow 25 feet high in Somerset, and it is here that some cedars still remain, survivors of the blight of '46 which all but ruined the trees that gave Bermuda such a distinctive and perfumed wood. One can stay with infinite grace out here at Cambridge Beaches, which has 30 cottages sprinkled over the lawns of a peninsula that reaches out into the sea. The impost is $130 a day for two with breakfast, tea, and dinner. Lunch is served on the terrace when the weather allows and in winter, when the house count is small, dinner is sometimes served on checkered tableclothes in the pub with the fireplace roaring. Old-timers who have caught the Cambridge fever scarcely think of going anywhere else, as the plaques inscribed with names of the faithful attest. You get your name lettered for posterity after you have returned for five visits, but there are many tenners, fifteeners, and now in the person of Franham Smith of Carlisle, Massachusetts, a fiftyer.

In the same neighborhood, Lantana Colony Club is a refined nook, with a small palm-fringed pool, a terrace under a giant sea grape tree for lunch, a tiny beach on the sound, and a greenhouse-style restaurant with trees growing out of the floor, and plants and bunches of glass grapes hanging from the rafters. As at Cambridge Beaches, the ferry crosses to Hamilton.

Conventioners are in assembly at the Southampton Princess, a grand barracks on a 60-acre spread, a par-three golf course on the front lawn, two sets of tennis courts, an indoor pool, and a beach preserve with restaurant on Whaler Bay, reached by hotel bus. For those who come for the arts festival, the hotel's Newport Room, done up like the salon of a private yacht of a Greek shipping tycoon, is a restaurant of repute that serves extravagant fare on Wedgwood bone china and good drink in Irish crystal glasses. The Princess in Southampton also runs Waterlot, an updated version of the old teahouse of Claudia Darrell, a sort of housemother to the yachting people who hove to for victuals at her place. It is now an elaborate and expensive restaurant that vies with the newer Fourways, not far from Elbow Beach, where a dinner of guinea chick lobster —crayfish in other parlance — yellowtail sautéed with white wine and a strawberry soufflé, would, with drinks and wine, run about $40 per person.

In a similar category one should include the Penthouse in Hamilton, a favorite of businessmen at lunch, which will do *tournedos Rossini*, chicken Kiev, Bermuda lobster Thermidor, at entree prices in the $15 bracket. Those who come for the festival, in the so-called Rendezvous Season (Bermuda's euphemism for winter) will find affordable nourishment at the new Papillon Grill on Church Street and the Lobster Pot on Bermudiana Road, both handy to the City Hall theater.

For lodgement, Bermuda provides everything from guest houses to clubs the likes of Coral Beach, which takes guests only upon recommendation of previous guests. Those who are so knighted are entitled to pay $40 to $60 per person with breakfast—kippers and all that—for life on a 30-acre estate. Black tie is suggested twice weekly.

Cruise ships have steamed to Bermuda for decades—but jumbo jets have turned it into an isle of instant repose.

On the other hand, Astwood Cove in Warwick has 12 housekeeping apartments set in a grove of grapefruit and orange trees (pick your own), peaches in summer, and bananas all year round. Barbecues are dotted around the place, and there is a sauna to remove winter's chill. The rates, at about $46 a day for two, won't induce apoplexy. Romantics in search of a small hotel will find Stonington Beach a cozy new sanctuary. Moreover, it operates in conjunction with the government-sponsored hotel school and is under constant care of a hand-picked international management team. There are pool, courts, and a cozy cedar library.

For luxury without stiffness, and amenities without badge-wearers milling about, one might consider Pink Beach where some 60 units are dotted along the Atlantic shore, a maid serves breakfast, there are two tennis courts and a pair of small beaches. A large double room, two steps from the sand, costs $130 with two meals served on pink tableclothes in a seaside salon.

It is only recently that some hotels and restaurants—but by no means all—have begun to accept credit cards. Some add 10, some 15 percent for gratuities, some do not add service charges to bar bills, some—like Elbow Beach—add $4 a day for service to each room as well as an "energy surcharge." There are—to get on with the local rules—no rental cars on the island, and one must resort to the highly efficient and spotless cabs, the buses that will take you end to end for 85 cents, or to those two-wheel flivvers, the mopeds that have made the helmet a Bermuda uniform and the arm-in-a-cast as common as broken legs at Aspen.

During Rendezvous Time, a colorful program is laid out with uniformed rituals in the storied town of St. George's, once the capital (and once the center of blockade running with the Confederate States), skirling ceremonies by pipers and dancers at Fort Hamilton, a retreat where flowers and green lawns grow around the gun turrets, and the ramparts allow a splendid view of Hamilton, a patchwork of pink, ochre, and blue and white with the big ships of the Holland-America Line tied up at the wharves like behemoths in a toy village. Somewhere down there lies Bermuda's purchasable treasure—Waterford glass, Wedgwood, Royal Doulton, tweeds, Shetland and cashmere sweaters, mohair stoles, and, inevitably, the T-shirt emblazoned with the legend, "I Survived the Bermuda Triangle."

Given a January day, I can scarcely imagine a more inviting program than to take a box lunch up to the Botanical Gardens. There picnic tables are dotted along the rolling clipped lawns under the canopy of enormous poincianas, the oleander, tipped with claret blossoms tossing in the Rendezvous winds, and the birds, hidden among the elephantine philodendron leaves embracing the casuarinas, chittering a symphony. To have all that and know that the Joffrey dancers or Count Basie and company will be waiting with the dark would seem to be winter's paradise enow. ■

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Improving Chemical Product Safety

What we're doing to minimize risks to people's health and the environment

America's chemical industry invests millions of dollars each year to make our products as safe as we can. For example, we're building new test facilities and using new, highly sophisticated research equipment. When necessary, we're also searching for alternatives. Still, we're not satisfied. Here's how we're trying to do a better job:

1. Funding an independent test facility

To supplement their own toxicology laboratories, 35 chemical companies have joined to create the Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology (CIIT), a $14 million research facility at Research Triangle Park, near Raleigh, North Carolina. The purpose: to develop and use more reliable methods to assess the possible effects of chemicals on people and the environment. The institute has total operating independence. It also operates non-profit and is the first facility of its kind in the world.

CIIT's efforts focus on three mutually supportive areas: testing, research and professional training. At present, CIIT is conducting research on the most commonly used chemicals, evaluating them by today's more stringent standards. Information developed by the institute is provided openly and simultaneously to the entire chemical industry, the government and the public. We believe this underscores our entire industry's commitment to making sure our products meet—or exceed—today's exacting health and safety standards.

2. Increasing on-site research

Seven major chemical companies already have multimillion dollar toxicological laboratories as large as, or larger than, the CIIT facilities. Other chemical companies are opening new research and testing laboratories and adding to existing research facilities. These facilities help companies develop the fullest body of knowledge about their own products should questions ever arise about their proper use, handling characteristics and overall safety.

3. Finding safer new chemicals and products

When scientific information casts suspicion on the safety of a chemical substance, we search for safer alternatives and develop safeguards. For example, we helped in the development of biodegradable detergents to replace ordinary detergents that created environmental problems. Another example: cellulose acetate film was developed to eliminate the extreme fire hazard that was posed by nitrocellulose film.

4. Improving detection methods

Steady, sometimes dramatic improvements in scientific measurement techniques and

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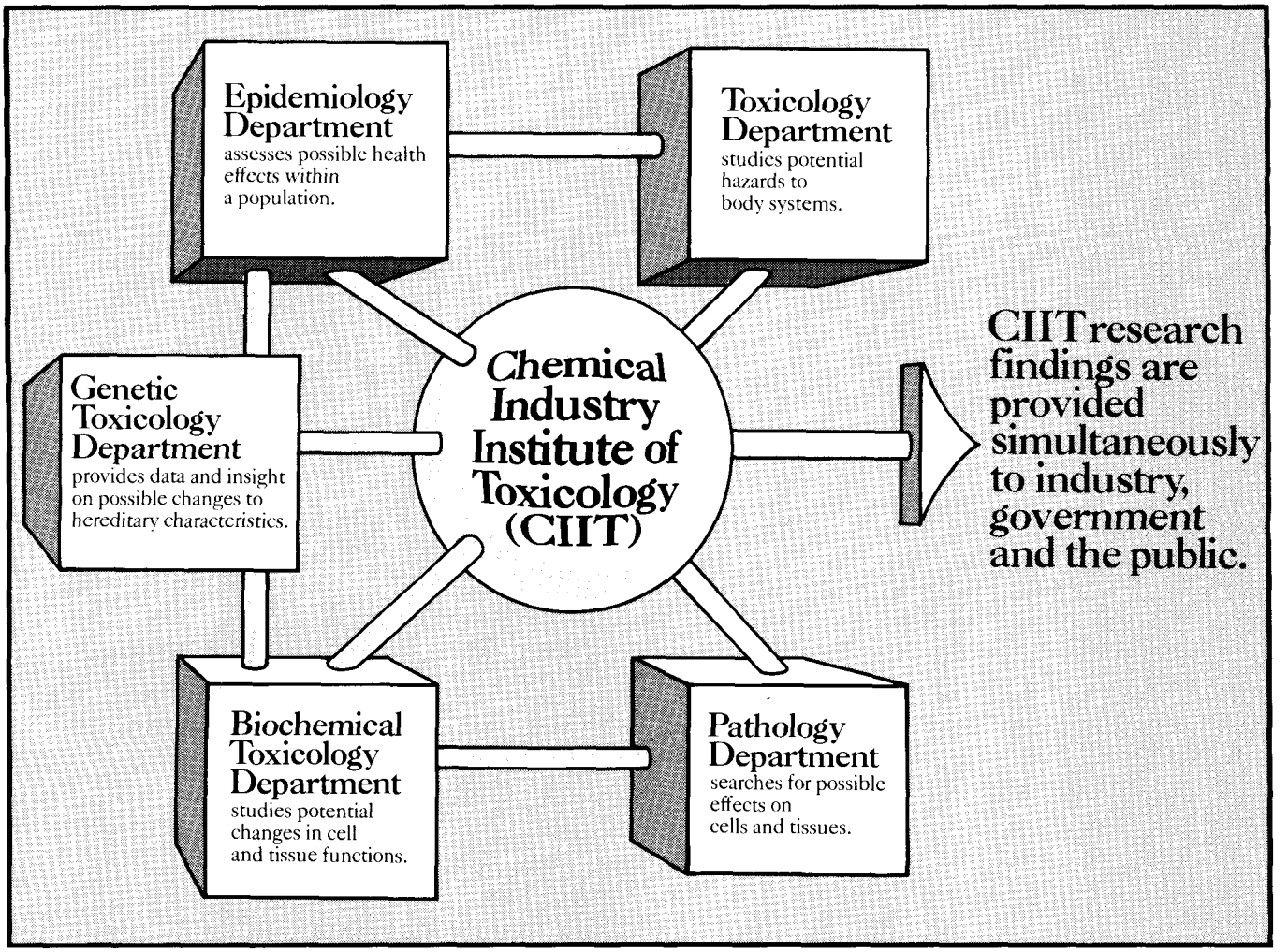

Epidemiology Department
assesses possible health effects within a population.
Toxicology Department
studies potential hazards to body systems.
Genetic Toxicology Department
provides data and insight on possible changes to hereditary characteristics.
Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology (CIIT)
CIIT research findings are provided simultaneously to industry, government and the public.
Biochemical Toxicology Department
studies potential changes in cell and tissue functions.
Pathology Department
searches for possible effects on cells and tissues.

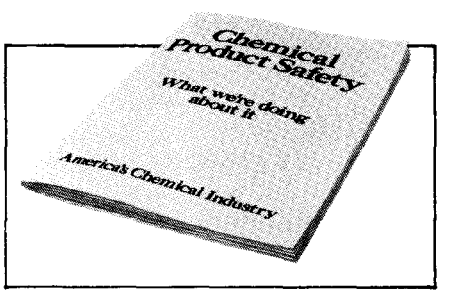
The Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology, an independent research facility funded by members of the chemical industry, conducts research and testing on commonly used chemicals to help protect people's health and the environment.

equipment have brought about a million-fold increase in our ability to analyze chemicals. One instrument, the gas chromatograph-mass spectrometer, for example, helps us detect materials at levels as low as one part per trillion—equal to one grain in an 18-foot layer of sand covering a football field.

5. Expanding the flow of safety information

Many member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association prepare Material Safety Data Sheets on chemicals and chemical products. These sheets, introduced as a voluntary effort by our industry nearly 50 years ago, are designed to give technical people, plant workers and down-stream processors data to help them safely handle chemical substances. The sheets include information on safe handling techniques, appropriate storage and possible hazards, along with health and emergency instructions in case of chemical accidents.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to improve chemical product safety, write to: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. ER-12, Box 363, Beltsville, Md. 20705.



America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

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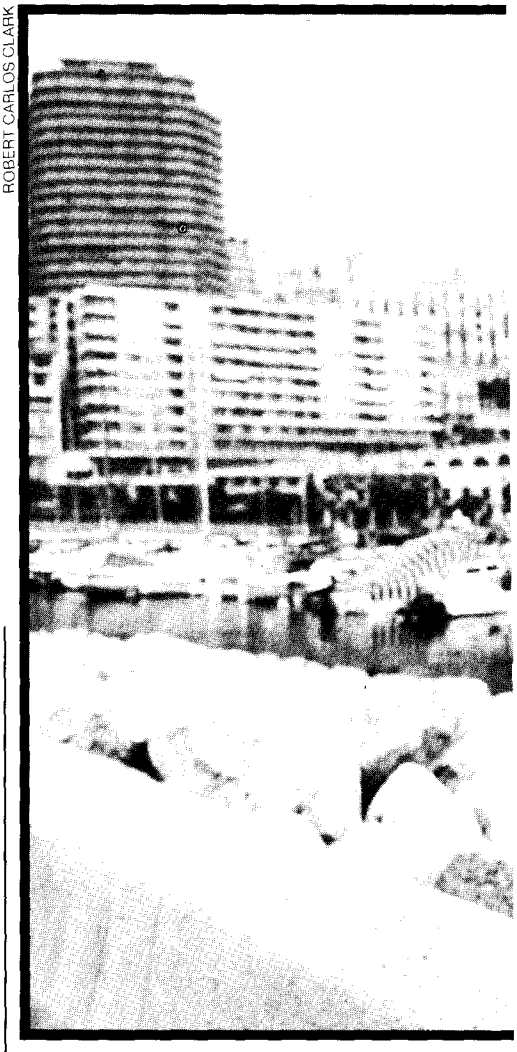
The Unearthly Powers of Anthony Burgess

by Rhoda Koenig



ROBERT CARLOS CLARK

It is not the sort of place where you would expect to find one of the most industrious writers in the world. Amid the terraced streets of Monte Carlo, where the buff and ecru and pinky-beige hotels drip stale meringues of Beaux-Arts ornamentation—above plazas of palms and bougainvilleas and goldfish ponds, and visitors who amuse themselves by getting bronzed in the sun by day and bled white in the Casino after dark—lives Anthony Burgess, novelist, journalist, teacher, poet, translator, composer, linguist, and critic. All the same person. Not twins.

Burgess has produced his own five-foot shelf, amounting to 24 novels, two children's books, one book of verse, 10 works of nonfiction (including surveys of English literature and studies of Hemingway, Shakespeare, and Joyce), five translations, two anthologies, and an abridged version of *Finnegans Wake*. In his 26 writing years he has also turned out several film and TV scripts (for one of which, about primitive man, he invented a language), the lyrics of a Broadway musical, a symphony, two musicals (lyrics and score), and seemingly thousands of essays and reviews.

Best known as the author of *A Clockwork Orange*, he should soon be equally well known as the author of *Earthly Powers*, an immense (649 pages), absorbing novel ranging over several continents and most of the 20th century, that might be described as a tragicomedy of good intentions. It includes a wild Hollywood party, an exorcism, a new version of the Fall of Man, a plot to spirit a Jewish Nobelist out of Nazi Germany, disquisitions on the nature of evil, a rehabilitation of the Pelagian Heresy, conversations with Joyce and Havelock Ellis, and love affairs involving three sexes.

The most passionate and constant love expressed in it is Burgess's—and his author-hero's—love of language. There are puns, jokes, allusions, gobbets of French, Italian, Latin, and Malay—and English words you don't hear on the subway: quincunx, velleity, brindize, hogo, omnifutuant. *Earthly Powers* itself, however, will probably be seen in force in subways, buses, restaurants, and wherever else people carry novels they can't bear to put down and leave at home. It is a Book-of-the-Month Club main selection, and will have a first printing of 100,000 copies by Simon & Schuster (who insisted that Burgess change his proposed title from *Instrument of Darkness*, which they argued wooly-minded American book-buyers wouldn't remember).

As I ring the bell of Anthony Burgess's flat, I feel intimidated—and a bit guilty: In the three hours I propose spending with him, he could be writing a novella, at least. (Not at that time of day, however. He writes fiction in the morning, nonfiction in the afternoon, and music in bed.) But he assures me that he has just finished that day's work—an article on Monteverdi—and is glad to have a break, and dashes hospitably away to put the kettle on for tea.

When he returns, he replies to almost everything I ask with "That's a good question" (though I feel he overdoes it a bit when he gives the same answer to "Where is the loo?"). He mischievously relates a rude old music-hall joke. ("GEORGE ROBEY [pointing to letter 'F' on blackboard]: What's this letter? STRAIGHT MAN: K. ROBEY: Isn't that odd? Where I see F, you see K"), but when, twice, Burgess forgets himself and says "bloody" to a strange lady, he promptly apologizes.

To the question "Why Monte Carlo?" Burgess shrugs and says he and his Italian wife and her son by a previous marriage, now 16, just fetched up there somehow four years ago, after leaving Rome. (He definitely prefers warm climates, however. His wife later tells me: "Antonio is afraid of the north. He thinks he will slip on the ice and break his jawbone.")

Burgess finds it an advantage for a writer to live away from the country of his native language: "If you don't hear the language spoken, you don't fall into using slang and other ephemeral forms. You're forced to invent your own manner of speaking. Though, brought up as I was in Lancashire, in a Catholic background, by Irish relatives, I never spoke the kind of English they do in London. I think it's very difficult to do

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serious work in London. There's too much socializing, too much flippancy. Of course, I do miss certain things, fish and chips, for example, eaten in the open air from a funnel of newspaper."

"What's the best newspaper?"

"That's a good question. The *News of the World*. There's something about the ink—it imparts a special quality to the fish. And there's nothing to do in the evenings here—there are no pubs. No," he says, sighing, looking past the pots of geraniums to the boutiques below, and the cafe with its beach umbrellas dressed in palm-frond hula skirts, "I don't want to die here." On the other hand, Burgess finds pleasure going into a restaurant in a country that reveres writers and hearing himself addressed as "cher maître."

The enormous room we sit in ("This place is more of a workshop than a home") is not quite as messy as that of Burgess's Mr. Enderby, from his Enderby novels, including *Inside Mr. Enderby* and *Enderby's End*, who kept ink bottles, food scraps, and old manuscripts in the bathtub, but it will do. There are groaning bookshelves, of course, as well as a pair of crossed swords, an Indonesian puppet, a signed photograph of Sophia Loren, candlesticks, cognac bottles, ship models, and, in the center, a large bed. At the other end of the room, typing out a translation, is Burgess's wife of 12 years, Liliana Macellari. (She also answers the phone, which Burgess refuses to do, listening warily to see if she must reply to the caller in English or Italian.)

In stacks, baskets, and boxes everywhere are manuscripts, scores, and letters—the immense, enveloping web of words that ensnares both Burgesses. On the chair behind his worktable slumbers a cat named Bruce, who periodically wakes up and ambles over to climb into Burgess's lap and knead his stomach ("I think I've become a sexual substitute for this cat"). Next to his worktable is Josephine Baker's piano, in terrible condition but with enough notes remaining for Burgess to draw out of it, when I mention I like Cole Porter, a heartfelt version of "Night and Day."

With his tousled gray hair, rolled-up sleeves, dirty chinos, and sockless, loafered feet, Burgess looks as if he has just emerged from bed or a trance. Yet he rattles on 19-to-the-dozen, flitting from topic to topic at speed that puts a great strain on the ordinary human ear. A mention of Mordecai Richler's new novel reminds him that Karl Marx's middle name was Mordecai, and it's very interesting that—here he grabs my notebook and pen away—the Arabic word "Mordecai" (lovingly writing dots and curlicues) means "freedom" (handing them back), and speaking of Marx, that is a great coincidence, because I once saw the other Marx—Groucho—with Mordecai Richler in Cannes, and the old man, with his great, staring blue eyes sang all his old songs for us, despite his red-headed companion, Erin Fleming, who kept trying to shut him up while he made remarks about hookers at $2 a throw, like "I know a girl who used to work Minneapolis and St. Paul. They called her the tail of two cities," and weren't the Marx brothers the greatest thing that ever happened to the 20th century? wouldn't you be willing to watch their films every night if you could? *I* would—we get them on the television here, but they are hard to dub into French well, they're better in Italian—of course, they do Harpo without any trouble, though sometimes wonderful things happen on French television, we saw a war picture recently in which one G.I. pointed to the horizon and said to another, "Tanks?" and the subtitle read "Merci."

He pauses to take a breath. Before I leave, I learn the proper way to make a Lancashire hot pot (layer some best end of neck of lamb, onions, potatoes, and mushrooms, pour in some broth, and simmer over a slow fire), the wonderful curse he has just discovered in a biography of Oliver St. John Gogarty ("Christ's crust!"), the age of proto-Indo-European language (10,000 years before Christ), and the possible influence of Shakespeare on the King James version of the Bible: "In the 46th psalm the 46th word from the beginning is 'shake' and the 46th from the end is 'spear.' Oh, yes. You can look it up. Now, I've always imagined Shakespeare being given some of the galleys of the Bible to look over, because they must have submitted them to a number

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Burgess is probably best-known as the author of the novel, *A Clockwork Orange*. The film version won the New York Film Critics Award as Best Picture of 1971 and its director, Stanley Kubrick, won as Best Director. Burgess accepted the award for Kubrick, then posed with the film's star, Malcolm McDowell (right), and Ellen Burstyn (Best Supporting Actress for *The Last Picture Show*).

of poets, and thinking, 'Well, my son is dead, but my name is going to live on,' and changing 'sword' to 'spear.' Or something like that."

John Anthony Burgess Wilson was born 63 years ago in Manchester, the son of Joseph Wilson, a pianist, and "Beautiful Belle Burgess," a musical-comedy actress. But if his musical talent came from his parents, it was by heredity rather than environment; Burgess's mother died—as does the mother of his hero in *Earthly Powers*—in the 1918 influenza epidemic, and he was brought up by an Irish stepmother, learning, without the help of his father, to read and write music and play the piano.

After graduating from Manchester University and spending six years entertaining the troops in Europe during World War II, he taught English and phonetics until one day when he answered an advertisement for a position he mistakenly thought to be in the Channel Islands that turned out to be in Malaya. What the hell, the pay was better than in England.

From 1954 to 1959 Burgess worked as an education officer in Malaya and Borneo, transforming his experiences into the novels of his Malaya trilogy, which he wrote there under his two middle names (to avoid censure from the Colonial Service for his "anti-colonial attitudes"). Burgess had already written his first novel, *A Vision of Battlements*, in 1954.

In 1959, Burgess began suffering from severe headaches and was told by his doctors that he had a brain tumor and only a year to live. He went home, with his late wife, Llewela Isherwood Jones, also a translator, and set about writing more novels so that he would have an estate to leave her. Fourteen months and five novels later, it was obvious that he had been misinformed.

He hadn't set out to be a novelist. "I began as a composer," he says, "but I wasn't getting very far with it. If you have a symphony published, people don't rush to buy it. So I thought why don't I write a novel? The problems must be the same—of structure and sound. Then, after I wrote those five novels when I thought I would die, the habit stayed."

One of the five novels was *A Clockwork Orange*, which Burgess describes as a sermon on the importance of the power of choice. He is still upset by the charge of having written a pornographically violent work. His first wife was robbed and assaulted by three G.I. deserters in blacked-out London in 1942, and she lost the child she was carrying. Burgess says that he had to write the novel "in a state of near drunkenness, in order to deal with material that upset me so much. I couldn't have written it in cold blood." But "if we are going to love mankind," he says, "we will have to love Alex as a not unrepresentative member of it." This insistence on Christian charity reappears in *Earthly Powers*, in which a monsignor, later pope, asks a child to tell the Nazis torturing her that she forgives them.

The hero of *Earthly Powers*, Kenneth Toomey, an expatriate British homosexual writer of plays and light novels, is based, glancingly, on Somerset Maugham. "He was the starting point because the hero had to be a homosexual, he had to be cut off from life." ("Toom" means "empty" in the Lancashire dialect of Anthony Burgess's childhood, and much is made in the book of the name's similarity to "roomy" and "tomb.") "The real problem for me was that I'm normally heterosexual—if that's normal these days—and to imagine myself into the mind of a homosexual I had to start with a real person."

The cigar-smoking, scotch-drinking, punch-throwing prelate began as a portrait of Pope John XXIII but, Burgess says, has more of the person-

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ality of his cousin George, the Archbishop of Manchester, who would knock people on the side of the head to get them to pay attention to sermons.

Although *Earthly Powers* began with reality, it takes a number of liberties with it—imaginary conversations with the great: an attempted assassination of Himmler. "Oh, there are a lot of lies in it," Burgess says cheerfully, "a lot of things which could not have happened—my publishers were very worried that I might be making mistakes. George Russell, for instance, could never have seduced my author in that Dublin hotel.

"But this book"—which is "written" by Toomey in the first person—"is about memory. We rely on memory, but we don't know how reliable it is." The knowledge that he was writing one man's imperfect memoirs, rather than a historical reconstruction, gave him the freedom to create conversations with his idols, James Joyce and Ford Madox Ford. (*Ulysses* is Burgess's favorite novel, *The Good Soldier* and *Parade's End* the novels he would most like to have written.)

"Sometimes I think I'll give up writing books and go back to composing music. Words can't cope with sexual ecstasy or pain."

Earthly Powers touches on 20th-century politics, art, religion, music, movies, and music, but it does so lightly. "When *Nothing Like the Sun* came out," says Burgess, referring to his novel about Shakespeare and the Dark Lady, "one reviewer said, 'Learning drips from every sentence, like sweat from the nose.' I thought: Ugh, I'll never do that again. Let's bamboozle the reader rather than feed him history."

One historical period that figures in the novel is a particularly sore point with Burgess. "Prohibition was a *sin*! To ban wine, a creature of God—oh, that was really evil. Even today, the states where you have the most trouble buying a drink are the ones where the people are the most drunk. I never saw so much drunkenness anywhere as I did in the airport at Salt Lake City."

Burgess is still angered by people who don't treat wine with the respect it deserves. "What turned me against Ed Sullivan"—as improbable a sentence-opener as I can imagine hearing on the Rue Grimaldi—"was that he would order the sweetest red wine on the menu and then pour packets of Sweet 'n Low into it." He grimaces, puffing smoke from his Schimmelpenninck as if to blow the disgusting memory away.

Scraps of autobiography also figure in *Earthly Powers*—Toomey's trip to the Federated Malay States, his agonies as a scriptwriter in Hollywood, where his work is chopped up and shuffled around to suit the front office. ("Take another look at this," Toomey is told of his movie about King Arthur and the Holy Grail. "Knock out the religious megillah, *that* we don't need." In 1968 Burgess wrote the scenario for an unproduced film about Shakespeare and was asked by the head of the script department, in all seriousness, why Ann Hathaway couldn't send Shakespeare a telegram.)

Phrases of musical autobiography appear too. The song about a Paris restaurant which Toomey writes for a 1920s musical is one that Burgess wrote several years ago for Diana Rigg. And the quotations from *The Blooms of Dublin*, a musical version of *Ulysses*, are taken from an adaptation that Burgess wrote for BBC Radio ("Let's turn this dim necropolis/ Into a real metropolis/ Put a ton of high explosive/ Under Mary and St. Joseph").

Music was Burgess's first love, and it may become his last as well. "Sometimes I think I'll give up writing books and go back to composing," he says. "There are limits to what words can do. They can't cope with sexual ecstasy or pain. All the good writers left sex alone—Virgil, Horace, Shakespeare. Literature ultimately fails there."

Somerset Maugham said that the writer was the only free man because he could pour his experiences, his pain, into his work, and relieve his suffering. Burgess has tried it, and doesn't agree. "You can't get rid of what's in you, no matter how hard you try. Music is very, very helpful—it's much better therapy than literature. I don't know how, but music has the power to hold the past. As Noel Coward said, "Strange how potent cheap music is." It's terrible to hear Muzak at airports and have the past dredged up and thrown at you.

He shakes his head. "Freud was afraid of music. He knew it was too close to the id." Burgess feels that music and literature, "normally at daggers drawn," find their best junction in popular song. He thinks that Lorenz Hart ("a genius") was "performing a task quite as rigorous as that of Eliot when he wrote the 'Four Quartets,' possibly more," and wishes he had found the rhyme for "tragedy" that lyricist Lee Adams thought up for "Put on a Happy Face" in *Bye Bye, Birdie*: "Take off that gloomy mask of tragedy./ It's not your style./ You'll look so good that you'll be glad you de-/ Cided to smile."

Before Anthony Burgess forsakes the word, however, he has a few literary projects to complete. "I'm going to try writing a Jane Austen novel in the form of a Mozart symphony," he says. "I've started a novel that's a history of the British stage—without mentioning any real people. I want to write a long novel about life since 1945. And I feel I've got to know something about Africa—a cruise might be the answer. Don't like traveling anymore, not the way it is now. Too much schlepping. Then I've got to finish a TV film about the life of the Shah—you have to write with the commercials in mind and reach a climax every twenty seconds... hmm... sounds like sex, doesn't it?"

Anthony Burgess has written so many books in such a short space of time that some of them have come out under a pseudonym. (Burgess was once asked to review one of his "Joseph Kell" novels—and didn't say no.) Does he think he would write better if he wrote less? "No. I'm criticized for writing a lot on the grounds that it must be badly written. It's not."

And that, it would seem, is the very last word from Anthony Burgess. ■

Rhoda Koenig is a senior editor of *New York* magazine.

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Elliott Carter

by Leighton Kerner

By general consensus of the most musically literate audiences, a consensus that includes such creative giants and well-practiced nay-sayers as Pierre Boulez and the late Igor Stravinsky, the most original, masterly, and likely-to-shake-the-world composer among us is Elliott Carter. He was born December 11, 1908, in New York City, where he attended the then famously progressive Horace Mann High School. From there he went on to gather B.A. and M.A. degrees from the then famously unprogressive (in music) Harvard University. The teachers he most valued were composers Walter Piston and Gustav Holst at Harvard and, especially, Nadia Boulanger in Paris; and he appreciates the encouragement and friendship Charles Ives gave to him as a fledgling composer.

His music of the last three decades doesn't speak simply or easily to all levels of sophistication. Its melodies are shaped not from the major and minor scales that define "tonal" music that "anyone can whistle." They are shaped rather from given numbers of chord-combinations that the composer has learned to manipulate, invert, break up, and pile up with all the bewildering range of freedom only the most disciplined minds earn. And Carter's "tunes" are propelled on rhythmic impulses whose multiplicities and flexibilities make Stravinsky's Rite of Spring *sound like children's games.*

In the course of this interview in his comfortable brownstone apartment near Washington Square in New York City and in his stark teaching studio at the Juilliard School, Elliott Carter discussed his methods of composition and work habits, his artistic influences, his work-in-progress, and the importance and vitality of contemporary music.

Q *Do you think that general audiences, those not familiar with the music, can tell whether a really modern, atonal piece has been played well or badly?*

A I'd say that, if the piece has anything to communicate and if the performers can play it well enough so that it communicates to the composer, it will communicate to the audience. The message of the piece is what comes across, and audiences will recognize it if something is there.

I write to give every note significance, not just to get a big, dissonant mass of sound.

Q *Do you work in a different way from piece to piece when writing, in turn, for a chamber-music combination, the voice, or a large orchestra?*

A There was always a problem as to how each medium would work, or how to balance the components. And I've had a pragmatic concern with the players. In my string quartets, I've been able to make the music more advanced because the musicians could rehearse a great deal, whereas an orchestra could never have that many rehearsals.

I've had to consider certain practicalities in writing, for instance, for the New York Philharmonic, where I knew they had a very good trumpet player and pianist. The big trumpet solo in *A Symphony of Three Orchestras* [completed in 1976] was written with Gerry Schwarz in mind, as was the important piano part for Paul Jacobs in the Concerto for Orchestra [1969].

Q *Do your ideas come like inspirations out of the blue?*

A No. Each new work involves a continued exploring of modern harmony. Once I arrive at a vocabulary of chords for the piece, I try to order them so that every note has significance, not just to get a big, dissonant mass of sound. Instead of waiting for "inspiration," I go about cataloguing chords, listing all the possible combinations of three notes, four notes, etc., and studying their interrelationships. Each of my works from the time of the Piano Sonata [1946] forward was based on how these chords could be used. Each piece explored a specific harmonic field. Wagner and his followers, on the other hand, used the whole harmonic vocabulary as they had it.

I should add that, from piece to piece, I try to pursue more deeply the

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harmonic structures I have already worked on. I try to go one step further and find out more about them. Specifically, the Piano Concerto [1965] was involved largely with three-note chords, the Concerto for Orchestra with four-note chords, *Symphony* with five- and seven-note chords, *A Mirror on Which to Dwell* [1975] with six-note chords, and *Syringa* [1978] with seven-note chords.

Q *Doesn't that restrict you?*

A I don't think so; rather it lets me explore more thoroughly. For instance, in *Symphony*, one of the three orchestras has a more dissonant harmonic vocabulary and another more consonant, while the third orchestra has just major and minor triads.

Q *Can you say something more about how you work?*

A First of all I should say, with my working habits, it's lucky I have a wife to keep my life in order so that I can compose, teach, and find time for such organizations as the American Composers Alliance, which helps to put on contemporary-music concerts. Composers have a hard enough time as it is.

Q *Do you like to write at a certain time of day and for long stretches of time?*

A It all depends on the state of the piece. I try to work all the time, but I can't do that when I'm beginning to write. At the beginning, I walk around sometimes or try to divert myself while ideas come to me. Later I can work 10 hours a day on the piece, but that can include certain duties like copying and proofreading. I get tired quickly, especially in the early stages, but when the end is sort of in sight, I get so obsessed with the music that I sometimes become antisocial.

And sometimes events occur that influence a piece. When I was writing my Piano Concerto, I had to go to Warsaw, but I was fogged in at London. Some BBC people invited me to a rehearsal of Ives's *Fourth of July*, and the rehearsal corroborated what I had long suspected about that music. Hearing for the first time the dissonant, many-voiced string parts played separately and how they could make their effect, I was able to solve a similar problem in my Piano Concerto. I wanted to make a kind of whirlwind, but still to keep the string chords distinct, rather than create an Ivesian blur.

Even the greatest music of the classical era was limited to a world of crystal chandeliers. Our time is so much more awesome.

Q *For whom do you write?*

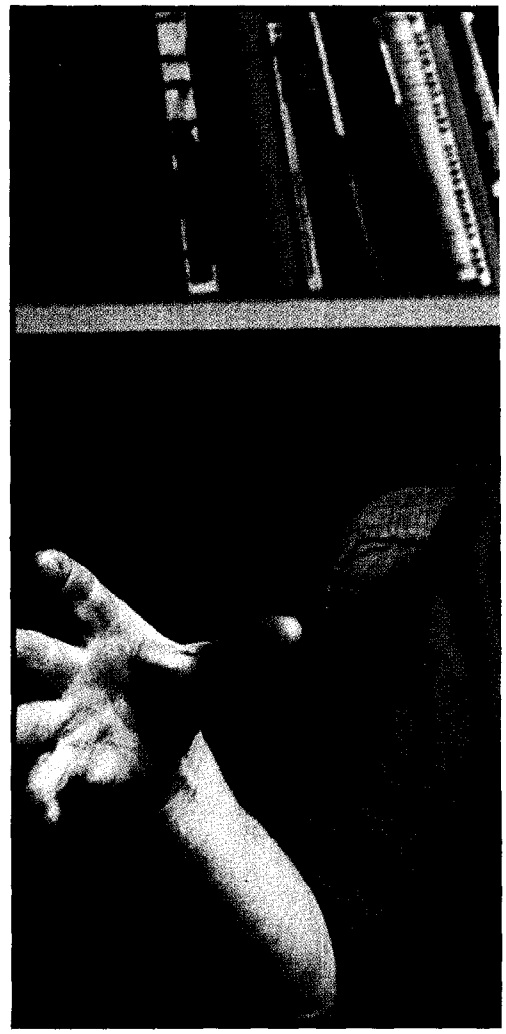
A For myself and for anyone who may now or in years to come enjoy my music. If a piece doesn't start to coagulate, so to speak, and to attract my attention, I just stop it. I don't write *Gebrauchmusik*, as Hindemith was happy to boast of. I don't much care for writing music just to be useful. People have asked me why I don't write etudes that would make it easier, say, for those who want to acquire the technique to play my string quartets. I always think that the great piano sonatas of Beethoven, hard as they are, exist for the best pianists to try to play. If a piece doesn't obsess me, I don't see any point in continuing to write it. Perhaps this is self-indulgent, I don't know.

Q *Many people who have had difficulty with listening to some of your music have chafed at its rhythmic complexities more than anything else. What's your reaction?*

A Music of the 20th century has only scratched the surface of rhythm.

Q *Is that why Aaron Copland remarked, when you showed him your Holiday Overture [1945], certainly one of the least formidable of your orchestral pieces, that it was "another of those complicated Carter scores"?*

A I don't think Aaron was all that serious when he said it. Yet, even in the *Holiday Overture*, the downbeats for



some things and for others are not the same. Some instruments are completely out of synchronization with others. This whole approach was to make the music more alive and fresh, and more evocative of the surges of the times than it would have been with incessant repetition. Anyone who has lived in the time of Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin must have seen what the constant, brutal repetition of simple things has done to people's minds.

The whole idea of modern music is motion—not static blocks repeated, but different rates of speed. Even the greatest music of the classical era was

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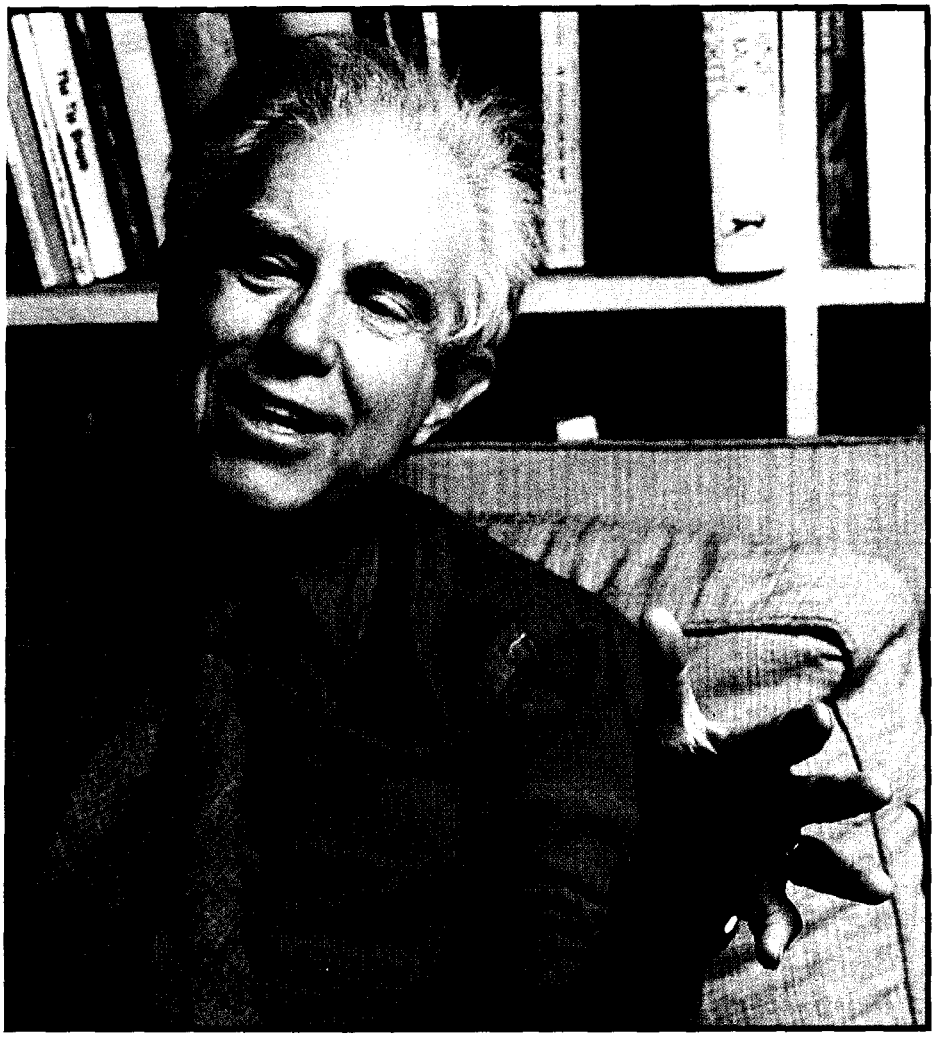
limited to a world of crystal chandeliers. Our time is so much more awesome, frightening, and, certainly, energetic. Therefore, its greatest music must be and is more powerful than the classical masterpieces.

The harmonic and rhythmic elements of my music have been developing bit by bit. Then there is another aspect altogether—a vision of the piece of music, what kind of character and feeling it will have. I don't know about other composers, but it seems to me that I would not deliberately write one note that didn't have an expressive character. Take *A Symphony of Three Orchestras*. What feelings the chords evoke dictate whether the music's motion is jerky or smooth and what kinds of instruments play it. A lot of the complexity in my music is derived from combining slow material with fast, but in that respect I feel I'm working in a tradition that includes, among others, Mozart and late Verdi. *Falstaff* is full of things like that.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Q *Your latest completed work,* Night Fantasies, *for solo piano, was reviewed ecstatically by some of the English critics after its world premiere last June at the Bath Festival. It hasn't yet been played in the U.S. Would you say something about it?*

A *Night Fantasies* is different from anything else I have written for many years because it's for only one instrument. But, to get the variety that my writing needs, I changed speeds and fragments of material very rapidly and fancifully. The title is significant in that respect because that's the way one's thinking goes when one can't sleep at night. I tried to catch the way the mind goes from one thing to another when you're lying awake at night. Not as in dreaming, but thinking of different things in one's life, illogically. I also tried to express changes of character within a phrase, as when you think of something that begins like a joke but makes you cry at the end.

As in the Piano Sonata, I wanted to use the total sound of the piano, all the different registers. Sometimes everything is in the bass and sometimes in the treble, but I wanted to use the keyboard's large range as the norm in the piece.

Q *Does the use of the piano in* Night Fantasies *extend to playing on the strings or other manipulation, as with Henry Cowell and George Crumb?*

A No, I have always stuck to the keyboard. To me, the important thing is the design of the music. These pluckings and so on detract from the design.

Q Night Fantasies *was commissioned jointly by four pianists recognized as particularly fine interpreters of your music: Paul Jacobs, Gilbert Kalish, Ursula Oppens, and Charles Rosen. What happens if a request for a score doesn't suit your purposes so genially?*

A I never accept a commission for a piece I don't feel will work, and if I find that it won't work, I return the commission. The Duo for Violin and Piano [1974] took about 10 or 15 years. I can't conceive of writing similar pieces in series, like Haydn quartets. I have to approach each piece as something I've never done before. Each Haydn piece has the same forms. Each one of mine has a different form. The hard problem with the Duo was how to write very tellingly for the violin when it has to compete with the piano.

Maybe the reason I prefer to work with new challenges every time is that I was brought up in a progressive school, Horace Mann, near Columbia University. We weren't taught particular things but to deal with problems as they came up. We learned that routine was out, and we had to invent solutions for everything. That's why it was very hard for me to learn grammar, how to conjugate verbs in German, and so on. So the notion of rigid patterns in my music is out. Each piece is an adventure. Routine solution is avoided. Which perhaps makes

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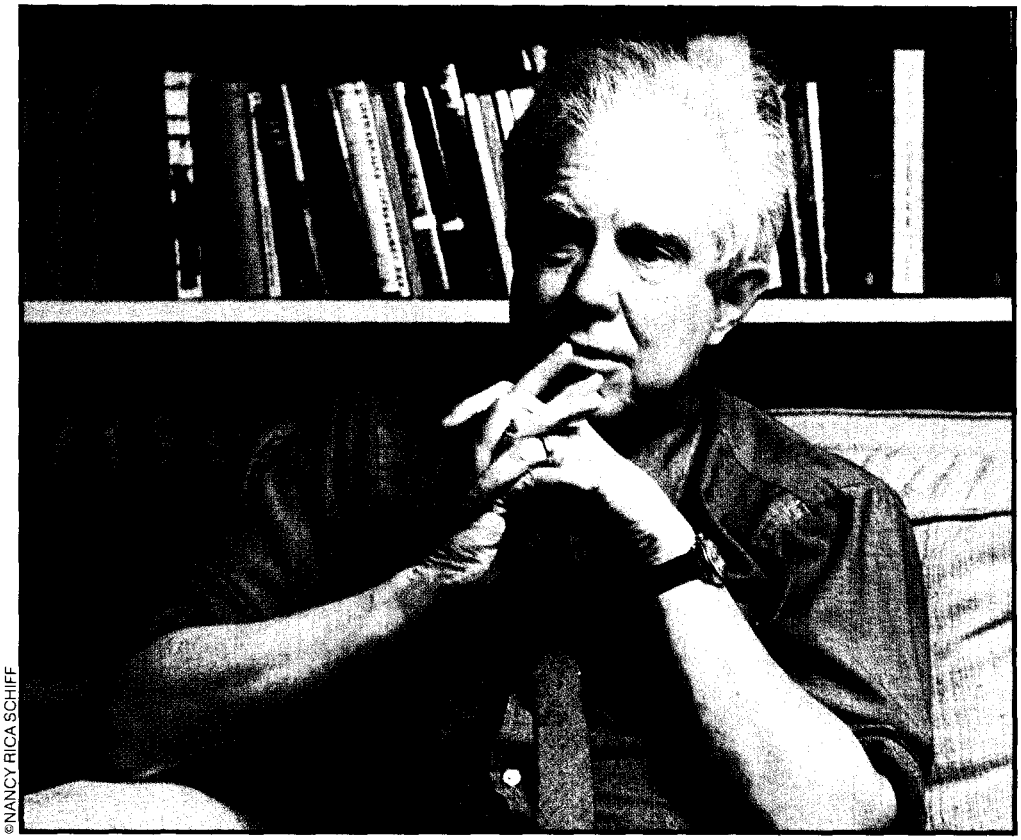

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The notion of rigid patterns in my music is out. Each piece is an adventure.

it very hard for the listener.

Q *In the Thirties and Forties you wrote a good deal of tonal songs and choral music, much of which is still performed; but many years passed before you resumed vocal writing, in your more advanced style, with* A Mirror on Which to Dwell, *based on Elizabeth Bishop poems, and* Syringa, *which has texts by John Ashbery and several ancient Greek poets, including lines attributed to Orpheus himself. Can we expect more vocal music?*

A I hope so. I'm now working on a cycle of Robert Lowell poems. They're not connected as a narrative, and I'm selecting what I need from all the poems of his that I've read. What I'm aiming for is a good artistic contrast, as in the Bishop cycle.

Q *Any other prospects?*

A For IRCAM [Pierre Boulez's musical-acoustical research center in Paris], I'm trying to come up with a concerto for brass instruments, or maybe just a tuba.

Q *Is it overstating the case to say that jazz has influenced your music, especially from the time of the Cello Sonata [1948] onwards?*

A I have always felt that my music derived from jazz of the late Thirties and Forties, particularly the jazz of "Fats" Waller. The way jazz people played, with the melody against the rhythm section making two simultaneous time systems, was one of the main things that got me going on the kind of music I'm best known for.

Another influence has been the movies, especially Eisenstein with his flashbacks, cross-cuttng, and his scenes of constant motion, like the staircase sequence in *Potemkin*.

And a very strong factor has been Balanchine, with his choreography of linked motions. Not just in his pieces to modern music, like *Agon* or *Episodes*, but also in *Symphony in C* and *Serenade*. In *Serenade*, you will remember that people about to dance the next section are always on stage before the previous section ends. There is a continually evolving motion; everything is interlocked. You feel that the man is alive to the time that's passing. I hope a lot of my pieces are like that—a panorama going by, with the focus on one detail after another. I then try to show how the details got there and to make the details more articulate and telling. I'd say that the Concerto for Orchestra is as good an example of that as any, with the musical particles sweeping across as if in a great gust of wind—analogous to the great winds blowing across the United States in St. John Perse's poem *Vents*. These details are not just one gesture repeated, but ever changing elements. That's what it means to live. Whereas, one repeated pattern is like death. ■

Leighton Kerner is the classical music critic for the *Village Voice*.

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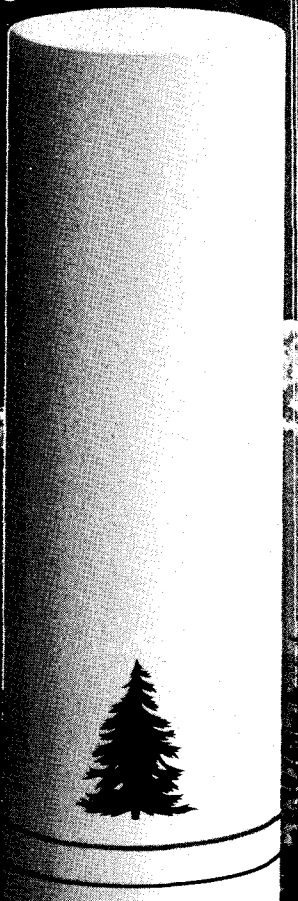

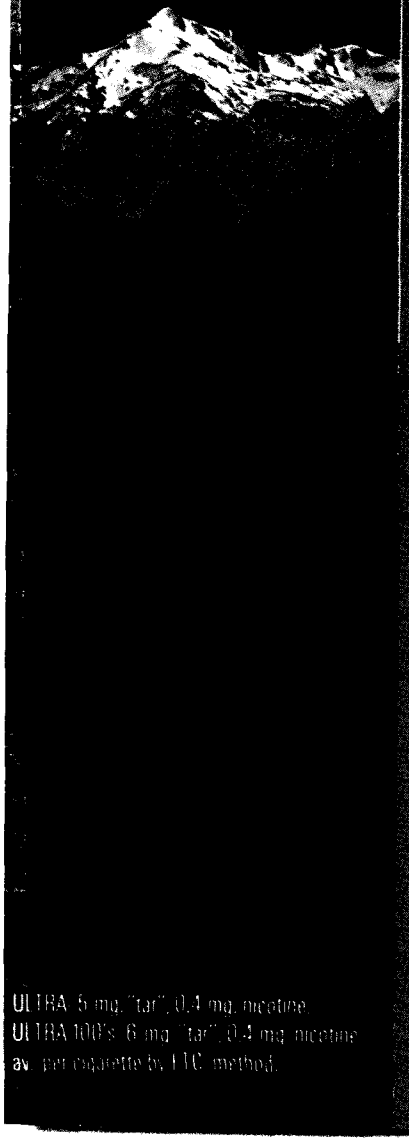

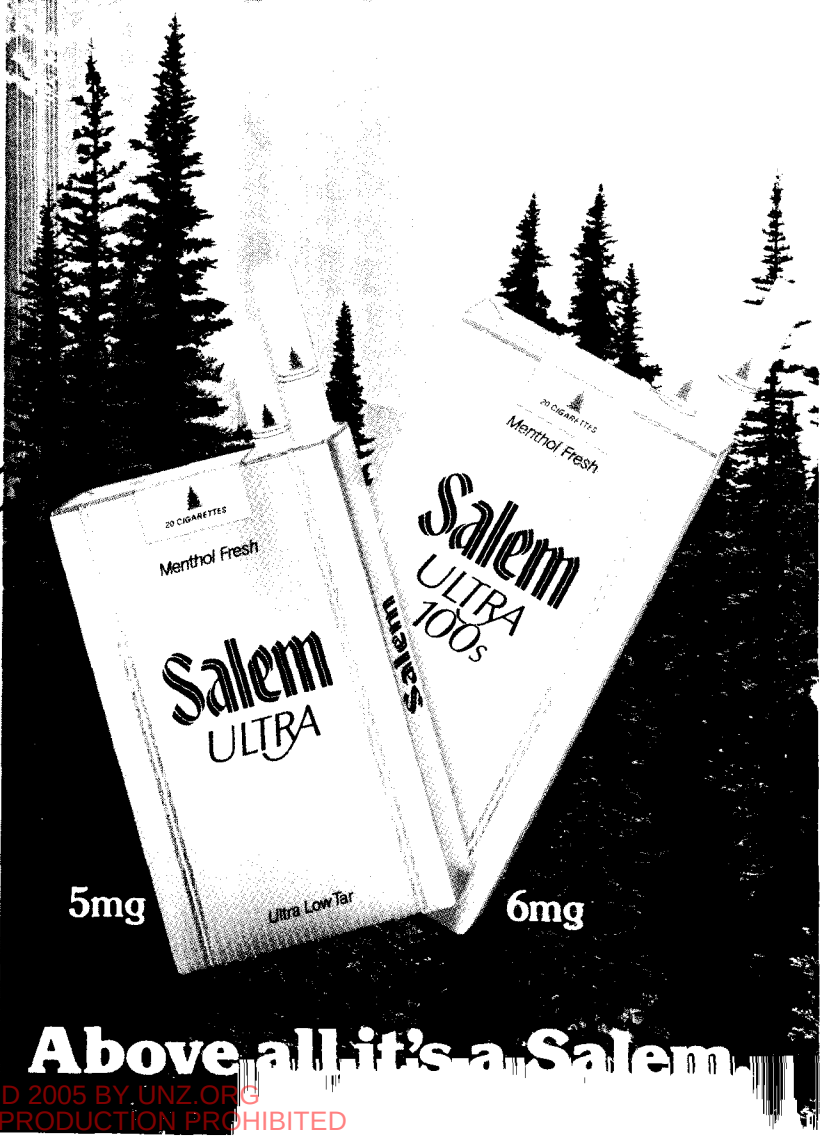

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Business and the Arts

Corporations as the New Medicis

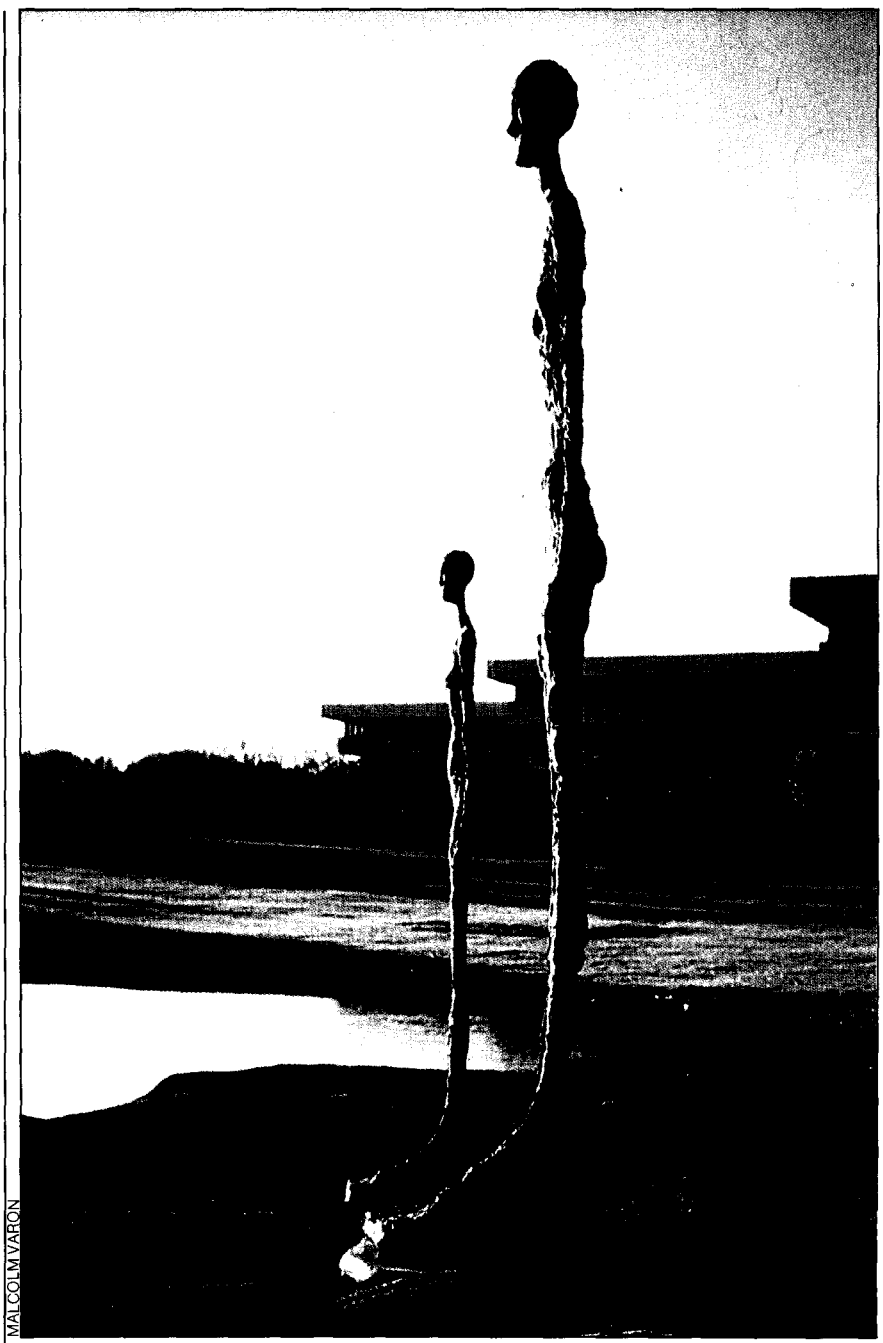
by Edwin McDowell

Although Henry James remarked that the average American businessman regarded culture as the special concern of "women, foreigners, and other impractical persons," American corporate support for the arts has increased dramatically in recent years—so much so that, according to a survey sponsored by the Business Committee for the Arts, American business contributed almost three times more to the arts last year than did the National Endowment for the Arts.

Like a South American coup, the corporate-arts revolution occurred with little fanfare and is still virtually unnoticed by many. Yet the Business Committee survey of the 1,343 major business organizations listed in Dun & Bradstreet's *Middle Dollar Directory* and *Middle Market Directory*, conducted by the Touche Ross accounting firm, demonstrates that American business has become the new Medici in only a very short time: Corporate contributions to the arts increased from $22 million in 1967 to $436 million last year. Even adjusting the figures for inflation, corporations contributed 54 percent more in 1979 than in 1976, accounting for 13.3 percent of all philanthropic dollars, up from 11.6 percent three years earlier. Only the general public contributes more.

What this suggests is not only that Henry James was wrong, but that corporations have also turned their backs on Calvin Coolidge's dictum about the business of business. Instead, corporate America appears to have decided that contributions to charity are in a company's own best interest. It was not always so, of course, and more than one annual meeting has been enlivened by demands that directors increase dividends and let stockholders decide whether to contribute. On a less combative level, Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman has long argued that corporations should concentrate on profits and forget philanthropy.

But for all practical purposes, the debate is over. The degree to which American business has opted to loosen corporate purse strings for all kinds of philanthropy



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JOSHUA GREEN

Fashions from the ITT-sponsored *Vanity Fair* show at the Metropolitan Museum.

can be seen from the 1980 annual report of the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel. Whereas a decade ago foundations gave more than twice as much to charity as did business, the Counsel found that corporate contributions to charity surpassed foundation-giving in 1979 for the first time ever, with the arts benefiting the most from the increase.

The reasons for corporate philanthropy vary widely. Xerox chairman C. Peter McColough says that "the types of people Xerox wants to hire are those who expect the company to support the arts." Harry J. Gray, chairman of United Technologies in Hartford, Conn., says United is "trying to attract sophisticated people from major metropolitan areas like San Francisco and New York." Paul H. Elicker, chairman of SCM, says his company supports the arts for pragmatic reasons. "Our motive is primarily related to the idea that SCM might reap some benefits," he says. But the reason most often cited is usually some variation of the explanation given by Fel-Pro spokesman Robert O'Keefe. Asked why a gasket manufacturer has a sculptor on its payroll, he replied, "We just feel that it's a worthwhile investment—good for our company and for the artists, but also beneficial for the cultural climate of the country as a whole."

The American culture climate has warmed considerably in recent years. Attendance at the nation's 5,500 museums soared above the 500 million mark in 1978, more than eight times the annual turnout at all American professional sports events, while the dance audience has skyrocketed from 1 million in 1965 to about 21 million this year. Only 15 years ago ballet in America was largely confined to New York. Since then, professional ballet companies have sprouted up all across the land.

But art costs money, often big money, and not just to pay the salaries of administrators or performers. The National Corporate Fund for Dance notes that a ballerina can wear out as many as three pairs of $23 toe shoes during one performance of *Swan Lake*, and that more than 125 costumes (costing as much as $350 each) are used in the American Ballet Theatre's production of *The Nutcracker*. The Joffrey Ballet uses 64 costumes for its production of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Ticket prices usually cover only about half of production costs. Even though New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art raised its "donation" price from $2 to $2.50 in 1978, and attendance increased from 3.5 million to 5 million, donations still covered barely 10 percent of the museum's operating costs.

The cultural community considers it essential to hold the line on admission prices to keep art and culture within reach of a mass audience. The brilliant pianist Claudio Arrau recently said, "At one time concerts seemed to be reserved for a standard of living rather than for people, but this is no longer true. Audiences today come from all walks of life." But only because the financial support of corporations, foundations, and governments make it possible. Otherwise, artists would perhaps still be performing for only the affluent—as Mr. Arrau himself did when, as a young student in Berlin, the Chile-born prodigy played in many of the royal salons of Europe. (He still has a necktie pin with a royal M and a crown of diamonds given to him by Queen Marie of Rumania in 1913.)

Observers suspect that at least some corporate contributions are explained by a chief executive's wife either being on the board of an art museum or symphony, or trying to get on the board. Still other contributions are said to be made in hopes of currying goodwill or of muting criticism. Oil companies particularly have been accused of heavily patronizing the arts as a means of dampening public hostility to soaring fuel prices and to profits that some politicians find "obscene."

Yet Exxon, which contributed $5 million to the arts in 1978, according to the American Council for the Arts, has actively sponsored a variety of arts programs since 1943. Similarly, Texaco has sponsored Saturday afternoon broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera since 1940. Moreover, while oil company contributions are large in terms of dollars, they are relatively small as a percentage of corporate revenues and profits. Exxon, for example, had sales of $60.3 billion last year and profits of approximately $2.7 billion.

In fact, a more common complaint among artists and fund raisers is that while corporations are allowed to deduct contributions up to 5 percent of their net profits before taxes, corporate-giving amounts to just under 1 percent of corporate profits, and less than 1 percent of American corporations contribute more than half the funds. Atlantic Richfield gave $13 million to culture and the arts last year, 74 percent more than in 1978. Yet that still represented only 1 percent of the company's domestic pre-tax net income. "We're concerned that there aren't enough small- or medium-sized companies involved,"

AT&T gave the Boston Symphony $10 million to go toward touring expenses.

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said Edward M. Strauss, Jr., president of the Business Committee for the Arts.

While many corporate donations are motivated by civic pride or enlightened self-interest, some are also the result of tacit political pressures—and political pressures that are not always tacit. When New York found itself in another budget squeeze last summer, city officials asked corporations and foundations to kick in $1 million to help save the summer arts program.

Martin E. Segal, the former chairman of New York's Commission for Cultural Affairs, raised some troubling philosophical questions about the city's request. "The traditional and constitutional means for government to raise money is taxation," he said. "The present trend threatens to produce a domino effect. If one governmental agency can privately 'tax' business, others will want to follow."

An equally important question is the relationship between the art patron and the artist. Will the corporate piper in fact call the tune? Will the infusion of corporate money lead to a proliferation of meretricious art or paeans to the free enterprise system? Will painters and poets pay court to their corporate sponsors rather than follow their muse? Will corporate dollars aid the dissemination of culture at the expense of creation or genius, as money from the National Endowment of Arts appears to have done? (*Saturday Review*, July 1980.) Would corporate or philanthropic benefactors efface commissioned works of art, as the Rockefellers did when Mexican muralist Diego Rivera refused to remove a portrait of Lenin from his Rockefeller Center design? Or would they grin and bear it, as Edsel Ford did, even though the monumental "Detroit Industry" mural he commissioned by Rivera was considered sacrilegious, as well as insulting to the very industry Ford hoped to enshrine?

So far, there is little evidence to suspect the worst, and some evidence that corporations have gotten smarter since a gas company sponsor insisted that references to gas chambers be removed from a commercial television program about Nazi Germany, and an automobile sponsor demanded that President Lincoln not be mentioned by name in the production of *The Andersonville Trial* (since "Lincoln" was a competing automobile). For example, earlier this year 31 corporations, including AT&T and Allied Chemical, underwrote the cost of an exhibition at the Morris Museum of Arts and Sciences in Morristown, N.J., although it contained many works unflattering to business.

To be sure, some people saw the shadow of censorship last spring when Mobil Oil asked the Public Broadcasting Service to "review its decision" to telecast *Death of a Princess*, a docudrama based on the beheading of a Saudi princess and her commoner lover. Saudi Arabia is the largest foreign oil supplier to the United States, and Mobil is a multimillion-dollar contributor to public television. Nevertheless, the company's request went unheeded—probably because the ideal of artistic independence is deeply ingrained in Americans, and because the notion of kowtowing to corporations is so repugnant.

DALLAS THEATER CENTER PUBLICITY

Standard Oil of Indiana sponsored the American College Theater Festival.

Business contributed almost three times more to the arts last year than did the National Endowment.

When Robert MacNeil was asked whether Exxon ever tried to influence the programming of his *MacNeil/Lehrer Report* on public television, which the oil company helps underwrite, he replied with an unqualified "no," then added: "They would be infinitely foolish to interfere because then we would have to go public with it immediately and they'd lose face and it would hurt them terribly."

But are there potential dangers in corporate support of the arts? "Yes," said David Finn, chairman of Ruder & Finn, the public relations firm. His answer is all the more interesting in view of the Ruder & Finn Fine Arts affiliate, which for 20 years has been advising companies on how to establish or support cultural programs. There is always the possibility, he said, that "the wrong person in a company may propose an exhibition because he thinks it will do the company some good and not because he or anybody in the museum world believes it worthy."

Ruder & Finn found itself in a flap last year while advising Time Inc. in packaging and promoting *The Search for Alexander*, a major show of Greek antiquities cosponsored by the National Bank of Greece. (In addition to helping underwrite the exhibition, Time planned to produce a catalog, plus a book and a six-part television film series on the life of Alexander.) Ruder & Finn mailed out a contract to 10 interested museums, but, as the *New York Times* reported, "Even before the contents of the show were known, the contract laid out stringent requirements for a merchandising operation tightly controlled by Time, down to the hiring of a 'merchandising coordinator,' for which each museum was expected to advance a 'non-refundable' payment of $20,000."

Instead, the museums heaped criticism on Ruder & Finn, and Mr. Finn subsequently said that when he looked at the contracts, he too was appalled. What had been sent out, he said, was only a preliminary outline of the merchandising aspects of the exhibition; a final agreement covering the exhibition itself would be prepared by Washington's National Gallery of Art and the director of Greece's National Archeological Museum. The dispute finally blew over (the show opened at the National Gallery on November 15), but the contretemps shows that the topic is not without controversy.

If corporations have not generally attempted to apply a political, ideological, or aesthetic test to the programs they fund,

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they do tend to fund those in the cultural mainstream. The largest share of 1979 corporate arts funding, according to the Touche Ross survey, went to the relatively noncontroversial category of museums (19 percent), followed by symphony orchestras (12 percent), public radio and television (11 percent), art and cultural centers (10 percent), theaters (7 percent), art funds and councils (7 percent), cultural programming on commercial radio and television (6 percent), art exhibits (5 percent), other art forms (23 percent).

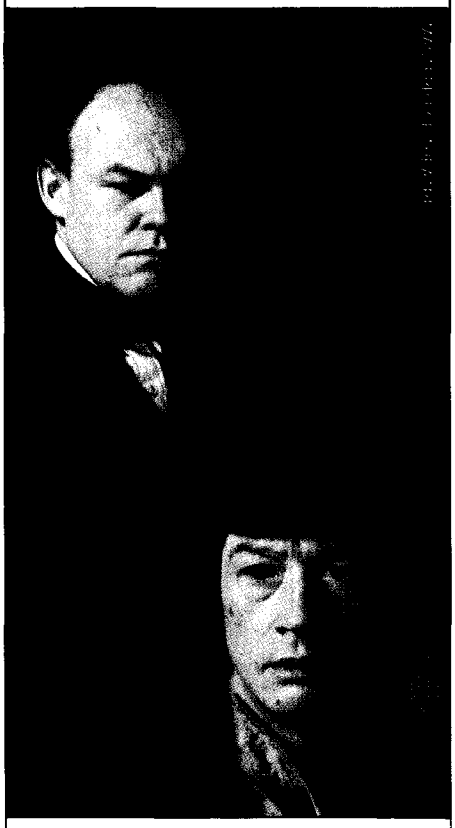
And support for the arts is still spotty even in corporate backyards, although there are many admirable exceptions. Milwaukee's United Performing Arts Fund has raised millions of dollars from area corporations, and United Technologies gives about $500,000 a year to cultural programs in the Hartford area. PepsiCo is a large contributor to the arts in and around its Westchester County, N.Y., headquarters. Most of General Electric's contributions to the arts (now about $400,000 a year) are given to arts councils or organizations in communities where G.E. has plants or offices.

Citibank has given financial support and managerial advice to major cultural institutions in New York City for over 40 years. Alcoa gives to arts councils in 10 states. Ciba-Geigy Corporation, a New York subsidiary of a Swiss conglomerate, gives to arts councils in seven states while Minneapolis-based Dayton Hudson gives to about a dozen. Travelers Insurance Company supports the Greater Hartford Arts Council, as does Colt Industries, and the latter also supports arts councils in other cities where it has operating divisions (as well as helping support the Pittsburgh, Syracuse, and other symphonies, and the New York City Ballet). Dow Chemical contributes close to $1 million to community cultural activities through its regional offices.

By contrast, the seven-year-old downtown branch of New York's Whitney Museum of American Art closed this past summer for lack of sustained corporate support—suggesting, said the *Wall Street Journal*, that "despite the growth of cultural affairs in lower Manhattan, the financial canyons of Wall Street provide shaky ground for the arts." David Hupert, overseer of the downtown operation, said, "It's difficult to convince some corporations they have an obligation to the minds and souls of their employees."

Moreover, it was front-page news in the *New York Times* early this year when the Bank of Tokyo Trust Company removed Isamu Noguchi's 1,600-pound "Shinto" from a lobby ceiling of its lower Broadway office, cut it into pieces, and packed it away in a warehouse. When told about it, a horrified Mr. Noguchi exclaimed, "It's vandalism, and very reactionary. I should think they'd ask the artist before they would do something like that."

But wanton destruction is the exception, and even benign neglect of the arts is becoming rarer. One of the more promising financial innovations involves corporate matching gifts to cultural institutions,



Timothy West and John Hurt in PBS's *Crime and Punishment*, funded in part by Mobil.

similar to matching gifts to educational institutions. Five years ago, fewer than a half-dozen companies had such programs; now they number in the dozens and are still growing. Most companies, including American Express, match dollar-for-dollar, but Quaker Oats gives three-for-one up to $200 and one-for-one above that, while Gulf & Western matches two-for-one—provided employees also donate their services to the group.

Chase Manhattan Bank matches employee donations to cultural institutions up to $500 per employee per year, while Time Inc. reimburses its employees for up to 75 percent of any courses taken in arts, crafts, and cultural subjects (with a similar $500 limit per year). Moreover, many business men and women have donated considerable time through the Skills/Services/Resources Bank of the Arts and Business Council. Since the program began in 1975, some 150 executive volunteers have helped raise some $1 million for hundreds of art groups, and they have also helped impart critical management skills. "This is the kind of intangible that can't be measured in dollars and cents," said Sybil Simon, Council executive director.

It is impossible to keep up with everything business is doing for the arts, and it is likewise impossible to list all the deserving programs and projects. But what follows is an effort to indicate some of the scope and variety of that support:

MUSEUMS

Despite record attendance, the nation's museums have been badly crippled by inflation, and they would be having an even harder time were it not for corporate donations. Mobil Oil gives several hundred thousand dollars a year to just three museums in New York City, and it gives also to museums in Denver, Boston, and Dallas. Citibank provides funding and has donated a major ad campaign to several museums in New York City, as well as to the Botanical Gardens and the Zoo. Atlantic Richfield last year contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Houston Fine Arts Museum, the Children's Museum in Denver, the Craft and Folk Art Museum (Los Angeles), the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, the Denver Art Museum, the Whitney Museum (New York), the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York), the Museum of Modern Art (New York), the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Museum of African Art (Washington, D.C.), the Museum of Science and Industry (Chicago), and the Museum of the American Indian (New York). Manufacturer's Hanover Trust contributes to the Whitney Museum (where they helped present the video film *Calder's Circus* and the Andy Warhol exhibit), the Museum of Modern Art, the Brooklyn Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts (all in New York City).

William Underwood Company, the Massachusetts food manufacturer, supports more than a dozen museums in five states and Washington, D.C. Procter & Gamble assists three Cincinnati museums, while Ciba-Geigy and Dayton Hudson each support 15 museums.

Some of the corporate contributions help pay for heat, lights, maintenance, and acquisitions, but an increasingly large part is used to underwrite exhibitions. United Technologies recently gave money for *Renaissance of Islam* at the Metropolitan Museum, American Express sponsored an exhibition of *Rimpa Painting From Japan* this year at the Honolulu Academy of Arts and the Japan House Gallery in New York. ITT was the exclusive sponsor of the *Vanity Fair* fashion show at

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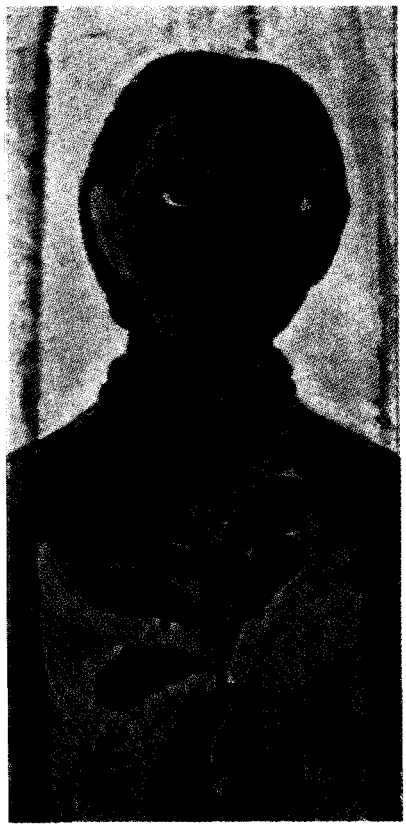

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rvived.

These are some works painted in Germany when the world of the artists, and the world itself, was coming apart. And yet they are, more often than not, joyous and exuberant affirmations of life. They are part of a fascinating exhibition gathered from the private collections and great museums of Europe and the United States entitled "Expressionism—A German Intuition, 1905-1920." It opens at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum on November 14th.

Working in Germany, the Expressionists took inspiration from the French Gauguin and the Dutch van Gogh and the Norwegian Edvard Munch. They fashioned a universal language that would speak to us all—a language of sinuous lines and upward-striving angles, of brilliant colors and powerful emotions. They wanted us to know not merely what they saw but how they felt. They succeeded brilliantly and, though banned by Hitler, their works still speak eloquently of the strivings of the human spirit to be free.

We are proud to join the Federal Republic of Germany and the National Endowment for the Arts in sponsoring this exhibition—and we invite you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that the language of human feeling is far older and far more valuable than the language of computers. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of this is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

If your company would like to know more about corporate sponsorship of art, write George Weissman, Chairman of the Board, Philip Morris Incorporated, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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"Expressionism—a German Intuition, 1905-1920" appears at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, November 14, 1980 to January 18, 1981; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, February 18 to April 26, 1981. This exhibition is sponsored by the Federal Republic of Germany, Philip Morris Incorporated, and the National Endowment for the Arts. An indemnity for the exhibition has been provided by the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities. Additional support has been contributed by Lufthansa German Airlines.

(top left) Ernst Ludwig Kirchner. STREET WITH RED COCOTTE. 1914. Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection. Lugano. (bottom left) Vasily Kandinsky. SMALL PLEASURES. 1913. The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. New York. (top center) Paula Modersohn-Becker. SELF PORTRAIT WITH CAMELIA BRANCH. ca. 1906-7. Museum Folkwang. Essen. (top right) Emil Nolde. DANCE AROUND THE GOLDEN CALF. 1910. Staatsgalerie moderner Kunst. Munich. (bottom right) Franz Marc. THE SMALL BLUE HORSES 1911. Staatsgalerie Stuttgart.

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the Met in New York in 1978. *Vanity Fair* won the conglomerate Business in the Arts award, presented jointly by *Forbes* magazine and the Business Committee for the Arts. (ITT won again in 1979 for its broad program of arts support.)

This summer and fall, a $30,000 grant from IBM enabled patrons of the Phoenix Art Museum and Tucson's Museum of Art to view *Visitors to Arizona—1846-1980*, an exhibition of 140 works by 93 artists and photographers. Included was Thomas Moran's 8-by-12-foot "Chasm of the Colorado," which is seldom loaned by its owner, the U.S. Department of the Interior. The only commercial note was that the Tucson exhibition coincided with the opening of IBM's new plant in the city.

Corporations typically give between $50,000 and $100,000 for such exhibitions, but IBM gave $750,000 to help bring *The Splendor of Dresden* to Washington, New York, and San Francisco. (Some of the 700 treasures were hidden in salt mines during the Allied bombing that destroyed much of the city in 1945.) IBM also gave $400,000 for *Pablo Picasso: A Retrospective* of almost 1,000 of the late artist's paintings, sculpture, ceramics and drawings. The exhibit drew almost a million viewers to New York's Museum of Modern Art this year and moved one New York critic to describe it as "one of the most remarkable exhibitions that ever got hung on the wall."

Exxon gave $150,000 to transport the exhibition of Egyptian art treasures buried in the tomb of King Tutankhamen. During the King Tut six-city tour, crowds stood in line for 10 hours in Washington, D.C., all 1.3 million tickets for the four-month stay in New York disappeared practically overnight, and crowds seeking admission to the exhibit swelled membership rolls of the New Orleans Museum of Art by 16,500.

It was not too many years ago that museum directors suspected any corporate offers to underwrite exhibitions. By and large, however, museum curators and directors now seem to agree with SCM's Paul Elicker that, "It does not tarnish one's image or dirty one's hands to seek financial support from business. Maybe the rarefied atmosphere of a wealthy patron's drawing room is more attractive to some museum development directors, but those days are fast fading."

The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Guggenheim Museum together have received more than $1 million in royalties from Springs Mills, Inc., a South Carolina fabric company that adapts the museums' textile designs for bed linen patterns. Washington's John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts raised some $2 million last year from some 200 corporate donors, including Conoco, Standard Oil of Indiana, Exxon, TRW, Phillips Petroleum, American Can, Eli Lilly, Johnson and Johnson, and AT&T. The Center's resident orchestra, the National Symphony, has received large gifts from Time, AT&T, and Ernst & Whinney.

In addition to funding museums, many companies have museums of their own. The Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Mich., is a treasury of documents and memorabilia of one of America's most enigmatic geniuses. The Squibb Galleries in the Princeton, N.J., headquarters of E.R. Squibb & Sons, opened to the public in 1972, offers as many as 10 shows a year. Concentrating on contemporary art, it has attracted as many as 13,000 viewers at one time. Atlantic Richfield's Center for Visual Art Gallery in Los Angeles also draws appreciative viewers to its exhibits of California artists.

One of the wealthiest museums in the world is the J. Paul Getty Museum in Malibu, Calif., endowed by Mr. Getty with $750 million worth of stock in his Getty Oil Company. The stock is expected to generate some $50 million a year, more than the combined operating budget of the New York Metropolitan Museum and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

Following the lead of Chase Manhattan Bank's David Rockefeller, many companies now have valuable art collections of their own. These include the First National Bank of Chicago (which hired former *Saturday Review* art critic Katharine Kuh to personally choose every one of its 4,000 pieces for some 115 First National offices throughout the world), Gulf & Western, American Can Company, Bristol-Myers, American Electric Power, Benson & Hedges, William Underwood, and the Prudential Insurance Company. IBM's fine arts collection, started in 1939, was initially formed around paintings from

WHITNEY MUSEUM

"Early Sunday Morning," from the Whitney Museum's Hopper exhibition, which was made possible in part by Philip Morris.

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each of the 48 states and 79 countries in which it did business.

Corporate art collections have proliferated so fast that many companies have their own acquisition departments and curators. The Museum of Modern Art created the Art Advisory Service, Citibank and the United States Trust Company offer clients art investment advisory services, and a number of consulting firms have sprung up to serve clients for hourly fees (plus commissions) on the art they purchase.

MUSIC

Texaco's 40-year sponsorship of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts began with *The Marriage of Figaro* in December 1940 and is now the longest continuous commercial underwriting of the same program by the same sponsor in the history of radio. Heard live throughout the United States, Canada, and Puerto Rico over a 300-station network created by Texaco in 1960, the broadcasts can reach more than 95 percent of the American population and attract between three million and six million listeners.

"Opera is becoming increasingly popular, and we like to feel that Texaco has helped popularize it," said Kerryn King, vice president for public affairs. "Its popularity isn't anything sudden, like ballet. Instead, it has built slowly over the years. It used to be for the elite, but now its audience is widespread."

The broadcasts cost Texaco about $3 million a year, or about 16 percent of its domestic advertising budget. While they carry only one mention of the sponsor during each intermission, Mr. King said the sponsorship has paid off. "The opera audience is a very loyal one," he said. "We've made studies over the years that show purchases of Texaco products are directly related to our sponsorship. Besides, many of our 400,000 shareholders own stock precisely because they love the opera."

Since 1958, Citibank has been giving generously to Lincoln Center. "Citibank supports the arts," explained Edward L. Palmer, chairman of the bank's Executive Committee, "because as citizens of New York we consider the cultural institutions to be a vital contributor to the economic life of the city." This year, Citibank helped mark the 50th anniversary of the New York Philharmonic's first European tour with a $300,000 sponsorship grant underwriting an encore transatlantic tour. Citibank started holding free concerts in the Citicorp Center atrium in 1978, delighting thousands of New Yorkers and visitors to the city with programs of classical music, jazz, popular music, and headlining stars.

Earlier this month, ITT and two subsidiaries, the Hartford Insurance Group and the Sheraton Corporation, helped celebrate the 60th birthday of Isaac Stern by sponsoring five evenings of performances at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. Last year, ITT sponsored a Salute to the Opera through a grant to the New York City Opera, marking the beginning of Beverly Sills's tenure there as general manager.

Trans Union Corporation has contributed to the Chicago Lyric Opera, and Chase Manhattan Bank supported the Bronx Opera Company and the Light Opera of Manhattan. Alcoa supports five opera companies from Pittsburgh to Portland, Ore. Bristol-Myers supports the Opera Theater of Syracuse, Johnson & Johnson contributed to the New Jersey Opera, and General Motors supports opera in Toronto and several cities in Michigan.

Philip Morris contributes to symphony orchestras and helped bring La Scala Opera to the United States. SmithKline helped underwrite the Japanese tour of the Philadelphia Orchestra. American Express sponsored a benefit performance of the Arizona Opera Company featuring Robert Merrill and Roberta Peters; it sponsored this year's 75th anniversary North American tour to 11 cities of the London Symphony Orchestra, and will underwrite Joan Sutherland's guest performances with the Canadian Opera Company in Toronto next May. The board of the Pittsburgh Symphony, which has an endowment in the millions of dollars, is studded with top executives of more than a dozen major corporations.

"Opera is becoming increasingly popular, and we like to feel Texaco has helped popularize it."

General Electric supports symphony orchestras in at least six cities, 3M supports the Minnesota Orchestra, Colt Industries helps fund five symphony orchestras on the East Coast, while Alcoa, AT&T, Continental Oil, Metropolitan Life, Dayton Hudson, Mobil, Ciba-Geigy, Procter & Gamble, Eli Lilly, IBM, William Underwood, RCA, and Standard Oil of California help underwrite symphony orchestras from Alaska to Alabama.

Affiliate Artists, a 15-year-old New York arts organization partly financed by corporations, administers the Exxon Arts Endowment Conductors Program, which provides young conductors with full-time residences in major symphony orchestras and opera companies for a year or more. And AT&T, which sponsored the 1978 telecast of Vladimir Horowitz's appearance with the New York Philharmonic, announced last year that it was giving $10 million to help defray the expenses of national tours by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, and Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. The four-year program, called the Bell System American Orchestras on Tour, is designed eventually to reach communities that do not normally hear America's premier orchestras in live performances.

Among other less visible contributions: Eastman Kodak's help in funding the $5.5 million renovation of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, an institution endowed by the late George Eastman that has turned out more orchestral players than any other American conservatory; and the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company's sponsorship of America's indigenous musical form, by helping to underwrite the Newport Jazz Festival in New York, the New Orleans Jazz Heritage Festival, and musical festivals in Memphis and Winston-Salem, N.C.

DANCE

There are more than 800 dance companies in the United States, and the National Corporate Fund for Dance says flatly that it is the fastest growing and most popular performing art in America. If so, the Fund deserves a good part of the credit. It has grown from 14 corporate supporters who donated $68,500 in 1974 to more than 175 corporations who gave $401 million last year. Charles McCabe, Senior Vice-President for Marketing at Manufacturers Hanover Trust, sits on the board of the Fund, helping guide these monies toward the general operating expenses of nine major American dance companies, from New York's American Ballet Theatre to the San Francisco Ballet, which, during a two-year period, were seen in more than 200 cities in 45 states. The nine companies are also said to be responsible for 68 percent of the professional performances presented in the United States annually.

Atlantic Richfield, which contributes to the National Corporate Fund for Dance, contributes to a good many other dance companies as well. It has pledged $100,000 to the Los Angeles Ballet and has given lesser amounts to Houston's Allegro Ballet, the Boston, Dallas, Philadelphia, and Houston Ballet companies.

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the Colorado Concert Ballet, the Bella Lewitzky Dance Company of Hollywood, the Krassovska Ballet Jeunesse of Dallas, the Joan Kerr Dance Company of Philadelphia, the Philadelphia Dance Company, and the Royal Ballet Theatre of Deer Park, Tex.

ITT's support of dance began over a decade ago with a grant making possible the American debut of Maurice Bejart's Ballet of the XX Century. Its support extends to the Joffrey Ballet and, through aid to Lincoln Center, the American Ballet Theatre. ITT also underwrote ABT's touring performances in Los Angeles, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Washington.

MARTHA SWOPE

***Othello* in Central Park. Citibank underwrites Papp's Shakespeare Festival.**

Continental Oil supports the Lake Charles (La.) Ballet Society, the American Ballet Theatre and the Pittsburgh Ballet Theater. Alcoa supports ballet groups in Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and West Virginia. Ford Motor Company supports four dance companies while GM helped the Cleveland Ballet and the Toledo Ballet Association. Rockwell International helps ballet companies in Dallas and Pittsburgh, and Trans Union supported the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

"The Louisville orchestra and ballet were in financial trouble in 1978 and somebody managed to get Baryshnikov to go down for a fund raiser," said William A. Orme, manager of corporate support for General Electric. "So the people at our major appliance headquarters there made a $34,000 grant to bring Baryshnikov to Louisville and that made it possible to bring in enough money to save both the orchestra and ballet."

VISUAL ARTS

Fel-Pro's resident sculptor, who comes to his studio at company headquarters three days a week, has designed numerous works that are displayed in the factory and office, plus an 8,500-pound, 12-foot-high sculpture outside the front office. Moreover, instead of the usual certificate and handshake, longtime Fel-Pro employees and special customers are given sculptured plaques. "All the recipients are flattered," said Robert O'Keefe, the company's manager of industrial relations. Banker's Life Nebraska and Northern Natural Gas helped raise some $700,000 to fund 10 large-scale sculptures along almost 500 miles of Nebraska's Interstate 80.

Interpace Corporation, which manufactures building and construction industry products, earmarks its art contributions entirely for sculpture. Its reason is twofold: Because sculpture "deserves and does not always receive enough corporate funding," and because "sculpture holds a mirror to Interpace. Our building and construction products, made from iron and steel, aluminum, clays and concrete, are themselves sculptured shapes and forms." Last year Interpace funded two major exhibits: *Contemporary Sculpture*, featuring more than 100 pieces by 52 artists in the collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art, and *Sculpture From Notre Dame, Paris* at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, consisting of 12 large, fragmentary sculptures of Gothic art shown for the first time in America. Interpace will be the sole corporate underwriter of *Rodin Rediscovered*, scheduled to open at the National Gallery in Washington next summer.

PepsiCo's headquarters in Purchase, New York, is an impressive example of business patronage of the arts. Donald M. Kendall, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, has realized his original vision of creating an environment integrating the three art forms of architecture, landscape architecture, and modern sculpture. The spacious gardens surrounding the offices (designed by architect Edward Durell Stone) are populated with particularly fine sculptures by Rodin, Moore, Lipchitz, Giacometti, Noguchi, Nevelson, Calder, Smith, Lipton, Laurens, and others.

For 30 years Spring Mills, Inc. has been a patron of the arts, and it is the first major American corporation to funnel its cultural funding primarily into photography. Among other things, it sponsored an exhibit of Ansel Adams photographs at New York's Museum of Modern Art. American Express has also taken an interest in photography, sponsoring *Henri Cartier-Bresson: Photographer*, which is being exhibited in 14 U.S. cities and Mexico City.

Mobil Oil sponsored *Images of an Era: The American Poster 1945-1975*, a collection of more than 200 posters that opened at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in 1975 and went on tour to Europe. The company also commissioned 13 American artists to create original signed and numbered prints for a 200-edition bicentennial portfolio, the proceeds of which went to charities selected by the artists.

THEATER

Four years ago the American Shakespeare Theater in Stratford, Conn., was forced to close for lack of funds. It reopened two years later with the help of the Business Advisory Committee, comprised of the chairmen of about a dozen corporations, including General Electric, American Can, and Continental Oil. This year, Citibank created a major fund-raising program for Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival with a $150,000 sponsorship grant, thus helping to underwrite the free performances at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park and the summer season of the Touring Theater. The Hartman Theater Company in Connecticut has received generous funding from United Technologies, Pitney Bowes, Xerox, Champion International, and General Telephone and Electronics. And Atlantic Richfield has given money to theaters in Fairbanks, Anchorage, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, Midland, Tex., San Diego, and Park Forest, Ill. 3M supports the Guthrie Theater and was a major contributor to the McKnight Omnitheater in Minneapolis. Exxon, TRW, Consolidated Edison, Chase Manhattan, and Borg-Warner all support a variety of theaters and troupes, everything from the Harlem Children's Theater Company to the Sherwood Forest Theater in New Kensington, Pa.

Moreover, corporations are becoming involved in theater as financial angels. Last spring, Arthur Miller's *The American Clock* ran for 21 "previews" at the Harold Clurman Theater on Broadway, then

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Avery Fisher Hall – Home of the New York Philharmonic

Citibank wants the arts to stay in New York. So we helped send the Philharmonic to London.

In the fall, we helped send Zubin Mehta and the entire New York Philharmonic to tour London and 12 other European cities.

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moved to the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, S.C., for its premiere. When he was unable to raise the necessary $500,000 to ensure the play's return to Broadway, Jack Garfein, artistic director of the Clurman Theater, contacted the Theater-Productions Division of Warner Communications. Warner agreed to put up most of the money, and as a result, it received co-billing as producer. Even if the play is a critical disaster, observers consider it unlikely that it would spell the end of the corporate-Broadway connection.

TELEVISION

In dozens of communities, corporations help fund public television by purchasing annual memberships or donating money. This has been a critical source of funds ever since the Ford Foundation, which over the years contributed some $300 million to public television, virtually phased out its support. Today, corporate funding still only amounts to about 10 percent of the Public Broadcasting Service's total revenues, but that compares with 5.8 percent in 1975.

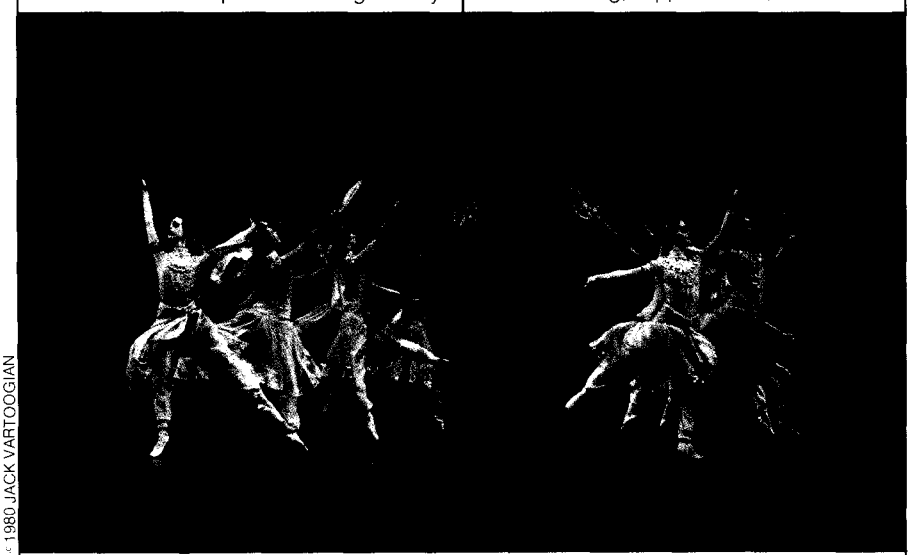
The major oil companies donate more than half of total corporate contributions for national programming to PBS, with Exxon giving about $4 million and Mobil about $3.2 million (up from $2.3 last year). Many of the programs they have underwritten have been first-rate. *Masterpiece Theatre*, *Upstairs, Downstairs*, and *Edward the King*, underwritten by Mobil, have all won critical acclaim. Exxon underwrote the PBS telecasts of the acclaimed *Theater in America* and live ballet from Lincoln Center, and it is helping to underwrite productions of Shakespeare's plays that will appear on PBS through 1984.

But oil companies have not been the only generous contributors to public television. IBM gave 10 public stations $50,000 each over two years and gave another $400,000 directly to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (the nonprofit corporation that administers and allocates public and private funds). It also made grants enabling the showing of *A Tribute to Louis Armstrong*, *Einstein's Universe*, and *Picasso—A Painter's Diary*.

ITT's production of *The Big Blue Marble* has won six Emmy awards and countless other honors. Primarily aimed at children between the ages of 8 and 16, "Marble" is distributed to 264 commercial and educational stations domestically, and to some 65 foreign countries. ITT's expressed purpose is "to show the world as it is, with no editorial viewpoint expressed or implied; to instill in youngsters a sense of understanding, appreciation, and tolerance for other people, countries, and cultures."

The Prudential Insurance Company contributed almost $650,000 to underwrite *The Pallisers*, 22 half-hour shows based on the works of Anthony Trollope, and spent $300,000 supporting the series. United Technologies agreed to give $2 million to the Children's Television Workshop (creator of Sesame Street) toward a $10 million children's series on science and technology. General Electric contributes to a number of public television stations in communities where it has factories or offices. Travelers Insurance Company has given to Connecticut Public Television. General Motors supports stations in Michigan, Indiana, Texas, and Delaware.

And if commercial television is really a cultural "wasteland," it would be even more desolate were it not for such IBM-sponsored specials as *Leonardo: To Know How to See*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *Eleanor and Franklin*, *Tchaikovsky's The Nutcracker*, *The Miracle Worker*, and *IBM Presents Baryshnikov on Broadway*.



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Makarova's *La Bayadere* at the ABT. Donations from over 175 corporations to the National Corporate Fund for Dance help keep ballet flourishing.

FESTIVALS

Communities all across America sponsor festivals devoted to arts and culture, and most of them receive corporate support. Cummins, U.S. Steel, Mobil, and Exxon support the Spoleto Arts Festival in Charleston, S.C. Alcoa and Westinghouse support Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Art Festival. Allstate Insurance and U.S. Steel help out Birmingham's Festival of Arts. GM helped the Atlanta Dogwood Festival, the Dayton Holiday Festival, and the Mississippi Arts Festival. Ciba-Geigy supports the New Jersey and North Carolina Shakespeare festivals as well as the Eastern Music Festival in Greensboro, N.C. Phillips Petroleum supports the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute, an instruction festival for Oklahoma youth.

LIBRARIES

Inflation and budgetary cutbacks have been particularly severe on libraries, public and private. The New York city library system, once the pride and joy of city fathers, has suffered not just budget cuts but wholesale slashes of personnel, hours, and money for acquisitions. But it would probably be at death's door rather than merely ailing were it not for financial support from GAF Corporation, American Airlines, Xerox, Squibb, General Motors, Johnson & Johnson, Sperry Rand, IBM, J.C. Penney, Shell, Philip Morris, Allied Chemical, Chase Manhattan, Bethlehem Steel, American Standard, Exxon, Metropolitan Life, RCA, and Schering-Plough.

William Underwood contributed to the Portland, Maine, Public Library, Radcliffe's Schlesinger Library, and the French Library in Boston. GM and Rockwell supported the Detroit Public Library, as well as the President Ford Library in Mich., which Rockwell International also supported. Gulf Oil and Philip Morris supported the LBJ Library in Tex., ITT donated to the Pierpont Morgan Library, in NYC, International Paper made grants to the Folger Shakespeare Library in D.C., while Mobil contributed to libraries in Texas. Alcoa supports libraries in four states, Ciba-Geigy assists the Providence, R.I., Public Library while Allstate funds libraries in Chicago and Rochester, N.Y.

In short, corporate funding of the arts is already significant and still growing. While it is debatable whether that partnership will usher in a Golden Age of Culture, it has already helped bring many important cultural events within reach of millions of Americans. In rejecting both Calvin Coolidge and Henry James, corporations seem guided by Peter Drucker's observation that, "The arts, rather than social events, are the true harbinger of tomorrow."

Edwin McDowell, a reporter for the *New York Times*, is the author of the recent novel, *To Keep Our Honor Clean.*

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The Obsessions of Billy Wilder

by Malcolm N. Carter

Perhaps the most telling trait of an art collector is his inability to stop acquiring art. If that is the case, Billy Wilder meets the standard and then some. The Viennese-born film director, writer, and producer not only has every available space in his one-bedroom cooperative apartment cluttered with paintings, sculptures, and assorted *objets d'art*, but the 74-year-old Wilder has had to pack his closets with his treasures and store some of them in a warehouse. His hallways have oils, watercolors, posters, and lithographs stacked along the walls, and the energetic Academy Award-winner even claims to have works of art shoved under beds.

A series of Frank Stella paintings enlivens Wilder's private bathroom; masterly drawings of nudes by artists such as Henri Matisse cover the walls of the powder room; a half-dozen Henry Moore sculptures gleam beside the bar; West African heads keep surprisingly agreeable company with Joseph Cornell boxes, all dwarfed by an entire wall of art books in a living room big enough to hold three tufted couches comfortably. It is not that Billy Wilder hasn't tried to restrain himself—he has reduced his collection of pre-Columbian and African art to his 10 finest pieces of each—it's that he simply cannot stop collecting. "I don't call myself a collector," Wilder allowed as the sun faded behind the Los Angeles smog on a recent afternoon. "I call myself an accumulator."

Above: (left to right) a box and a collage by Cornell and a Nicholson, over six small Moores. Opposite: Wilder, in front of works by (top, left to right) Picasso, Jawlensky, Chagall, Jawlensky (bottom, left to right), Schiele, Vuillard (over a Braque), Muenther, and Picasso. On the floor, a Kirchner. Behind Wilder, a Maillol, and in the foreground, a Giacometti.

Just how much has he accumulated? "Please don't ask me that question," he replied impishly. "If my wife hears it—let me tell you, I have driven around for weeks with a new painting in the trunk of my car before I would bring it up here." Still, Audrey Wilder indulges her husband's obsession and will sometimes alert him if she happens to spot something he would want. After 31 years of marriage, she has grown resigned to his impulsiveness and impressed with his determination. "When I'm crazy about something," Wilder related, "let there be no misunderstanding; I get it anyway." So it was that he acquired such prized works of art as "Head of a Woman" from Picasso's classical period, "Two Nudes" by Ernst-Ludwig Kirchner, "La Toilette" by Balthus, and "The Cardinal of Bogota" by Botero.

Like many collectors, Wilder never made a decision to collect art. Nor does he view the acquisition of art as anything but an everyday part of his life. Growing up in Vienna, Wilder divided his time between going to museums, attending the opera free as part of a claque, and playing soccer. He remembers gawking at paintings by Egon Schiele while in grammar school—"pornography, we called it." (Pointing to a sensuous nude of Schiele's that now hangs in a corner of his living room, Wilder commented, "It's a little difficult to explain to my servants.")

After he moved to Berlin—where he was a newspaperman, a contributor to the cultural magazine *Der*

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PHOTOS BY SAM KWONG

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Querschnitt, and a beginning film writer—he bought his first work of art; for the equivalent of approximately $8, Wilder purchased a poster called "La Goulue" by Toulouse-Lautrec in 1928. "I just wanted to have something on the walls," he said, adding that they weren't even his: Wilder lived in a rented room. "Of course it was way above my means," he recalled about the poster. "But it was huge, and it covered a lot of wall space." In time, he acquired three or four more of the artist's posters, but he had to leave them behind when Hitler drove him to France and, eventually, the United States, where Wilder resumed his nascent film career. He replaced the posters as soon as possible in spite of rising prices, and amassed a collection since donated to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

Wilder made a point of learning about art, devouring the well-thumbed volumes that now fill his shelves, talking to "serious" collectors, and picking the brains of art dealers. There were few dealers in Los Angeles at the time, and it wasn't easy. "Back then," Wilder averred, "they didn't know the difference between pistachio and Picasso." Even now, there are problems. "It is very, very difficult to be enamored of art and to buy it and to live in Los Angeles," he complains. "We are living in the provinces."

So Wilder relied on a New York dealer and fellow refugee, Curt Valentin, who helped introduce Americans to German Expressionism, Henry Moore, Picasso, and Chagall. "He was the guy who influenced me the most," Wilder recounted. "He would talk to me about a piece of sculpture. He would talk to me about Moore. He would say to me, 'Take this to your hotel room and live with it for a few days.' He never rushed me."

Above: five Picassos, in ink and crayon, hanging over a Moore sculpture and an African Bakongo head. Around the corner, a large Botero. Opposite page: Wilder's bedroom, with "La Toilette" by Balthus, surrounded by (left) an 18th-century French wood sculpture, (below) a Calder stabile, and three African sculptures, two resting on a *trompe l'oeil* trunk.

First there were the posters, then drawings by notables such as Picasso, Matisse, Miró, Rodin, Renoir. Also well represented were Ben Shahn, Saul Steinberg, and Georgio Morandi. Steinberg, a favorite of Wilder's, drew him a fanciful "diploma" that currently enjoys a place of honor over a desk in the collector's den.

Wilder's film successes—notably *Double Indemnity*, *Lost Weekend*, *Sunset Boulevard*, *Stalag 17*, *Witness for the Prosecution*, *Some Like It Hot*, and *The Apartment*—enabled him to move up to watercolors and oils. Since he prefers "good examples of painters I love," he developed the ploy of swapping lesser works for first-rate efforts. He traded a small Cézanne watercolor for Kirchener's "Two Nudes," for instance, and oil paintings by Rouault and Miró for the five small Picassos in crayon and watercolor that grace a slim living room wall. His success also allowed Wilder to acquire whatever caught his fancy during his travels around the world making films. And what caught his fancy ranged from miniature obelisks and Roman heads to antique match-strikers (a Dutch striker acquired for $20 a long time ago "is as close to me as a great sculpture," he observed), French-primitive paintings, Tiffany lamps, bentwood furniture, and Calder mobiles. "My curiosity," he explained, "is enormous."

Indeed, one of his satisfactions in accumulating art has been the opportunity to meet the artists. Charles Eames, whose furniture Wilder once collected, was a friend. Henry Moore is a friend. The David Hockney in the couple's bedroom was a Christmas gift from the painter last year; titled "Tulips and Plant," it is inscribed to "Billy and

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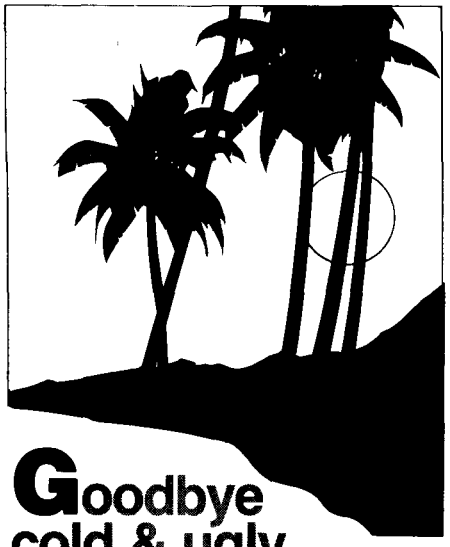

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As a collector, says Wilder, "I can't contain myself. Like an alcoholic, I sneak a drink in a saloon someplace, hoping nobody will see me."

Audrey Wilder, with love." By his account, Wilder wangles introductions through mutual acquaintances. "And I just hang on for my life," he said, adding that "I love to have them explain their thinking."

Once he even summoned up the courage to make a pilgrimage to Picasso. Arriving at the artist's doorstep in southern France, the man who could direct Marilyn Monroe dispassionately had a change of heart. "I lost my nerve," Wilder recollected. "I said, 'I'm not going to make a fool of myself,' bought a few plates in the store there, and went away."

Wilder seems typical of some of the country's most avid art collectors in his rejection of his purchases as investments. "I wanted to buy something that I loved and could afford," he said, adding that this was his sole criterion. "Never for a second did I think of 'accumulating' as a hedge against inflation. I don't *want* to sell it—do you sell a dog? People who buy for investment, most of them, unless they're very, very shrewd, they fall flat on their ass."

Although Wilder spoke of having made only a few "mistakes" over the years, he said they were not financial errors. "A mistake," Wilder declared, "is that you fall in love with an artist who is coming out of fashion—and very often for a good reason. He's not as good as you thought. Very often you get bored, you want to use the wall space for something else—you went to bed with the wrong girl."

If he has made any of these mistakes, they are not evident in the Wilder apartment. On the other hand, it is next to impossible on a single afternoon to separate the individual works of art from their collective impact. Wilder displays "Boy With Blond Hair" by his favorite American painter, Milton Avery, in the foyer. Yet a decorative Roman bust surrounded by tubs of red geraniums draws the eye to the terrace beyond, overlooking Wilshire Boulevard. And the Moores practically disappear into the row of glassware on the bar. Two important Cornell boxes blend into a throng of primitive sculptures in a wall of books, and the density of works by Dubuffet, Léger, Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Chagall, and younger artists like Varujan Boghosian and Paul Suttman can overwhelm a first-time visitor. In the bedroom, a pair of 15th-century German cherubs on either side of the bed presides over the Hockney, the Balthus, assorted magnifying glasses, and one of the trompe-l'oeil chests that "naturally," Wilder laughed, he collects along with everything else.

Wilder doesn't class himself with say, a Thyssen, Mellon, or Hirshhorn. It is not their wealth that he envies, it is their space he lusts after. "That," he conceded, "is my great sorrow." Because of the limitations of his apartment, Wilder has moved bits of the collection to his office and his beach house north of Malibu. Also, he continues to refine the collection and has managed to bridle his passion—somewhat—over the last decade or so.

"I cannot contain myself altogether," he said, compulsively straightening the fringe of the rug in his den. "Like an alcoholic, I sneak a drink of whiskey in a saloon someplace, hoping nobody will see me." Saying "I'm never happy" with the collection, he noted his enduring desire for an oil by Hockney, another Botero, and even more Moores. "I think," he said only half-joking, "everyone should have at least a dozen."

Billy Wilder may never stop acquiring art, but he does intend to leave his collection to several museums, including institutions in Los Angeles and Jerusalem. Said Wilder, who is about to start directing *Buddy Buddy* with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau: "I'm not going to take it with me." ■

Malcolm N. Carter is a staff writer at *Money* magazine.

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Books for Christmas Giving

Wallace Stegner:

Panoramic Splendor in Grand Canyon

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.:

A Gallery of Lincolns

Irving Stone:

Darwin's Inspiring
Islands in the Pacific

Marilyn French:

Mailer's Monroe,
A Fictional Autobiography

Gloria Swanson:

The Glamour Days of Tinsel Town

Isaac Asimov:

A Journey Through the Galaxies

Edward Hoagland:

The Magnificent Maasai

Pierre Franey:

Recipes From the
Four Seasons Restaurant

James Mellow:

Five Centuries of Painters

Owen Edwards:

The Photographer's Art

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Wallace Stegner:

Panoramic Splendor in the Grand Canyon

CORRIDORS OF TIME: 1,700,000,000 YEARS OF EARTH AT THE GRAND CANYON
Panoramic photography and text by Ron Redfern. Introduction by Carl Sagan. Times Books, 198 pp., $39.95 until December 31, 1980, $55 thereafter.

Of the scores of books that have dealt with the scenery, geology, and human history of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the indispensable one has been Clarence E. Dutton's *Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District* (1882), an early Geological Survey study that reads like a nature book. With its elephant-folio atlas, illustrated with paintings and woodcuts by Thomas Moran and with magnificent panoramic sketches by William Henry Holmes, the book represents the canyon's noble forms and colors and awesome scale on something like their own terms.

But now comes a British photographer and amateur polymath, Ron Redfern, with a book as illuminating in its way as Dutton's, and as photographically splendid as Eliot Porter's several canyon books. One hundred years after Dutton, Redfern has vastly more accumulated scientific knowledge to draw on. He uses it all, from astrophysics to archaeology, and he pushes back into time Dutton's theories of the canyon's formation, adding to isostasy and plural-erosion cycles a whole new science of mantle convection, plate tectonics, and continental drift. It is not merely the origin of the canyon that he attempts to discover, but the origins of the earth and of life. And as a photographer, Redfern has embraced the challenge that Porter artfully declines. He meets the spectacular head-on; his panoramas, which he admits owe a good deal to those of Holmes, are absolutely extraordinary. They see everything the eye sees, and more: The scope of some of them is 320 degrees horizontally and 100 degrees vertically. These views all but *surround* the viewer.

Moreover, they have none of the blurring and distortion typical of views taken with a circuit camera, and they have none of the visibly butted edges and varying focus that mar the old-fashioned panoramas pieced together out of sequential photographs. It is the latter method that Redfern uses, but he carefully refrains from explaining how he gets his results. However he gets them, this book, on its photographs alone, is a marvelous evocation, perhaps the best ever, of the Grand Canyon, the best souvenir French and German and Japanese tourists could take home to show what they have seen. Both the Museum of Natural History and the Smithsonian plan exhibitions based on *Corridors of Time*.

The text too is special, a triumphant example of scientific popularization and synthesis. Its theme is not scenery, but Time. For Redfern, the Grand Canyon is less a spectacle than an instrument for seeing backward to the origins of the earth and of life. Of the 4.5 billion years of earth's history, 1.7 billion are literally visible in the walls of the canyon and on the sides of the plateaus that step back from the north rim. When the dark pre-Cambrian schists of the Inner Gorge were laid down 17 hundred million years ago, North America had not yet parted from Eurasia, and the land mass from which those rocks were derived was the ancestral continent called Laurasia, separated only 50 million years or so from the primordial supercontinent Pangea.

Redfern's text, supplemented by numerous graphics, charts, and

The Grand Canyon—Redfern's panoramic photographs meet the spectacular head-on, and all but surround the viewer.

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drawings, is an enlightening illustrated lecture. Using the canyon as its constant focus, it traces the history of the earth from the first whirl of gaseous matter to the present. If that whole history were calibrated as one calendar year, January and February would be lost in clouds and hissing steam. March would show the first microstructures, tiny, ambiguous, not portentous. Blue-green algae would appear late in May, filamentous algae and bacteria in July. In mid-August the schists of the Inner Gorge would be laid down, and Time would become visible. Not until October would sexually reproducing multicellular life forms show up, and the evolution of life speed ahead; in early November, invertebrates; in later November, the first backboned creatures; in early December, the first vascular plants, amphibians, and reptiles. The Age of Dinosaurs would encompass Christmas to December 28, the Age of Mammals, the last three days of the year. The Age of Man would show only as the wink of dawn between the end of one year and the beginning of the next. The human history of the Grand Canyon, though it begins thousands of years ago with the hunters who left willow-twig fetishes in caves, would be only a breath, the white history from Cardenas in 1540 to the latest tourist bus would be but the blink of an eye.

Anyone who can read this text without being enlarged is insensitive to man and his universe. Anyone who can steadily contemplate these panoramic photographs without a growing awe is about as perceptive as the first filamentous algae. ■

Wallace Stegner won the National Book Award for his most recent novel, *The Spectator Bird.*

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.:

A Gallery of Lincolns

THE FACE OF LINCOLN
Compiled and edited by James Mellon. Studio/Viking, 201 pp., $75.

Abraham Lincoln remains the abiding American mystery. The processes that took a young man from the backwoods, virtually unschooled, a rail-splitter and a storekeeper, and transmuted him into the able lawyer, ambitious politician, superb writer, and finally the greatest of American presidents defy historical comprehension. It is little wonder that Lincoln has become a figure so enveloped in myth that the man himself is forever astonishing and forever elusive.

James Mellon's beautiful book does not solve but marvelously illuminates the mystery. It is a collection, brilliantly arranged and reproduced, of the existing photographs of Lincoln. Photography was beginning to emerge as a popular art in the 1850s at the time when Lincoln, after a single term in the House of Representatives in the 1840s, was preparing his reentry into active politics. In spite of his jokes about his own homeliness, Lincoln was evidently not averse to having his picture taken. Few politicians are. Between 1854, when he was 45 years old, and his death in 1865, his image was recorded on at least 136 daguerrotypes, tintypes, and other primitive photographic forms. He was, Mellon writes, "America's first widely photographed president."

Over the years, many of the photographs have cracked, faded, or simply vanished. Few negatives survive. Most of these have undergone serious deterioration. But Mellon, using advanced modern techniques and drawing on the technical skills of men like Richard Benson, the printer of historical glass negatives, has been able to reproduce the Lincoln pictures with new freshness and power. Thus the use of enlarged positives printed on special film rather than on paper has made it possible to restore skin detail washed out on the paper prints to which we have been long accustomed.

Lincoln used to say, or so Sam Rayburn once told me, that every man over 50 is responsible for his own face. Mencken, I notice, attributes the observation to Stanton, but it sounds more like Lincoln. In any event, Mellon's book shows in exquisite detail the way Lincoln's tragic understanding of the crisis of slavery and fraternal war remolded—deepened and purified—his own face.

The main body of photographs begins with Lincoln in the 1850s, a man of alert and rugged strength, marked by those prominent features that offended the fastidious of his day—the unruly hair, wide, flapping ears, high cheekbones, great nose, the mouth that W.H. Russell of the *London Times* described as "absolutely prodigious," the mole on the right cheek, the piercing gray eyes, the wrinkled hands with long bony forefingers. The predominant expression was somber; but, as Mellon notes, the pictorial evidence is overweighted in favor of a somber Lincoln, not necessarily because melancholy was a powerful strain in his character, but because pre-snapshot photography required a subject to hold an unwavering pose for several moments, too long a time to sustain a jolly smile.

The melancholy of the war years seems qualitatively different from the somberness of the 1850s. The face, now bearded, is more heavily lined and furrowed; the expression is no less penetrating but somehow remote, withdrawn, as if intent on distant horizons—see the extraordinary picture on page 103 made by an unknown photographer at Mathew Brady's gallery about 1862. The photographs of the Commander in Chief are wonderfully revealing, as, for example, one of Lincoln staring coldly and dubiously at a trim, beady-eyed and manifestly suspicious McClellan; and another of Lincoln, surrounded by natty staff officers, meeting unkempt veterans of McClellan's army evidently just back from the front.

Mellon's text supplies a gloss on the pictures largely in Lincoln's own words, along with occasional comments from contemporaneous observers. The selection is admirably done. The text does not, for example, conceal Lincoln's doubts that the black man should achieve perfect social and political equality. At the same time, it amply reminds us of the singular felicity of Lincoln's style and the startling

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depth of his moral insight.

One turns the pages with fascination, as events drive on toward Appomattox and Ford's Theatre. The face acquires an inexpressible sadness, finally a ravaged and terrible serenity, derived, one feels, from absolute realism and infinite understanding. He was without illusion. "Everything came to Lincoln," as William H. Herndon, his law partner, said, ". . . clean and clear cut, stript of all extraneous matter whatsoever. Everything came to him in its precise shape—gravity and color." But he was also and forever the man; he suffered; he was there.

Walt Whitman never met Lincoln but predicted him in the 1850s and loved him thereafter. On occasion he saw Lincoln riding through the streets of Washington in the presidential carriage. Once he caught Lincoln's eye, and Lincoln bowed to him. His expressions, Whitman concluded, were too subtle for the artists of the day. "One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed."

Perhaps Rembrandt could have done justice to Lincoln. Lacking Rembrandt, one is grateful to James Mellon for assembling this gallery of Lincolns. The volume costs $75—considerable even in this inflation-ridden age. But every Lincoln student and collector will wish to own a copy. ■

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has received a Pulitzer Prize for history and biography. His most recent book is *Robert F. Kennedy and His Times.*

Irving Stone:

Darwin's Inspiring Islands in the Pacific

GALAPAGOS: ISLANDS LOST IN TIME
By Tui De Roy Moore. Introduction by Peter Matthiessen. Studio/Viking, 305 pp., $25.

The Galapagos Islands! Magic words, denoting one of the most rugged yet beautiful series of volcanic uprisings—with their endlessly rich wildlife, much of it going back to prehistoric times—to be found in the Western world. The dramatic archipelago is the birthplace of modern biology, a source of creative research for all involved in the eight natural sciences, and for geologists studying the process of evolution.

Interesting books have been written about the Galapagos Islands, most of them of a technical nature: *Darwin's Finches*, *Flora of the Galapagos Islands*. The authors had relatively short stays in what has been described as the "Noah's Ark of the Pacific." It remained for Tui De Roy Moore, who was brought from Brussels at the age of two to live for more than 20 years in a lava-rock house on Academy Bay, to give us a truly native study: *Galapagos: Islands Lost in Time*.

Mrs. Moore never saw the inside of a schoolhouse. Instead she went to nature for her schooling, and nature has nowhere afforded a richer treasure trove. Mrs. Moore started using a camera at the age of 10. Before long she was taking exquisite photographs of flaming volcanoes and clear lagoons, giant tortoises, flow-patterns of lava, forests of unique cactus, of birds that exist nowhere else, of sea lions, yellow and purple iguanas, red-legged crabs.

The islands were discovered by Fray Tomas de Berlanga, whose ship drifted with the currents into their midst. Whalers and pirates used them to obtain fresh water and giant tortoises, which they stacked on top of each other in the hold. But it was Charles Darwin who made the islands famous in his great book, *Journal of H.M.S. Beagle*, for he found the first clues for his theory of natural selection in the Galapagos.

Mrs. Moore writes clearly of how these isolated islands bubbled up from the bottom of the sea some 15 million years ago yet did not explode into their present magnificently jagged forms until four million years ago. Since there could be no life on the red-hot volcanic lava, how did this staggering array of marine life, birds, reptiles, flora and fauna get there? Mrs. Moore tells us in graphic terms:

> When tropical downpours drench the forests along the coast of South America many streams and rivers overflow, tearing away branches and trees and entire clumps of tangled vegetation. These are hurtled downriver by flash floods, which frequently carry them out to sea. Some large and buoyant clumps act like floating islands to support many different plants, seeds, and seedlings, as well as terrestrial invertebrates. Occasionally they even carry reptiles, mammals, or stunned, rain-soaked birds. Most of the clumps disintegrate and sink upon reaching the open ocean. . . . But once in a very great while a clump is so intricately entangled that it remains afloat, drifting away from shore with the currents. . . . Only a small percentage of living organisms arrive . . . on the barren Galapagos shores.

Mrs. Moore has the eye, the curiosity, the wonder of a born naturalist. Her mother taught her how to read and write. It was her father, in a series of hand-built boats, who taught her how to sail with the currents among the islands, how to climb to the top of the volcanoes still issuing clouds of steam, and how to live out in the equatorial islands where no man had set foot.

The sections in her chapters on the Giant Tortoises, the Darwin Finches, on Volcanic Eruptions; her Island of Sea Birds, Lava and Life, A Society of Lava Lizards, are not only well-written, but are accompanied by color photographs that illustrate the text in an incomparable fashion. The reader gets caught up in the developing life processes, learns intimately the island's colorful inhabitants; the theory of evolution has never been better served. Mrs. Moore, at the beginning, tells us that she was afraid that she could not write well enough for publication. She need not have been. *Galapagos* is an oversized book beautifully printed. It is highly recommended.

Mrs. Moore subtitles her work, *Islands Lost in Time*. Thanks in part to her own indigenous book, which enables us to know the Galapagos from the inside, even of its flaming volcanoes, they will remain *Islands for All Time*. ■

Irving Stone's most recent best-seller is *The Origin: A Biographical Novel of Charles Darwin.*

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Inspired by Greene's photos, Mailer has "ghosted" Marilyn Monroe's memoirs.

Marilyn French:

Mailer's Monroe, A Fictional Autobiography

OF WOMEN AND THEIR ELEGANCE
By Norman Mailer. Photographs by Milton H. Greene. Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $29.95.

The germ of this book, *Of Women and Their Elegance*, would seem to be the photographs by Milton H. Greene. They are elegant pictures, many of Marilyn Monroe; most, but not all, of women. Around them—I hypothesize—Norman Mailer has woven a text that attempts to link the varied pictures with Monroe. His pretext: The dead actress is dictating her memoirs to ghost (truly!) writer Mailer. He thus offers a reprise of the scene in *An American Dream* in which the hero speaks on the telephone to the dead Cherry (modeled on Monroe) who is in heaven. Mailer's obsession with Monroe suggests she is his alter ego; he reinforces that notion in this book.

Mailer's genius lies in his ability to penetrate surfaces and reveal, in vivid language, the myth beneath. His best work (especially *Why Are We in Vietnam?*) focuses on male myths, the grotesque and violent underpinnings of the dominant culture. He is maligned by men who do not wish to see what lies beneath their behavior; he is excoriated by feminists, who believe that he does not merely reveal, but revels in, the male ethos. Indeed, he does seem to have the fervor of the convert: Having once learned "The Language of Men" (an early Mailer story), he adopted it as his father tongue.

In this book, as always with Mailer, the language is brilliant. The tone, the syntax, the metaphors are sensitive and right. You think, yes, she might have felt this way. And the ethos is identical to that of Mailer's male-focused books, but seen from the other side. Monroe is the half-willing victim of a culture dedicated singlemindedly to power and control. She shares her creator's attitudes: She has contempt for homosexuality; she acknowledges a secret desire to commit murder; and in accord with Mailer's notion about women, she recognizes the instant she becomes pregnant.

Because the book is about "elegance," a quality for which Mailer's Monroe yearns, but which she never feels she achieves, a great deal of it is concerned with dress, make-up, and body shapes—important items to a woman who believes her entire worth lies in pleasing men. Beyond this, however, the persona has poignance; her suffering and confusion are palpable. She grieves over some of her 12 abortions, over lost loves, and over abuses that Mailer manages to suggest by texture as well as to specify. With painful humility, she unfolds humiliations imposed on her by a series of men. She spends considerable time on her knees; going down on them seems the required way of praying to the gods of a masculinized world. She lacks a self, she announces.

One believes it. For almost all her thoughts and the thoughts of the women she meets or reads about are directed at two things: men, and the self as product. The goal is becoming visible to men (pop your shoulder strap), pleasing them (listen), being desired or loved. The means of achieving this is to create a product: cream the skin, dye the hair, make up the face, dress the body, undress the body. The body is not the self, held easily: It is a confection prepared for a prince. I do not quarrel with the vision: One assumes there are women like this. But it is difficult to read.

It is difficult because there is no protest. The persona Mailer has created accepts as fully as he seems to the terms of the masculinized world. Even as his Monroe is being destroyed by those terms, she embraces them avidly. She is inflamed by the thought of marrying a prince; feeling excluded at a party, she calms herself by noting that the other women have small breasts. She continually refers to herself and other women as things owned by men. Thinking about Mme. du Barry, who apparently occasionally presented herself naked to Louis XV's ministers, she muses: "I could sense circumstances where I might do the same. Let the

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people know what the King's got."

Such concentration on self as image, product, possession, is sometimes called narcissism, but it is the opposite of self-love. An image exists only when it has a beholder. Mailer is right when he claims that image (here called elegance) is related to *machismo*. Both involve manufacturing a surface to fulfill what the world demands or expects, and ignoring or even mutilating the parts of the self that do not fit. He suggests what Monroe sacrificed on the altar of acceptance by a masculinized world. He knows: They are the same things men sacrifice: tenderness, ease with body and emotion, and the pleasures, culturally disdained as sentimental, symbolized by babies, nature, the smell of baking bread. The only salvation for a woman in such a world is the Right Man, a man like Milton Greene, rather than DiMaggio or Arthur Miller.

One cannot, I guess, complain. Mailer does what he does brilliantly. He sees. His world, perverse, cruel, violent, insane, and abusive, is familiar to me; it is the world I see too.

I used to teach a course in Women in Literature, and always assigned *An American Dream*. At the end of the semester, the students and I would discuss the reading list. I wanted to know which books they would keep, discard, or add if they were teaching the course. Always, when we came to *American Dream*, the whole class would burst out: "Ugh!" Then there would be a silence. Then someone would say, "But . . . ." Someone else would drawl, "Yes . . . ." A firmer voice: "Yes. Keep it. It's better to know what you're up against." ©Marilyn French ■

Marilyn French is the author of *The Women's Room*, and the forthcoming *Shakespeare's Division of Experience*.

Gloria Swanson:

The Glamour Days of Tinsel Town

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S HOLLYWOOD
By Ronald Haver. Alfred A. Knopf, 432 pp., $75 until December 31, 1980, $85 thereafter.

When I'm asked about David O. Selznick I think of a sensitive, vital man. He is a fitting subject for a book, and I am glad that *David O. Selznick's Hollywood* has the handcrafted look and feel of the great films Selznick produced. He was one of a kind and deserves to be remembered in this splendid way.

David O. Selznick's career in the film business began in 1913, and so did mine. We both came from big cities too. Selznick grew up in New York City in a family that prized culture. He knew literature and the fine arts. I came from Chicago where, like New York, opera, theater, great art museums flourished, and women knew how to dress. It was this sense of culture that Selznick brought to films. His concerns for high artistic standards and his constant efforts to upgrade the taste of his audiences were shared by a select few in Hollywood, including Cecil B. De Mille and later, Irving Thalberg.

What a challenge California in those days presented to men like Selznick! Los Angeles boasted one stock company with one star: He was Warner Baxter, who played every male leading role in production after production. Hollywood moguls of that time are now called pioneers, and for good reason. They were gamblers who took chances to succeed in an unchartered business. As a gambler Selznick was a perfectionist, and Ronald Haver's book points this up to perfection.

Pictures were sold with far more imagination then. Selznick's imprint read, "from the planning to the making to the selling," and it impressed me. As a producer from 1923 to 1965 he was a star in Hollywood: presiding over Paramount when sound was introduced to the silents; heading RKO while *King Kong* was made; unveiling Ingrid

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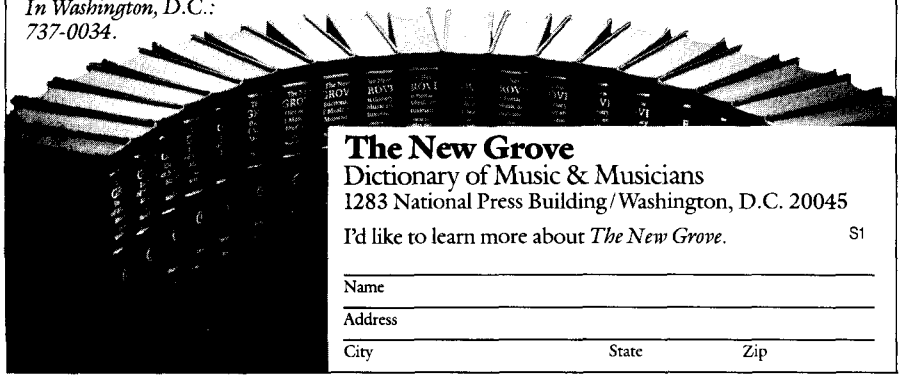

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Bergman in *Intermezzo* after he formed his own independent production company in 1935.

But his greatest moment, of course, was the making of *Gone With the Wind*. Everyone remembers the search for Scarlett O'Hara. Why, newspapers carried it on page one. Selznick had such a flair for publicity; he knew how to tantalize us before one of his Selznick International Pictures was released. So by the time the movie was in the theaters, the whole town could think of nothing else.

Selznick never settled for mediocrity. "There are only two kinds of class," he would say, "first class and no class." He spared nothing to be first class, to give his audiences the entertainment, and class, that fed their imagination. In *David O. Selznick's Hollywood*, Ronald Haver spares nothing to achieve that end, just like his subject. One thousand illustrations, in black-and-white and brilliant Technicolor, tell the story of one of the men who made Hollywood with the opulence and showmanship that always delighted Selznick's devoted audiences. ■

Gloria Swanson's autobiography, *Swanson on Swanson*, has just been published by Random House.

Isaac Asimov:

A Journey Through the Galaxies

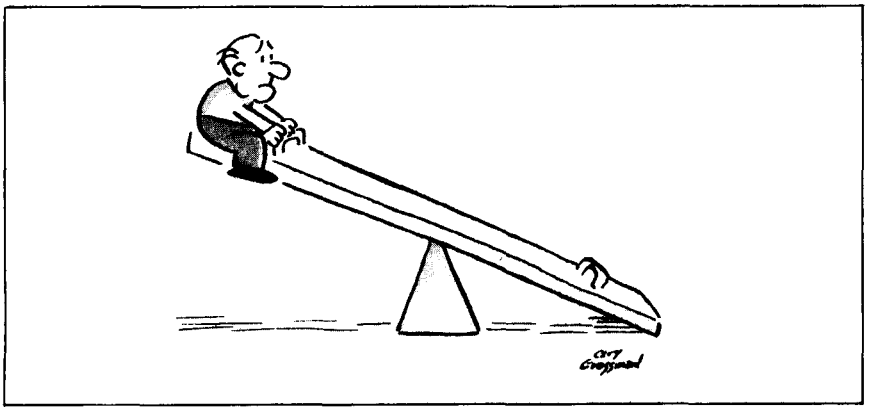
GALAXIES
By Timothy Ferris. Illustrations by Sarah Landry. Sierra Club Books, 182 pp., $75.

The decision on the most beautiful book in the world is certainly a subjective matter and can never be resolved. One person might talk of literary excellence and another of illustrations. And if the concentration is on illustration, one person may find the reproduction of great works of art unparalleled; another, scenes of the grandeur of earthly vistas.

For myself, I am most lost in wonder and emotion when I contemplate the objects spread before us in the sky—not just the poor speckling that meets the unaided eye (which was, even so, sufficient to rouse the awe of the Psalmist), but the visions made possible by our vast precision instruments.

If we boil it down to that, then a very good candidate for the most beautiful book in the world is Timothy Ferris's *Galaxies*. In outsize opulence, it spreads its photographs over a square foot and more. A composite photograph of half the Milky Way stretches a yard and a half, when you are done unfolding the sheets, and there is a carefully labeled key to what you are looking at that is itself nine inches across. Nor is it merely size that dazzles us. The objects in space are intrinsically beautiful, and whether they are powderings of stars, or the filmy veils of the nebulae (in color), or the coilings of the galaxies, they can bear being looked at over and over.

The photographs are so rich, so large, and so numerous that it might be tempting to think of *Galaxies* as a picture book and to ignore the funny marks that accompany the pictures—



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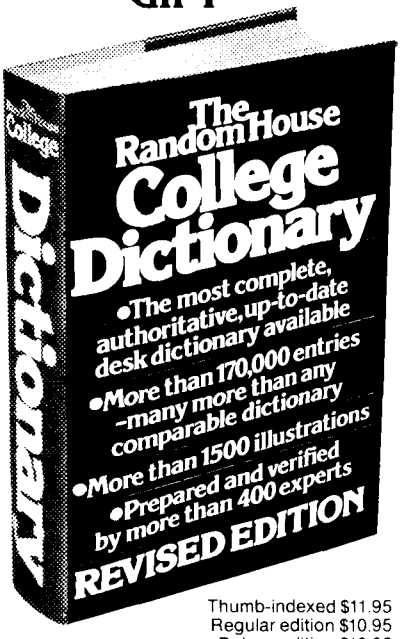
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but don't do that. The captions are concise and clear, and Ferris's running commentary could stand on its own as an essay designed to give the reader a dramatic overview of the Universe.

The binding thread of the book is the imaginary trip of a large starship from Earth to the edge of the Universe; a starship that accelerates at 1*g* indefinitely, until it borders on the never-quite-attainable speed of light. During the trip, the rate of time passage for the crew slows steadily in comparison to the rate of time passage for the Universe generally, so that decades for the crew are millions of years for Earth. And as Universe-time speeds up relative to the crew, the Universe itself can be seen in a grander and grander sweep.

Setting off from the Sun itself and the nearby stars, the ship passes through the gorgeous gaseous nebulae of our own Galaxy, studies the star clusters and the Milky Way (which is how we see our own Galaxy edge-on). Then it moves on to the nearby galaxies of our own "Local Group," which consists of the Milky Way Galaxy, the Andromeda Galaxy, and the dwarf satellites of each. Then on to the farther galaxies, whether single, in dual interaction, or in clusters and super-clusters, with a final look at the entire Universe.

I have read about as much popular astronomy as anyone else in the Universe, yet I find Ferris is capable of surprising me with descriptions I have not seen before and that I am annoyed to find I have not thought of myself. Thus, in referring to bright nebulae such as the Orion Nebula, within which stars are being born with the majestic slowness that characterizes almost all large-scale astronomic phenomena, he says, "If we could speed up our sense of time until thousands of years were speeding by in the wink of an eye, we would see bright nebulae like these burst into light, deliver themselves of a shower of stars, then fade back into darkness."

Ah, if we could speed up astronomic phenomena by taking periodic stills every thousand years and then run them by the eye at 60 per second, what splendid fireworks we would see. Consider the familiar "Whirlpool Galaxy" (M51), one of whose arms ends in a globe of light, as an octopus that has completed its windup and is about to pitch a baseball. Ferris puts that static view into motion. The "baseball" is itself a galaxy, far smaller than M51. The smaller galaxy approached and passed M51 in a near-miss and was distorted in the process (while also inflicting some distortion on the giant). The two galaxies are now well separated and it is only perspective that seems to keep them joined. A diagram in color makes the whole thing dramatically clear. (All of Sarah Landry's diagrams are cleanly incisive.)

Galaxies is to me the ultimate coffee-table book. If you have $75 you can spare, it is a purchase well worth the money. But if you buy the book and place it on the coffee table to impress others and do nothing more, you lose too much. Read it, then gaze your fill. ■

Isaac Asimov, the author of 218 books, has just published his autobiography in two volumes: *In Memory Yet Green* and *In Joy Still Felt* (Doubleday).

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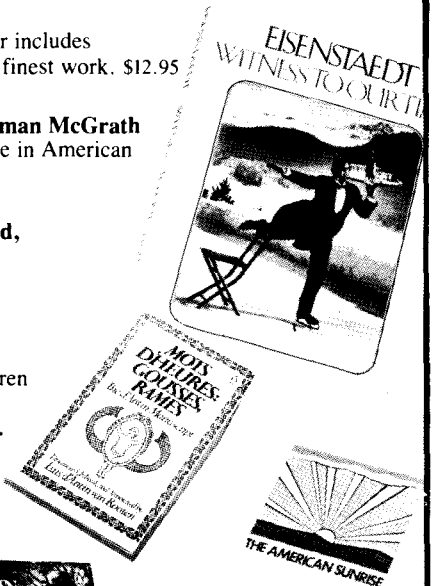

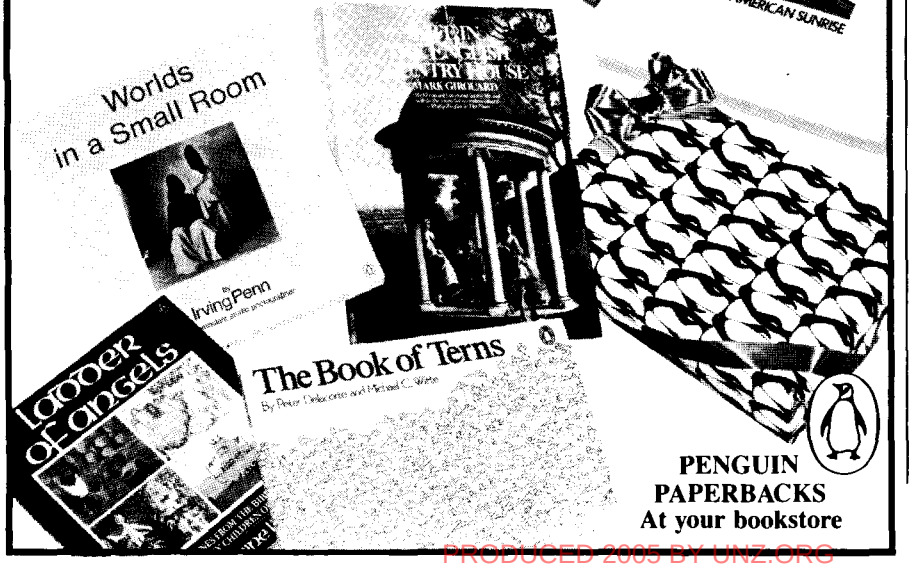

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Edward Hoagland:

The Magnificent Maasai

MAASAI
Photographs by Carol Beckwith. Text by Tepilit Ole Saitoti. Harry N. Abrams, 276 pp., $40.

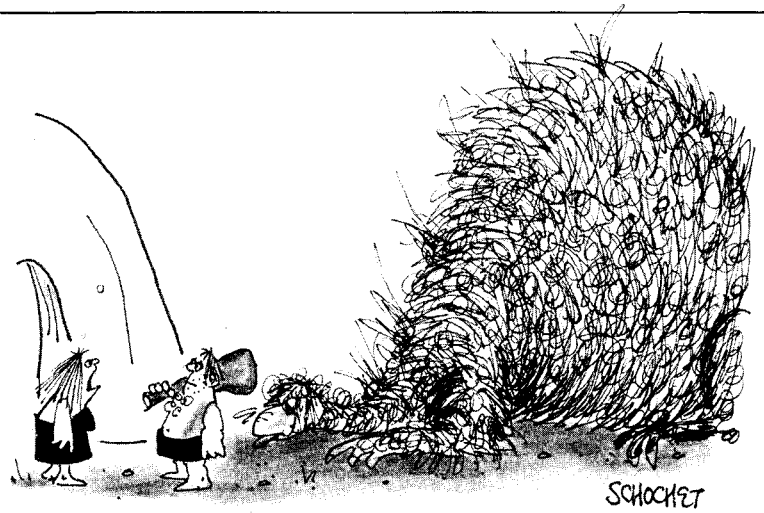
For cultural anthropologists, as well as natural scientists, a galloping urgency has replaced the simple sense of hurry many of them felt only two decades ago. The world is changing so rapidly that there will be no chance to complete a record of the customs of numerous tribes of human beings now disappearing—just as hundreds of thousands of plant species will vanish before they have even been "discovered," and innumerable animals of which we have no rudimentary understanding are on the brink of being destroyed. The tragedy, of course, is the destruction. Our descendants will mourn the loss of half of Creation, astonished that other issues were more publicized in our time.

The Maasai of Kenya and Tanzania have been admired in this century as East Africa's "noble savages," corresponding to our plains Indians. But it was a virtue of British colonial rule that those in authority had a romantic streak and, unlike American generals, often tried to buffer or preserve their old tribal adversaries once the exigencies of the battlefield had been removed. About 300-400,000 Maasai, with 3 million cattle, remain in a shrinking territory of 300 by 100 miles, which is half the former size of Maasailand (the Maasai themselves having been in their day less generous conquerors).

Yet, famous warriors though they were, the Maasai in their pride and elusiveness have escaped thorough pictorial documentation. This picture book, with splendid photographs by Carol Beckwith and a conscientious text by a tribesman named Tepilit Ole Saitoti, has enduring value, therefore. It captures the complexity of a high culture organized both for successful cattle herding and to imbue each stage of life with challenge and meaning.

Maasai boys yearn for the freedom of Warriorhood. They finally enter it through an elaborate ceremony of circumcision around the age of 17, and afterward each constructs a headdress for himself of up to 40 bright orioles, kingfishers, and lovebirds, and shoots with blunted arrows at the girls whom, once he has healed, he will be able to romance with legally.

Warriors are charged with every act of spearmanship and bravery. Carrying buffalo-hide shields and wearing tall ostrich feathers and lion's-mane headdresses and discs cut from a crocodile's egg on neckbands made from an ox's



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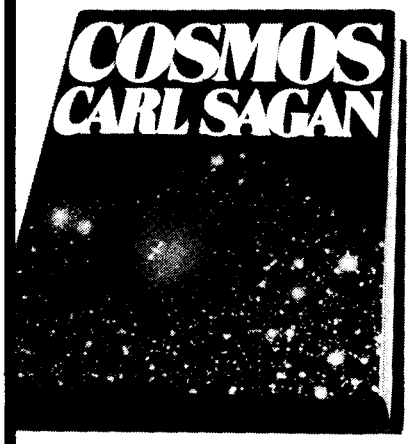

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stomach lining, they compete in leaping contests and roam far and wide with their young girl friends. They plait their hair intricately, wear beaded earrings (the language includes 40 words for beadwork), and rub themselves nobly with ram's fat and red ochre. For ceremonies they paint black cross-hatching on their legs, strap on a thigh-bell, and carry a bouquet of leleshwa leaves under an arm as a scent freshener.

In what amounts to a 15-year reign, they share their food, their hunts, their girl friends, and every other experience, postponing only the final pleasure of establishing a family kraal. But, as the warriors lose their physical edge, the younger generation pressures them to shave their heads, with all due sacraments of milk and honey, blood drunk from the dewlap of a sacrificial bull, and blasts blown on a trumpet fashioned from a kudu horn. In Elderhood, warriors exchange their spears for a wildebeest-tail fly whisk, action for negotiation and observation of the stars, and constant comradeship with each other for domesticity. With death, new sandals are put on a Maasai's feet for the soul's journey (his body is laid out to feed the chain of life), which ends in mystic residence in a snake.

Women leave the gaiety of a wandering life with the warriors to marry an elder soon after puberty, but may relieve the tensions of polygamy by taking a lover. They too wear lovely beads and fervent ochre, and do not suffer as unequal a burden of labor as in many other tribes.

"Our spearpoints are now like the teeth of infants," says Mr. Saitoti, in closing. Maasai in cities like Nairobi merely become security guards, and there is little hope that tribal life will outlast this century. Miss Beckwith cannot match the inspired photography of Leni Riefenstahl's two books about the Sudanese Nuba, Maasai being too invariably clear and upbeat and overly ennobling. But she has tact, dazzling technique, and a precise sense of drama. ■

Edward Hoagland is the author of *African Calliope: A Journey to the Sudan*, and other books.

Pierre Franey:

Recipes From The Four Seasons Restaurant

THE FOUR SEASONS: The Ultimate Book of Food, Wine and Elegant Dining. 250 Original Recipes From One of the World's Greatest Restaurants
By Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi. Recipes by Josef Renggli. Introduction by James Beard. Simon & Schuster, 544 pp., $24.95.

In 1959, when I was executive chef at Henri Soulé's stronghold of classic French cuisine, Le Pavillon, The Four Seasons opened in New York. And I heard all about it. I heard that what they were doing over there was mischievously brilliant, combining tastes in outrageous ways, with marvelous sauces. I did not get to find out first-hand then because the thought of a Pavillon chef walking through the doors of that upstart so infuriated Soulé that he threatened to fire me if I ever went.

The Four Seasons is still around, of course—although, lamentably, the Pavillon is not. In the last couple of decades I have, in fact, frequently tasted the forbidden fruit at the Four Seasons, and every time—except during a low period when the restaurant was changing hands—I have come away filled with admiration. The Four Seasons had an established *nouvelle cuisine* years before the one we all now credit as so novel came along. I think the restaurant remains remarkable and, if anything, it is underestimated today.

For me, going through the new cookbook called *The Four Seasons* is a chance to savor the restaurant afresh. The book—by the present owners, Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi, edited by Barbara Kafka, and built around the recipes of the inventive chef Josef Renggli—is filled with many of the dishes that have left the strongest impression on me. It could not convey those dishes, however, without being a demanding book. There is a master recipe for crisp duck, as one example, that requires the cook to let the marinade—a concoction of ginger, garlic, orange, coriander, peppercorns, soy sauce, and honey—steep for three days. Which is all right, as it turns out, since the duck has to be sitting naked in the refrigerator—where the air can get at it and dry out the skin—for three days, too. When the duck is roasted, the marinade is applied. A pan filled with water and jasmine tea leaves is placed in the oven to fill it with aromatic steam.

If the duck, so redolent of everything that is right with The Four Seasons, doesn't persuade you that this book is the restaurant itself between two covers, then some of the other recipes will: the calf's brain flan with capers, which is a custard made with pureed brains, and not like anything else; or the salad called Seasonal Greens With Cracklings, which uses the skin from roast or broiled chicken, duck, or pork, cut into strips, combined with greens and a potent dressing.

A dish I've always liked enormously is an improbably cooked striped bass, baked buried in salt (the skin is peeled off as the fish is served). There is a recipe for wild boar here, too, as a reminder that when the rest of us were cooking rabbit and venison, The Four Seasons wasn't afraid to gamble with game.

A book that spends its energies on so many unusual dishes has little room for the basics. So *The Four Seasons* cookbook belongs to bookshelves that already evidence a broader scope.

In addition to requiring familiarity with other cookbooks, this book requires the cook to be at least moderately skilled, too. The dishes frequently require a great deal of preparation, slicing, chopping, and so forth, which take forever when one is new to the job. And beware, the look of the book belies some of its complexities: The type is large and easy to read, the recipes are clearly put forth.

The Four Seasons cookbook is flamboyant, perhaps precious, occasionally gushy, and unavoidably self-congratulatory in its text, but like the restaurant, it stands alone. ■

Pierre Franey is the author of *The Sixty-Minute Gourmet* and the co-author, with Craig Claiborne, of the *Craig Claiborne Diet Book*.

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***Vertumnus* from Barthes's luxurious ($150) book on the bizarre painter Arcimboldo**

James Mellow:

Five Centuries of Painters

Nowadays, one would scarcely dare refer to that romantic old cliché, the Eternal Feminine. Yet, oddly enough, the shifting standards of feminine beauty (glimpsed frequently, though not always, in the nude) at different epochs and in different climes seem to have formed one of the unplanned themes of the most notable of this year's Christmas art books. The broadest in its scope, **Feminine Beauty**, by Kenneth Clark (Rizzoli, 199 pp., $25) is an easy intellectual exercise in the form of a graceful lecture on the subject, with illustrations ranging from an 18th-dynasty Egyptian tomb painting to a remarkably unattractive photograph of the "glorious" Marilyn Monroe, cavorting on a beach. (Surely, the editors could have found something better.) This is scarcely Lord Clark at his best (as in his earlier, *The Nude*), and the illustrations, though well-produced in color and black-and-white, are thoroughly predictable to anyone with a smattering of art history. Essentially a paste-and-scissors job, the book is nevertheless a useful exploration of one of the perennial themes of art history.

Other volumes take a narrower focus on the subject. The 16th-century German masters Lucas Cranach the Elder and the Younger, for example, obviously had a penchant for sloe-eyed, rather thin, small-breasted nudes—a northern Renaissance taste that is revealed in **Cranach: A Family of Master Painters**, by Werner Schade (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 476 pp., $50), one of the more solid and rewarding volumes recently published. The text, plodding but informative, relates the history of the family down to third-generation Augustin Cranach, a mediocre painter who died in 1595. Contemporaries of Martin Luther (of whom the elder Cranach made several imposing portraits), the Cranachs were court painters to the German nobility, hovering near the centers of power. They are more justly appreciated for their incredibly incisive psychological portraits of steely-eyed, smooth-skinned, and well-fed German burgomasters, chancellors, margraves, and electors, rather than the improbably naked (rather than nude) water nymphs lolling about in chilly northern landscapes that sometimes occupied their painted panels.

The sensuous and exotic nudes and the gorgeously gowned Empire beauties of the French classical painter Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres ("A portrait of a woman—nothing in the world's more difficult," Ingres once despaired), were the despair of his contemporaries and of many a later artist. They figure prominently, of course, in **Ingres**, by Gaëton Picon (Skira/ Rizzoli, 151 pp., $75), a stunning book with a very agreeable and intelligent text. Ingres's silky odalisques touched a responsive chord in the modern master Matisse; his razor-sharp figure sketches and portrait drawings (not well-enough presented, but extremely difficult to reproduce) were the envy of Picasso. Like the Cranachs, Ingres, too, had an eye for the society of his time, which he both flattered and exposed. His portrait of the doughty, shrewd Louis-François Bertin sums up a class, a nation, a world of manners, passing into history.

Feminine beauty, of course, was not

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the primary consideration of the Impressionist painters, but it was (in Dégas's flagrant bathers, Renoir's ripe nudes, Mary Cassatt's blooming mothers with sleepy, rosy-cheeked infants) one more of the incomparable pleasures in the Impressionists' unrestrained celebration of the glories of life. Two volumes, each confusingly titled **The Great Book of French Impressionism**, one with a text by Horst Keller (Hudson Hills Press, 272 pp., $50), the other by Diane Kelder (Abbeville, 447 pp., $85 until December 31, 1980, $100 thereafter), offer a distinct contrast in their coverage. The Keller volume, smaller in format, illustrates a quite serviceable text with the usual Impressionist masterpieces, but the Kelder—an unfortunately outsize and more expensive volume—is the preferable one, exploring the social milieu, the literary, artistic, and social influences with considerable intelligence. It is, in fact, a sensitive and valuable text imprisoned in a format suffering from a slight case of giantism. The illustrations, when not overblown, are first rate.

Art Deco, by Victor Arwas (Harry N. Abrams, 316 pp., $45) is obviously an attempt to capitalize on the current fad for that ubiquitous 1930s fashion. It succeeds reasonably well. The art director's ideal of feminine beauty in that sleek style was apt to be as impassive as a mannequin in a department-store window, and it is competently illustrated in the works of Raphael Delorme, Marie Laurencin, Moise Kisling, etc.—paintings of no great importance in any stylistic category. But this is, nevertheless, an attractive volume devoted to an equally attractive (but at the moment, much overrated) commercial style that is much more impressive in graphics, textiles, and furniture design.

Presumably, one would scarcely look for any indication of remarkable feminine beauty in the work of the 20th-century American master Edward Hopper, but it was there—in his lonely nudes in hotel interiors, in his vacantly musing women sitting in city lunch-eonettes and all-night diners. Hopper's idea of feminine beauty, quite truthfully, had something of the impassive nature of Art Deco mannequins, but one suspects that any attempt at

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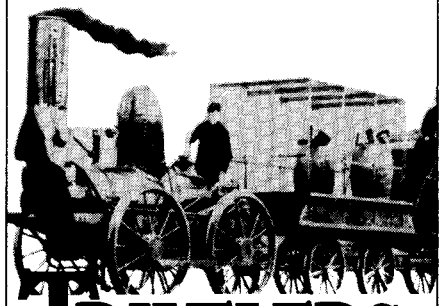

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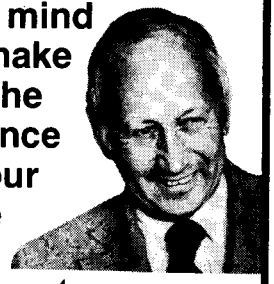

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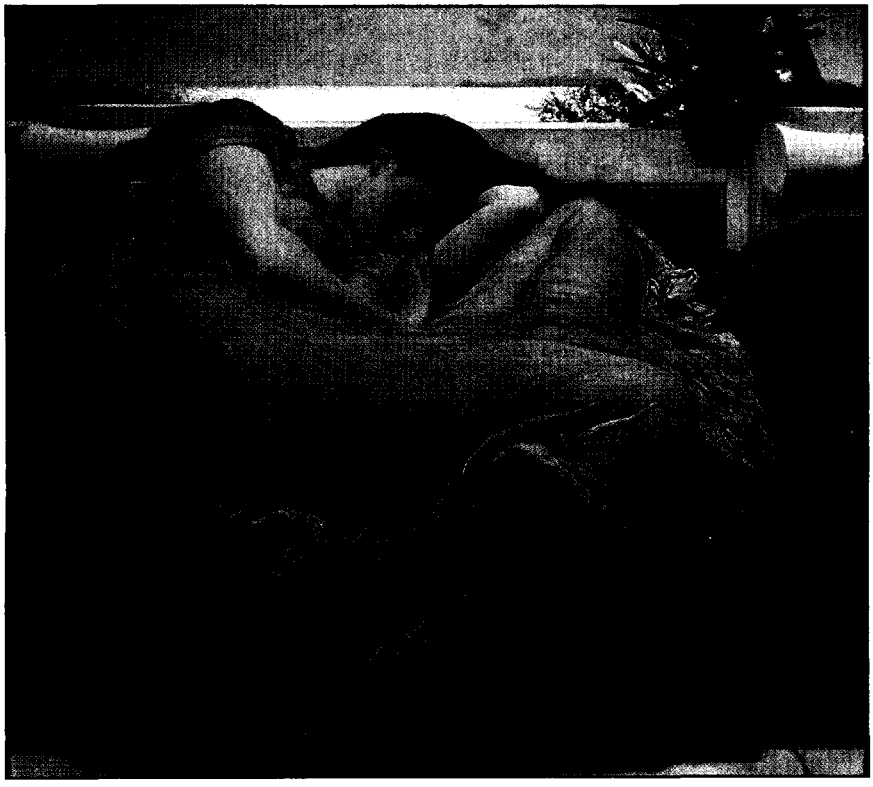
outrageous sensuality would have destroyed the sense of pathetic isolation that was central to his art. **Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist**, by Gail Levin (W.W. Norton/Whitney Museum of American Art, 299 pp., $29.95 until December 31, 1980, $35, thereafter), is clearly an indispensable volume for anyone interested in the previously overlooked master now rightly regarded as one of the great American painters. The text, written by the curator of the Hopper collection at the Whitney, ably explores the themes that preoccupied Hopper for a lifetime —glum urban landscapes, bleak hotel and motel interiors, New York theaters, isolated Victorian monuments.



A vision of idealized beauty from 1895: Lord Leighton's "Flaming June," one of his last canvases, chosen for Lord Kenneth Clark's new book, *Feminine Beauty*.

The chief exponent of feminine beauty in **Photo-Realism**, by Louis K. Meisel (Harry N. Abrams, 528 pp., $125), the slickly produced, 10-ton store catalogue of contemporary American realist paintings derived from photographic images, appears to be John Kacere, whose bottoms-up advertisements for various lingerie items might grace a 42nd Street storefront. Jerry Ott displays supra-realistic female nudes against Mylar, and Audrey Flack offers a somewhat poignant tribute to the inescapable Marilyn Monroe in a luminescent still life, "Marilyn (Vanitas)," a clutter of glistening beads, fruit, lipstick, and faded roses. Otherwise this is a wilderness of obsessively realistic gumball machines and children's toys (Charles Bell), chrome-plated motorcycles (Tom Blackwell), inoperative neon signs (Robert Cottingham), shiny Volkswagens (Don Eddy), and spanking big red fire trucks (Ron Kleeman) by a group of artists who seems to have bought the glossy American dream with a vengeance.

This season's art books might well be said to run the gamut from b to b: The beautiful to the bizarre. Certainly, one of the outstanding volumes in terms of luxurious bookmaking, **Arcimboldo**, by Roland Barthes (Ricci/Rizzoli, 188 pp., $150) is both beautiful and bizarre. The handsomely printed colorplates of the 16th-century painter's cryptic, grotesque heads—composed of fish, fowl, flowers, vegetables and, in one instance, weighty library tomes—are all tipped-in on handmade blue-gray paper and accompanied by illustrations of unfamiliar drawings (designs for a winter tournament at the court of the Habsburg emperor, Rudolf II). The whole volume is impeccably bound, then boxed in attractive black cloth as if it were an ancient, priceless folio. The text, by the late French *philosophe* and literary critic, is certainly sprightlier than one expects in an art book, but it is more an excursus on Barthes's favorite literary devices (metonymy, allegory, allusion) than an excursion into the extraordinary surreal visual images that made Arcimboldo one of the oddest masters in Western art.

To the gamut one might add a third b, the bucolic. **Game and the English Landscape**, by Anthony Vandervell and Charles Coles, the chairman and the director of the British Game Conservatory (Studio/Viking, 159 pp., $40), is more than a picture book. Well illustrated by such English landscape and genre painters as Gainsborough, Stubbs, and Sartorius, it offers potted history on such subjects as the introduction and origins of the pheasant, gaming and fowling, horse breeding, and the impact of hunting on the preservation of deer parks, hedgerows, wetlands, and woodlands in England. It is an art book with a difference.

The Horse in Art, by John Baskett (New York Graphic Society, 160 pp., $70), is a handsomely published volume with large and well-produced plates in color and black-and-white, representing the horse as a symbol of grace and power, and depicting its history in warfare and art from a 10,000 B.C. cave painting in Lascaux, France, through 14th-century Persian miniatures to the 20th-century American painter and sports enthusiast George Bellows. It makes no bones about being primarily a picture book with an informed text, and it succeeds admirably in that limited but pleasurable category. ■

James R. Mellow is a freelance art and literary critic whose latest biography, *Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times*, has just been published.

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Owen Edwards:

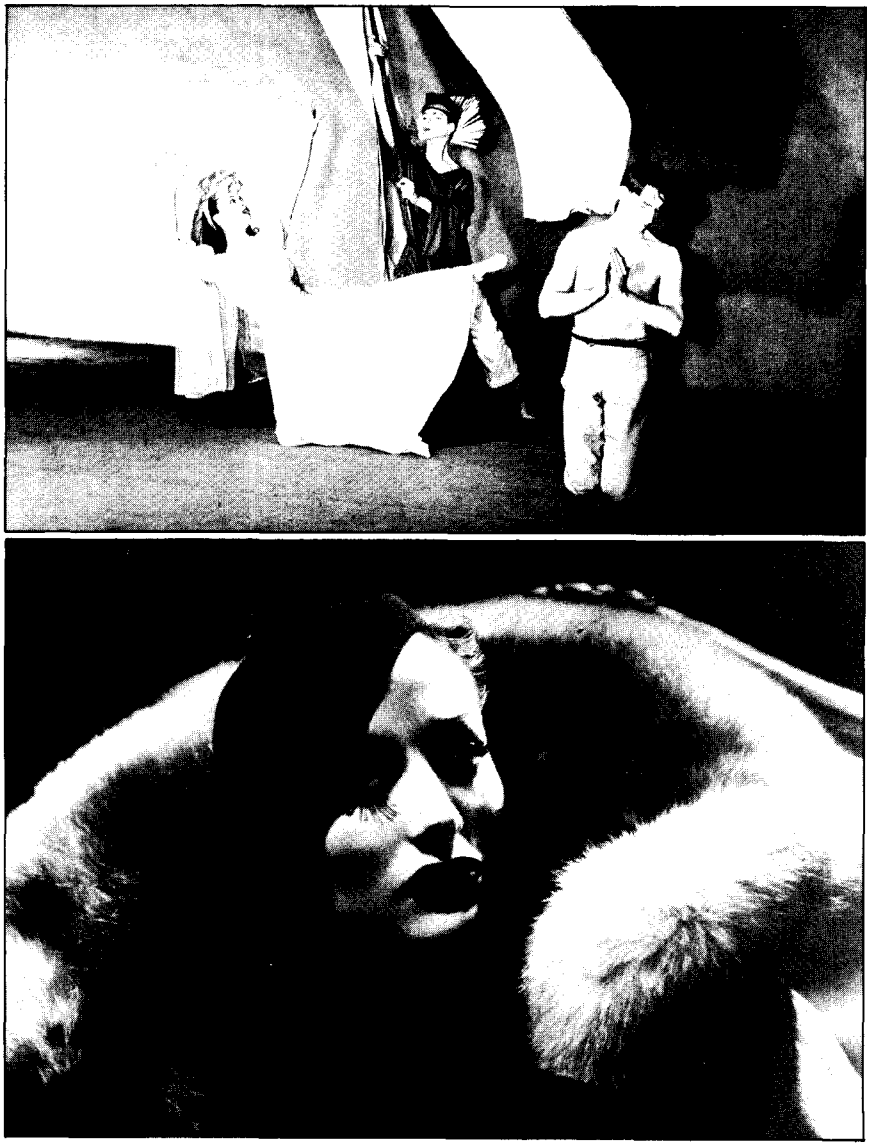
The Photographer's Art

After last year's outpouring of picture books, the Christmas 1980 selection seems somewhat less sumptuous by comparison, but there are nevertheless several delights to have and behold.

Lovers of photography, flower fanciers, and devotees of fine printing will all find rare pleasure in **Flowers**, a garden of earthly delights published by Harmony Books, a division of Crown (96 pp., $35). Irving Penn may be photography's greatest champion of pure observation, and few modern artists in any medium can equal his ability to communicate the material essence of his subject matter. It's doubtful whether there exists a more innately beautiful subject than the flowers Penn has photographed for several Christmas issues of *Vogue*, and which are reproduced so gloriously by Boston's Acme Printers in this book. Penn never does anything in the expected way, and his approach to flowers is characteristically surprising. Shown in splendid, almost regal isolation—in all stages of life from bud to decay—single roses, orchids, poppies, begonias, lilies, tulips, and peonies take on a remarkable individuality and an intense beauty that dazzle the eye. In a memorable way these pictures are portraits rather than still lifes. Little text is involved; Penn seems to be saying that we should look at these creations through his keen eye without burdening the experience with any data beyond the sheer, astonishing physical eloquence of flowers. In the best sense of art, these pictures cause us to look at flowers as if for the first time.

Penn's book represents the first major publication of color work outside of magazines by a photographer best known as a master of black-and-white. Similarly, the sumptuously produced **Harry Callahan: Color** (Matix Publications, 144 pp., $85) uncovers a rich color vein running parallel to Callahan's well-known work in black-and-white. Adding another dimension to the photographer's already varied mastery, the book provides an extraordinary insight into the particular powers of color. Callahan, one of the most widely respected and admired of America's photographers, has pursued almost every photographic genre with equal success. Thus it comes as no surprise that his color pictures, of everything from Detroit street scenes to the Egyptian desert, are always interesting, and frequently splendid. Variously muted, garish, romantically airy, and as opaque as the acrylics of photorealist painters, Callahan's bravura colors show him to be, once again, a ceaselessly questing pioneer.

Not all photographers are interested in making art, of course. To a photojournalist like David Douglas Duncan, it's telling a story that matters. In **Viva Picasso** (The Viking Press, 152 pp., $16.95) the story Duncan tells is of an artist whose *joi de vivre* seemed inseparable from his joy in creating. Duncan, famous as a combat photographer before he began his cottage industry of Picasso books, translates his intimate friendship with the painter into a series of pictures that have all the charm and spontaneity of a family album. Oh, for an uncle like Pablo, who could take the fishbone from his lunch and turn it into art before siesta! Though there are similarities to Duncan's earlier, larger book on the artist,



Top: From *Martha Graham:* Graham with Merce Cunningham (center) and Erick Hawkins. Bottom: *Great Hollywood Photographers:* Hurrell's Joan Crawford.

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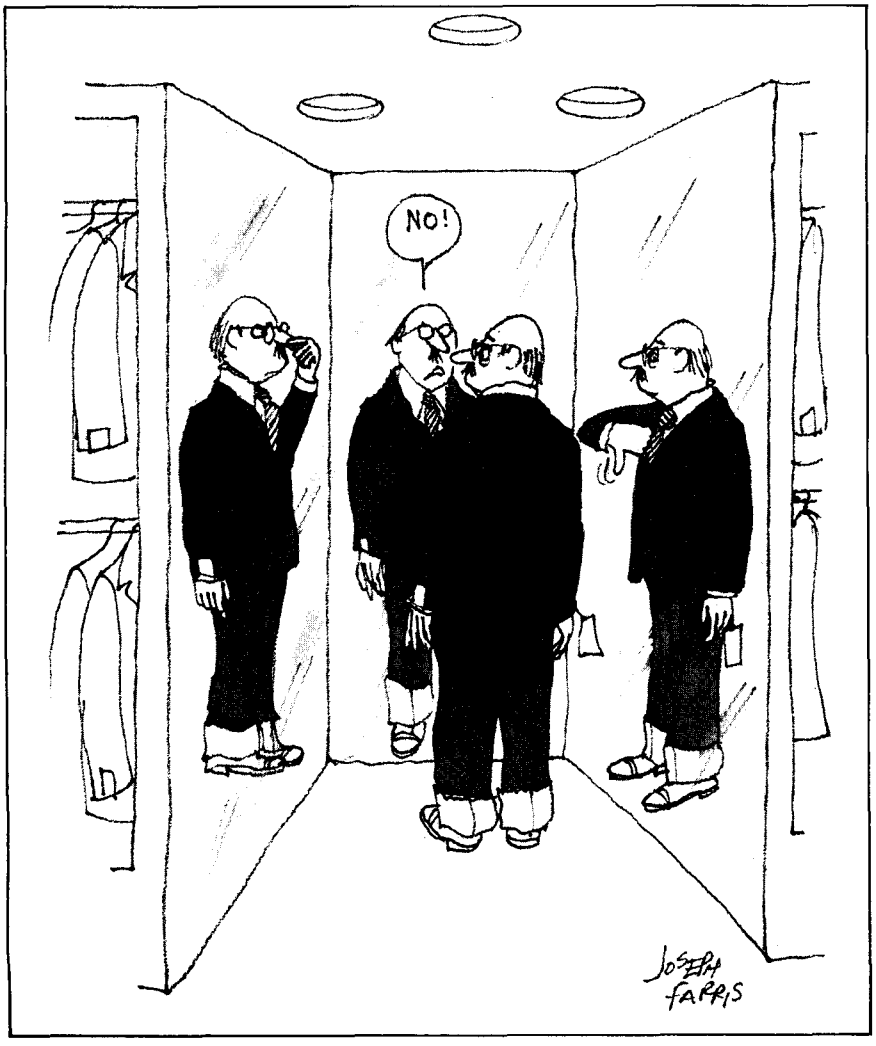
Viva Picasso serves as a witty adjunct to the great Museum of Modern Art show of last summer.

Photographs made by the sculptor Constantin Brancusi, a contemporary of Picasso, have been published in a somewhat crudely printed but enlightening book called **Brancusi, Photographer** (Agrinde, 124 pp., $30). Brancusi began using a camera early in his career because he felt photographs others made of his sculptures failed to give a true sense of his work. A sculptor tends to grow intimate with a given piece of stone or wood in the context of his studio, and it was there that most of Brancusi's photographs were taken. Many powerfully project the complex relationships between pieces and the space within which they were made, as well as the stark contrasts between material and texture. These pictures enhance Brancusi's clean, sensuously modern metal, stone, and wood sculptures in a way no wealthy collector's salon ever could.

Barbara Morgan is a photographer who managed to make art *and* tell the story of a revolutionary artist in **Martha Graham: Sixteen Dances in Photographs,** originally published in 1941 and now reissued by Morgan & Morgan (168 pp., $30 until December 31, 1980, $35 thereafter). Morgan's black-and-white pictures of Graham have always ranked as some of the finest dance photography ever made, and even four decades after they were taken, Morgan's careful compositions, and the dances they document, seem startlingly modern.

Dance of another, unexpected sort is the preoccupation of photographer (and practicing lawyer) Philip Trager in the book **Philip Trager: New York** (Wesleyan University Press, 120 pp., $39.39), with a foreword by Louis Auchincloss. The dance which intrigues Trager is the surprisingly graceful gavotte of buildings in a city that has been planned, it sometimes seems, by a sorcerer who can't make up his mind. In picture after impeccably printed black-and-white picture, Trager traces the interplay of light and form, glass and stone, grandeur and vulgarity, shadow and angle that go into the architectural hyperspace of New York. Though he occasionally takes a sad, perhaps inevitable look at scenes of ground-level desolation, Trager clearly prefers to find serendipitous beauty in the edifices many of us have come to consider overwhelming.



Architecture is looked at differently, though no less appreciatively, in **Judith Turner Photographs Five Architects** (Rizzoli, 127 pp., $27.50). Turner uses the structures of such adventurous architects as John Hejduk (who has written the book's introduction) and Michael Graves as the raw material for exacting, handsome photographs that verge on abstraction, yet always maintain a connection with the usefulness of the buildings in question—even when that usefulness is only to entertain the eye. Like Trager, Turner searches out juxtapositions that energize the way we see mass and space, but she works from the inside, limning happenstance grace notes that must gladden any architect's heart.

Last, but not without abundant glamour and fun to recommend it, is **The Art of the Great Hollywood Portrait Photographers**, assembled and with a text by John Kobal (Knopf, 291 pp., $35). From the Twenties onward, portrait photographers like George Hurrell, Ernest Bachrach, and Clarence Sinclair Bull enhanced images and often shaped careers with the surgical precision of their pictures. Beauty was not truth when it came to photographing stars whose fans demanded nothing less than god- and goddess-like perfection, and with artful lighting and unrestrained airbrushing, the Hollywood portraitists worked potent magic. Despite some wild excesses in Kobal's text ("atomic energy streaming" from Harlow's hair, "her beauty emphasized like gangbusters"), the book is endlessly entertaining to look at—Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn, Harlow, Gable, Stewart—and often fascinating to read. For me, the pictures of Dietrich alone are worth the price of admission. Yoda, eat your heart out! ■

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Thomas H. Middleton

Sign Language

Vacation always yields a cupful of wacky spellings and related graphics on signs in and around country stores. This year we saw a beautifully painted sign in full color on wood saying ORGANIC FRUITS AND VEGTABLES. It wasn't a new sign. Its warm patina bespoke at least a few years of service on the post it was affixed to. Surely someone must have mentioned that an *e* was missing from *vegetables*. The sign had been painted with commendable artistry and, apparently, loving care, and I like to think that when the faulty spelling was pointed out to the sellers of organic fruits and vegetables, they decided not to tell the sign painter that his work was unacceptable because he had left out one lousy letter. Much as I value proper spelling, I believe there are times when we can weigh our choices and ignore a lapse in orthography. It was, after all, a very artistic sign.

You can't travel far in America's countryside without seeing examples of gratuitous quotation marks on signs—things like KEEP OUT! "THIS MEANS YOU." "ATTACK DOGS" ON PREMISES. The quotation marks impart a tongue-in-cheek air to the warnings, suggesting that this doesn't *really* mean you and that the attack dogs are in fact only a pair of noisy toy poodles.

This year, I saw one of my all-time favorite instances of gratuitous quotation marks—a sign in a store, KNIVES "SHARPENED" HERE. Imagine the giggles, winks, and nudges as some poor mark leaves his Sabatier chef's knife to be "sharpened." Ho ho. Yes, indeed, we'll "sharpen" this baby. When we've put our "edge" on it, you'll just about be able to spread mayonnaise.

One sign I saw in an antiques shop in Vermont was puzzling. The shop was closed, and we peered through the glass door to see what there was inside that we would be unable to squander our meager funds on.

There, about three feet from the door, was a sign saying something about the MANAQEMENT. It seemed unlikely that anyone would spell *management* with a *q*, and a capital *Q*, at that. If the place had been open, I might have asked the person who wrote the *Q* in place of the *G* for an explanation. In my imagination, I did have this colloquy with the perpetrator:

SELF: Management is spelled with a *G*, not a *Q*.

"The name's Darby, pronounced Enroughty."

Q-MAKER: That's a *G*.

SELF: It looks like a *Q*.

Q-MAKER: That's how I do a *G*.

That brings up the question of how far one should be allowed to go in expressing one's individuality in calligraphy and orthography. It reminds me of a story my father told me more than 40 years ago. The story might be true. I've always believed it. My version these many years later could be inaccurate, but I'm pretty sure I have the basics. As I recall, there was a man named Enroughty in Charleston, South Carolina, who had a beautiful daughter. A young man named Darby fell in love with Miss Enroughty, and she with him. As was the custom in those days, he asked the father for his daughter's hand in marriage. Miss Enroughty was an only child, and Old Man Enroughty was both proud and rich, and he wanted his name to be perpetuated through his offspring. So he agreed to the marriage on the condition that young Darby change his name to Enroughty. Darby was a prisoner of love, and he promised that he and his wife would be called Mr. and Mrs. Enroughty.

The wedding took place, and the young couple went off on their honeymoon. At the resort where they would spend their wedding night, the groom signed the register, "Mr. and Mrs. John Darby." The clerk said, "Enjoy your stay, Mr. and Mrs. Darby," and Darby said, "The name is Enroughty."

"But you've written Darby," said the clerk.

"That's the way I spell Enroughty," said Darby.

And so it went, as long as the bride's father stayed alive. Darby told everyone his name was Enroughty, but he continued to spell it Darby. After the old man died, Darby-Enroughty gradually stopped correcting people who mispronounced his name, and in time the couple accepted the name Darby (pronounced Darby) as their own.

Having considerable faith in my father's veracity, I believe the Darby-Enroughty story, so it is small wonder that I might hesitate to call into question someone's right to say that his Q is really a G.

Still, if the policies of my imagined Q-maker and young Darby were to become universal, we'd be even farther along the road to chaos than we are. If everyone decided that one way of forming letters and spelling words was just as good as any other (and some modern linguistic theories, reduced *ad absurdum*, lead to that conclusion), individual expression would have a heyday, but as for communication among the members of society, Qod help us all. ■

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FILM

Judith Crist

New Works From Old Masters

We moviegoers are a security-blanket breed. Delight as we do in fresh talents and fresher faces (let alone the instant-masterpieces critics are so prone to discover at regular intervals), we are more often to be found at the feet of the masters, reaching out for the reassurance of their original gifts. Whether it is François Truffaut's *19 1/5*, Akira Kurosawa's *27*, or Woody Allen's *9 1/2* (all differently titled, of course), we seek from the new film the comfort of the familiar, a renewal of pleasures past.

With Truffaut's **The Last Metro**, his 19th feature (and add to it his contribution to *Love at Twenty*, a five-part omnibus feature), one is secure in the hands of an artist whose humanism is his hallmark, whose gift lies in his abilities to find in small lives the larger truths of our society and to discipline the personal perspective so apparent in all his work into universal terms.

On surface there is topicality (in the light of the resurgence of anti-Semitism in France) in this "cultural" melodrama about a theater troupe's survival in occupied Paris. But for Truffaut it was made "to satisfy three long-term dreams: to take the camera backstage to a theater, to evoke the climate of the occupation, and to give Catherine Deneuve the role of a responsible woman." At 48, Truffaut, and his long-time collaborator, Suzanne Schiffman, had to draw from childhood memories and documents, from accounts of the heinous activities of Alain Laubreaux, the pro-Nazi critic who dominated the theater of the time, from their own speculation on what might have happened to Louis Jouvet and his company had they remained in Paris instead of fleeing to South America.

FRENCH FILM OFFICE

Catherine Deneuve and Gerard Depardieu give *The Last Metro* its "living fabric."

Truffaut has more than fulfilled his dreams and provided us with an engrossing, frequently dazzling, and uniquely satisfying entertainment. He offers us, with a subtlety rare in this form of tragicomedy, a penetrating view of how people survive and make do in times of stress, rise and fall to occasions, adjust their principles, and tend their egos with no more cowardice or heroism than ordinary mortals. Larger than life on stage, perhaps, his characters are individuals, never the symbols in "microcosm" that lesser artists are so fond of. His focus is the Montmartre Theater; its German-Jewish director, forced underground (quite literally), has left the management to his wife, the theater's star. The story of how she copes—with a new leading man, the production of a new play, the censorious critic, the cast and theater crew, and her husband's peril—provides the plot, pockmarked with suspense. But it is Deneuve, all-star and all-adult in her loveliness; Gerard Depardieu, the womanizing leading man with something more on his mind; Jean Poiret, the sleazy theater-loving villain; Heinz Bennent, the frustrated husband and artist in hiding; and all the others who give the plotting its living fabric. Nestor Almendros's cinematography brings the black-and-white period into the soft color of memory, and Truffaut's genius brings us to the truth of past and present.

Kurosawa's **Kagemusha**, the 70-year-old director's 27th film, proves him again the master storyteller, holding his audience in thrall for 160 minutes with an epic of 16th-century Japan. At the staggering cost—at least for Japanese filmmaking of $6,000,000, he has brought us an overwhelming spectacle of castle life and warfare. The "kagemusha," literally a warrior's shadow or double, is a thief saved from execution to serve a lord battling against two others for control of Kyoto. He is meticulously tutored and, when the lord is killed, put on the throne to keep the clan unified and deceive the enemy.

Kurosawa's meditation is not merely concerned with the play of power, the devastating warfares of the past and present, the recurrent self-destruction that curses humanity. More to his point

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is a consideration—and Tatsuya Nakadai is powerful in the dual role of clan chief and vagrant—of what impersonation does to the impersonator, of where the limits of affection and ambition lie, and of the acquisition of nobility by osmosis. One hopes, far from incidentally, that television's *Shogun* has whetted the public appetite for Japanese film (there are signs, via revival houses that have brought back Kurosawa classics like *Yojimbo*, *Throne of Blood*, and *The Seven Samurai*, that it has). Certainly *Kagemusha* provides a feast.

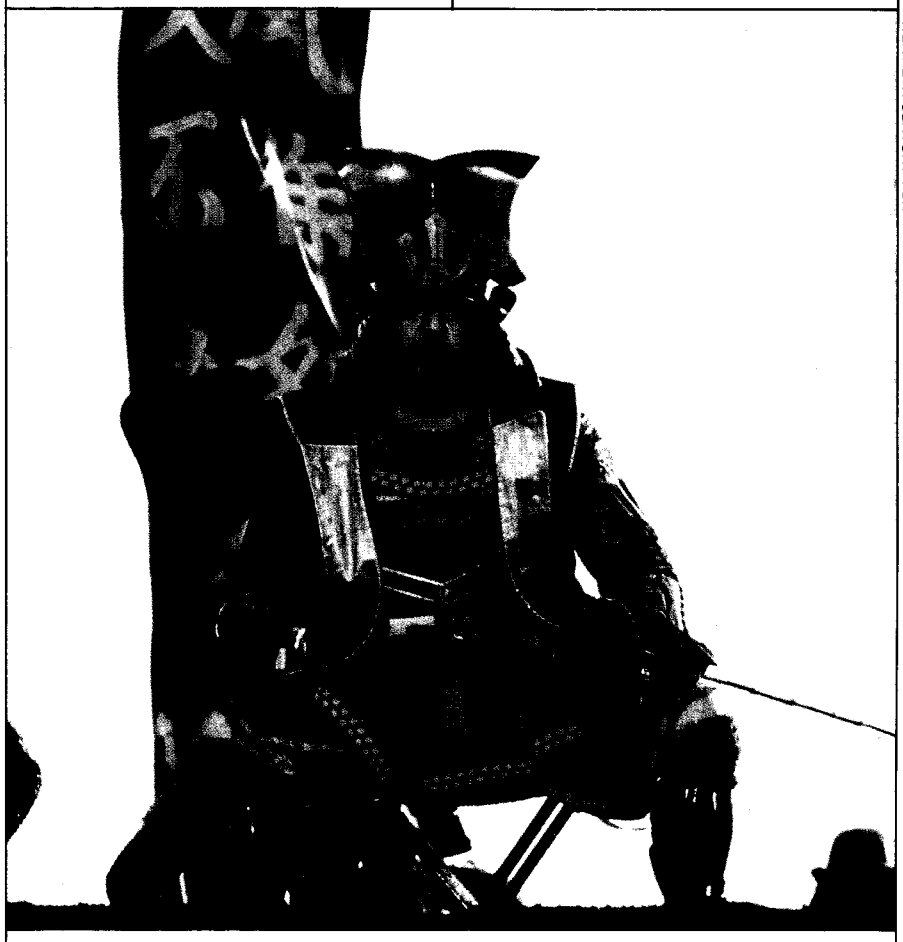
For Woody Allen's devotees the servings are sparse in **Stardust Memories**, which I choose to subtitle his 9 1/2 not only because it is his ninth feature, with his 1966 direction of the dubbed track of *What's Up Tiger Lily?* as the half. It is also a take-off on (homage to? borrowing from?) Fellini's *8 1/2*, a personal, part-surreal self-analysis of an artist whose creative juices have gone dry. For Allen, it is the plaint of the established comic who doesn't "feel funny any more." Where Fellini's alter ego was stalled in traffic in a locked car, Allen's Sandy Bates is trapped in a train bound for a seaside garbage dump, surrounded by the strangers and grotesques who overcrowd his life.

The framework is a resort film weekend (inspired by the Tarrytown Conference Center film weekends I conduct, in which Allen has participated several times), where Bates is attending a retrospective showing of his films and, off stage, taking stock of his life, his accomplishments and, of course, his guilts. It is, for Allen aficionados, familiar territory, but this time there is an edge of cruelty, a brusqueness to his consideration of his personal involvements. A question raised is "Why do all comedians turn out to be sentimental bores?" but the one that is suggested is why the successful have to complain so angrily about the burdens of success.

But clear it is that no one can be quite so devastatingly perceptive as Allen about celebrity chasers, the dumb and callous questions and intrusions of admirers and cineastes, the solicitors for charities, the claimants to friendship. Bates's professional life is cluttered with accountants, managers, hair treatments, cover stories, chiropodists, tennis lessons, analysts, inept assistants, and relatives. His personal life is equally untidy: He is considering "a package deal," both a French wife and an instant family by way of her two children; he tries and fails to make time with a pretty violinist he meets at the weekend; he remembers with longing the moments of "contact" with his major romance, a haute-neurotic actress he loved and lost.

The three women—portrayed respectively by Marie-Christine Barrault, Jessica Harper, and Charlotte Rampling—are among the few nongrotesques in the film. Tony Roberts is on hand again as both actor and best buddy and, as before, Allen has given bits and pieces to friends and acquaintances (including me, who devoted one day to my one line, learned a lot about the way Allen works, and did not earn instant stardom).

At the lectern, Allen—as Bates—returns to the one-liners of his standup-comedian beginnings and to the self-denigration of his pre-*Annie Hall* films. This underlines the status of *Stardust Memories* as a plateau film, a pause in Allen's development while he unburdens himself by way of an unjazzy, unspectacular *All That Jazz*. As in that Bob Fosse film, the protagonist emerges as unpleasant or, at best, in a mood as dour as Gordon Willis's striking black-and-white cinematography too frequently seems. The last departing guest at the retrospective remarks, "From this he makes a living? I like a melodrama—a comedy with a plot—but [lapsing into Yiddish] *nisht a philosophia*." What we have here, however, falls into the category of kvetch. ■



TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

Tatsuya Nakadai—powerful as the "shadow warrior" in Akira Kurosawa's *Kagemusha*.

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ART

John Canaday

A Dazzling New Realist Painter

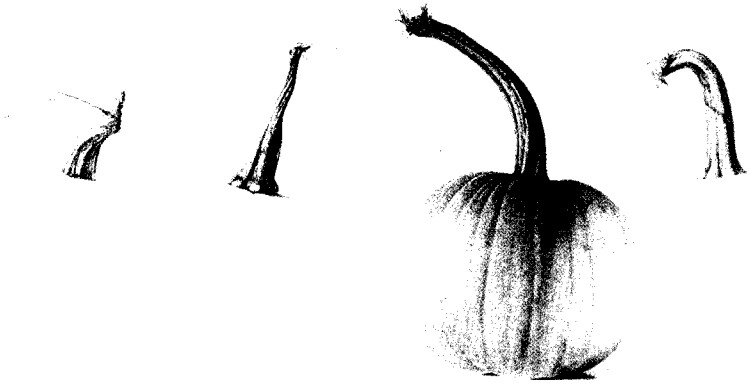
A recent exhibition of paintings and drawings by a newcomer, Alan Magee, at Staempfli, a leading New York gallery, is one more proof that any critics or historians who have yet to recognize the current development of realism in American art as a genuinely modern movement, not a relapse, are either blind or running scared—blind if they can't see that the best of the new realists are doing something that has never quite been done before in realism's centuries-old history, or running scared if they are so deeply committed to the proselytization of abstraction as the keystone of their reputations that they fear the whole structure will collapse on them if they admit that something new is happening.

A simplified historical outline may be necessary here to explain the emergence of an artist like Alan Magee, an unknown whose exhibition was ignored by the daily press yet sold out to perspicacious collectors within two days of its opening. During the 1950s—and that was a long while back, as contemporary art history goes—our most adventurous art critics managed to convince a generation of artists, students, and a considerable portion of the art public that realism was dead for keeps. (In the *mea culpa* department, let me confess that for a couple of years around 1955 I was beating those drums myself on a barnstorming lecture circuit. But I recovered soon after.) Even the late Harold Rosenberg, the most thoughtful and least missionary-minded of the band, could not bring himself during the years just before his death to accept the new realism as anything but a retrogression, even though by then it had become apparent that the kind of painting he believed in was exhausted as an innovative force.

Already moribund, abstraction (let's repeat "as an innovative force") was finally done to death in the 1960s by the kinky form of realism called pop art, which offered sensational novelty values that made good copy for art reporters who were tired of the creaky old abstract-expressionist bandwagon and jumped at the chance for a free ride—or even a remunerative ride if they played their cards right—on a new one. Then pop art in turn did its own self to death by an intensive program of self-abuse, but not before giving birth to an even more short-lived, paralytic offspring called photorealism.

Whatever the shortcomings of pop art and photorealism as anti-abstract movements (and the shortcomings were plenty, while the anti-abstraction was more opportunistic than reasoned) they did demonstrate that realism, far from being exhausted, had 20th-century potentials to continue the role it had played since antiquity as the most flexible form of expression available to artists. And that is exactly what it is turning out to be. From deadpan objectivity to intensely emotional introspection, as well as offshoots in all directions, the new realism has only begun to explore its range.

The unifying characteristic of new realist painting is an acutely observed and precisely detailed representation of the visual world in its most familiar aspects. This approach is nothing new in itself. It was adopted by, among others, the genius Jan van Eyck in the 15th century, the Dutch genre painters in the 17th, and any number of proficient academic hacks in the 19th (who gave it a bad name in the 20th). The list could be expanded by any good undergraduate art history student and



"Pumpkin Stems"—relaying a sense of the miraculousness of everyday things.

DON KUSHNIK

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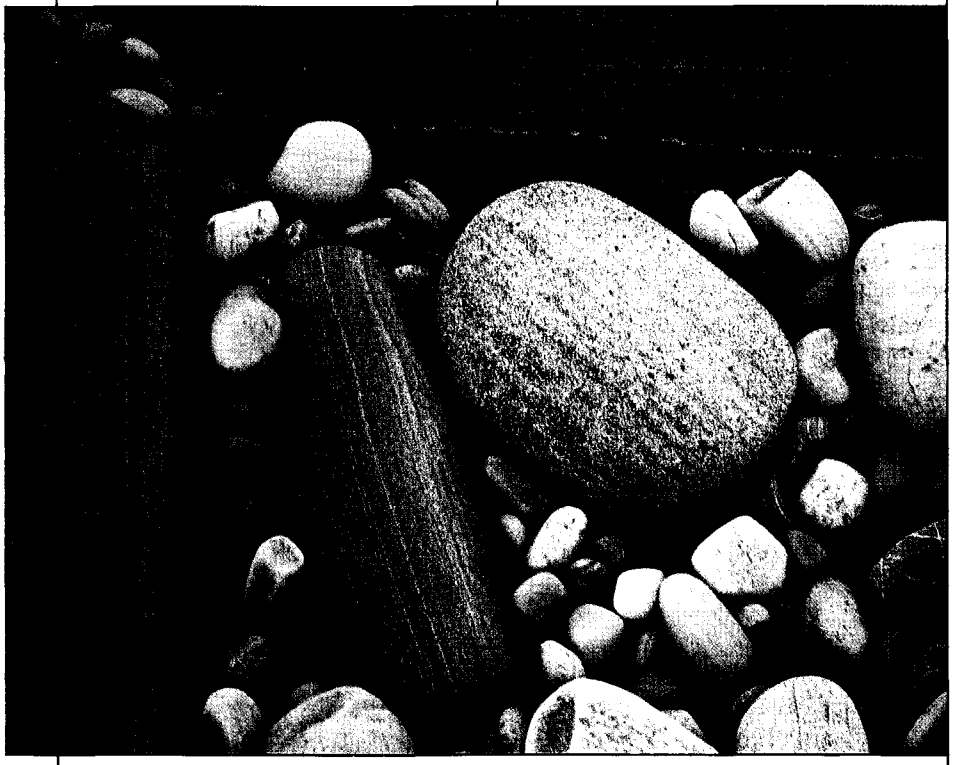
would include Dürer in the early 16th century, a supreme master to whom—hold on to your hats—Magee can be compared favorably in the best of his drawings.

Before going into that, let's say quickly that the new realism is spawning battalions of painters classifiable as neo-hack, just as abstract expressionism in its heyday spawned armies of second-, third-, and fourth-rate paint slingers, daubers, drippers, and splatterers in the wake of such first-rate painters as Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning. It may be a little more difficult, technically, to produce a recognizable likeness of the human figure than to produce a pseudo-Pollock, but second-rate realism is no better than second-rate anything else. The low-grade splatterer takes refuge within the idea that painting is an emotive impulse that can be poured straight out of the can or squeezed straight out of the tube. The low-grade realist has to work harder, but his idea that imitation of nature produces a work of art that is excellent in proportion to the accuracy of that imitation is equally misled.

It is odd, but a healthy sign, that American realists have not banded themselves into a clique as the New York School did at the Cedar Bar. For one thing, there are too many of them—thousands. Where did this one, Alan Magee, come from? Geographically, Maine is his home base. According to George Staempfli, Magee walked into the gallery one day with a portfolio of drawings, and that was that. The question is, what makes him so good?

His work as represented in his exhibition is divisible into three categories: drawings in monochrome or watercolor (so exquisitely rendered that they are brutalized in reproduction), large paintings of pebbles and stones (that unfortunately look like color photographs when reduced for illustration), and paintings capitalizing on the abstract patterns of natural geological forms. In any of the three, Magee's sheer technical skill is astounding, but in the drawings this skill combined with his special perception and transmission to the observer of the miraculous quality of natural objects is not only astounding but an intensification of our experience of the world around us.



ALAN MAGEE

"Quartet"—the excitement of close observation and astounding technical skill.

Trying to place him, some observers have called Magee a new Andrew Wyeth, which is ridiculous from either side of the comparison. Wyeth's interest in reproducing the details of nature is generated by his response to places and people he loves enough to invest with a kind of universal goodness that overrides a persistent, all-pervading loneliness. Magee is not a Wyethesque humanitarian; he is closer to a scientist whose microscopic exploration of what he sees—a stone, a braid of hair, four stalks of asparagus, a pumpkin—is an experience so absorbing that the plain visual excitement of close observation and the equal excitement of exercising his technical prowess become indissolubly blended into a kind of philosophical statement.

It is in this respect that Magee's drawings recall Dürer's. For Dürer, the exact tracing of the veins of a leaf, the reproduction of each hair in the pelt of an animal, each with its special life as it springs from the body (as in his famous watercolor drawing of a rabbit) was a form of religious experience in a world where, Dürer thought, the artist was the recipient of divine gifts. We don't feel that way today—I take it for granted that Magee is like the rest of us—but his drawings relay a sense of the miraculousness, the incredible complication yet perfect logic in the structure of the simplest everyday things.

I have neither met nor talked to Alan Magee, and have avoided reading a paragraph in the brochure of his exhibition where, presumably, he explains his ideas as to what he is doing. It is not what an artist sets out to do, but what he actually achieves that counts, and I cannot think of another living artist whose work has exactly the quality of his. The wonderfully satisfying thing about today's realism (call it neo-realism, I suppose) is that within the great sprawling uncoordinated burgeoning growth of realistic drawing and painting across this country, first-rate work by obscure or totally unknown names keeps turning up. It is a great time for discovery. ■

John Canaday's latest book is *What Is Art?*

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THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

Nimble Feet, Fumbling Hands

Hear the beat/Of dancing feet," says the title song in **42nd Street**, and never did a lyric fix a show's essence more neatly. What it's about is tap dancing, dozens of feet in unison, choreographed by the late Gower Champion on 1930s models. How rare a sound in these post Agnes De Mille days, how reassuring. For a couple of hours that brisk tapping protects us from the uncertainties of today. (It didn't do much for the people actually *in* the 1930s, but nostalgia is a drug, not history.)

The songs, too, by Harry Warren and Al Dubin—mostly taken, like the story, from the 1933 Warner Bros. musical—feel snug and comfy: that title number, "We're in the Money," "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," and my favorite, "You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me." Philip J. Lang has orchestrated them refreshingly, with some woodwinds rarely heard in a Broadway pit.

And that's about it. But since that's the bulk of the show, that's enough. The book, which is the grandma of all backstage musicals, never makes up its mind whether it's straight or parody. The physical production, as is the general Broadway case these days, looks cheap, although I'm sure it cost a modest mint. The musical numbers are all built alike: solo start, dancers and singers joining for seeming conclusion, pull-back and new start, then wham finish with arms high above heads. If they did the second act first or shuffled numbers within acts, it wouldn't greatly matter. The show is just chunks of agreeable stuff that makes us feel things were better back then if only because we were younger or unborn.

The leading performers are, again as usual in musicals these days, a bit below what's needed because there isn't a populous commercial theater to provide talent. Tammy Grimes is passable, though far from overwhelming, as a big musical star. Jerry Orbach, who plays the director, is like the second-best actor in your local theater group. And the night I saw *42nd Street* there was an added plot twist. The show is all about an unknown who goes on in the leading role in an emergency and becomes a star. When I saw it, an unknown, Karen Prunczik, went on for Wanda Richert, the now well-known who usually plays the unknown. Near the finale Orbach says to her: "You're going out there a youngster and you're coming back a star." Prunczik went out there a youngster and came back a youngster, but she was pleasant all the way.

Few shows connect with the nostalgia market more directly than 42nd Street.

The nostalgia market is apparently insatiable. At the moment Broadway has *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Brigadoon*, *A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine*, *Morning's at Seven*, *Sugar Babies*, and *Tintypes*, all of them dealing one way or another with that market. Few of them connect more directly than those dozens of tappers in *42nd Street*. During one number I found myself reaching in my pocket to make sure I had a nickel for the subway ride home. Pavlov, thou shouldst be living at this hour.

In the last few years we've seen the arrival of some directors from Eastern Europe: Liviu Ciulei, Andre Belgrader, and now Jonas Jurašas. Each of these men is obviously cultivated, experienced, theatrically energetic. Each of their productions that I've seen—a total of six—was disastrous.

No one production of the six can exemplify all, but **The Suicide**, directed by Jurašas, comes close. Before the lights go up (no front curtain) we see that the scene design flows out into the auditorium along the walls. In fact these extensions are little used later; principally their purpose is to tell us beforehand that this director is no proscenium-bound hack. When the play begins, another play also begins at once: a counterpoint of action, devised by the director, that embroiders the action of the text.

The Suicide is a comedy about Senya, a simple and sore-beset Soviet citizen in the early 1920s, and the first thing we see is Senya in bed with his wife, uneasy while she sleeps. Immediately numerous arms appear behind the bed, announcing the arrival of a commenting chorus invented by Jurašas that will appear and disappear throughout. This is only one thread in his embroidery, but it's enough to manifest his rousing vote of no-confidence in his script. Evidently he feels he has to explicate, moment by moment, scene by scene; more accurately, he *wants* to feel he must do it, because it gives him so many chances for self-display.

What we get thenceforth, as in Ciulei's production of *The Inspector General*, is, for the most part, a series of derivations from the work of Vsevolod Meyerhold, the giant of the Soviet theater. Descriptions and photographs of Meyerhold productions tell of the same use of many doors, of sharply different levels, of acrobatics (Jurašas uses a fireman's pole), of a long banquet

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table stretched across the front of the stage, of sculptured masses of people, and more. Derivation in itself doesn't much matter: Andrei Serban, the best of the current East Europeans, has been charged with it. A big difference with Serban is that, for his Greek productions, he spent several years molding an ensemble, thus following the Meyerhold spirit as well as the letter. For *The Suicide*, a jobbed-in bunch of actors, mediocre and worse, with different styles and with no style, have been signed up and thrown into imitative poses.

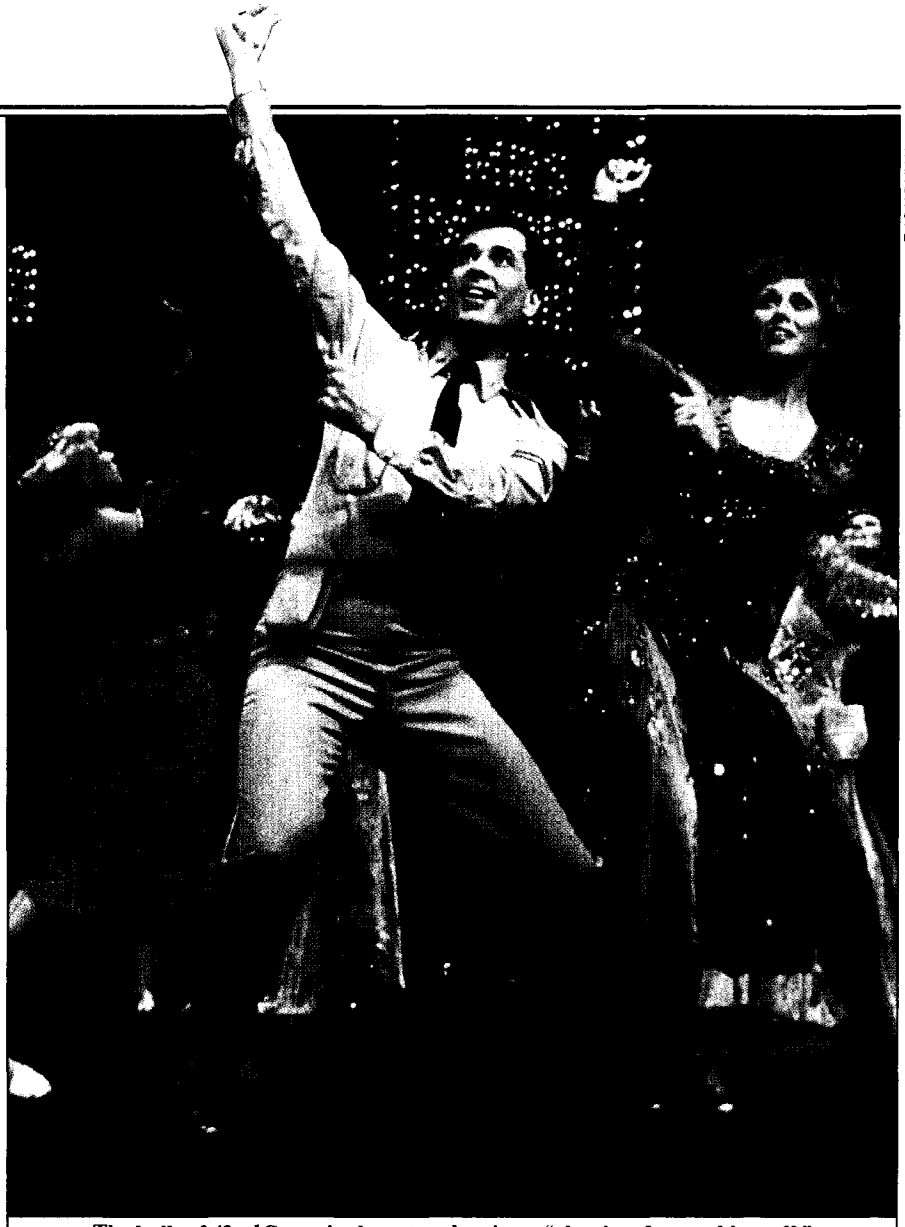
In the theaters of the Soviet Union where Jurašas made his reputation, where possibly he had real ensembles to work with, where certainly he was more subtle in the language, his work may have been whole and enriching. Here, in *The Suicide*, where those things are not true, his direction seems muscularly intrusive, extrinsic, impasted on the play in self-promotion. What's worse, it's so singularly unoriginal that Jurašas doesn't even create a good substitute play, as some "conceptual" directors have done with their impositions on texts. All he does is make us hungry for clarity, for the *play*.

I've left the play itself until last because, in a sense, that's what Jurasas does. And that brings me to another discomfort. The work of eastern European writers is often overpraised because, often, their moral and physical courage is beyond praise. (Jurašas too has had troubles in the Soviet Union.) Nikolai Erdman, the author of *The Suicide*, died in 1970 at the age of 68 but because of this play, written in the late 1920s, he was effectively throttled as a writer for most of his life. How enjoyably bitter it would be now to talk about the belated birth of a satirical masterpiece. But *The Suicide* is like much of the work that comes from the East: with a veracity that is, in its own right, heroic, it shows us a grave subject; but as art it isn't nearly up to that subject.

Senya is harassed by the circumstances of Soviet life into announcing his forthcoming suicide. His family can't dissuade him, and various persons come forward, not to stop him but to ask him to "dedicate" his suicide to their interests: the intelligentsia, the romantics, and others. In the end, as we foresee (it *is* a comedy), he doesn't kill himself, though he's nearly buried when dead drunk. In this version, the play ends with him back in his bed with his wife. The whole play has, apparently, been a dream.

It's a pattern, not a play: a cautionary tale with puppet characters. Once the premise is given, we just wait—through a lot of set-piece scenes—for the end. Not once are we engaged, either in pathos or doubt or insight, though there's an occasional funny line. We just endure the tracing of the obvious design, while Jurasas engorges every possible point with his nonvirtuosic display of nonvirtuosic actors.

One exception—the star, Derek Jacobi, the English actor best-known here as the emperor Claudius in the PBS series, whom I've seen play Shakespeare robustly in Britain. Jacobi has some breadth of style and a good voice, though it tends to what the English call "plummy"; it's rather consciously inflected and enjoyed. In the role of this nobody, he is sorely miscast; he has to work hard to be affectingly ordinary. The worst of his performance is that we can see him strive against the miscasting; the best is that the very qualities that make him wrong for the part give his long second-act monologue the warmest life of the evening. ■



MARTHA SWOPE

The bulk of *42nd Street* is about tap dancing—"chunks of agreeable stuff."

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DANCE

Walter Terry

"Nuts" Around the World

MARTHA SWOPE

"Snowflakes" dancing in Balanchine's *Nutcracker* at the New York City Ballet.

Most American kids are introduced to classical music on records through *The Nutcracker Suite*, an abridged version of the score that Tchaikovsky composed on orders from the great choreographer, Marius Petipa, close to 90 years ago. And Petipa, choreographer of *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake* (or most of it)—both with Tchaikovsky scores—actually gave the great Russian composer specific instructions: 1) "Soft music, 64 measures." 2) "The tree is lighted. Sparkling music, 8 measures." 3) "The children enter. Animated, joyous music, 24 measures." 4) "Moment of surprise and admiration. A few measures of tremolo." 5) "A march," and so it went throughout the ballet.

When the score was completed, Petipa was ailing and his assistant, Lev Ivanov, choreographed *The Nutcracker* on Petipa's detailed outline. The world premiere took place in St. Petersburg, December 5 (Julian calendar) or December 18 (Gregorian, or Western, calendar), 1892, in a performance by the Russian Imperial Ballet.

America was introduced to *The Nutcracker* in 1940 by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, which presented an abbreviated version on its transcontinental tours on a ham-and-eggs bill that also included *Swan Lake* (Act II) and *Scheherazade*. The first wholly American production was staged by Willam Christensen for the San Francisco Ballet in 1944. But "Nuts," as *The Nutcracker* is fondly called in the ballet profession, did not become a yuletide "must" until George Balanchine created his version for the New York City Ballet in 1954.

Balanchine's *Nutcracker* is, unquestionably, the most famous version in the world today, and very possibly the best. By the end of its run this year at the New York State Theater (December 4 through January 4), Balanchine's *Nutcracker*, somewhat changed over the years, will have been given a total of 880 times by the New York City Ballet.

The newest version of major *Nutcracker* productions is that choreographed by Mikhail Baryshnikov for the American Ballet Theatre. This version, created for and first seen on television before being transferred to the stage, will be broadcast once again this Christmas Eve, on CBS. It is the most adult of all versions, for the heroine is on the threshold of puberty, and the fantasy of this fairyland is related to the psychological and even sexual changes between childhood and the adult state. ABT will be performing "Nuts" December 24 through January 4 during its repertory season at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

Probably the biggest *Nutcracker* of all is that staged by Ruth Page (with a cast of more than 100) for the huge (more than 4,000 seats) Arie Crown Theater in Chicago's McCormick Place. "Nuts," in Chicago, will be performed from December 18 through January 4.

Sometimes a child dancer plays the part of the little heroine in *Nutcracker*, and the ballerina variations are left to an adult Sugar Plum Fairy and her cavalier. The little girl's name is usually Clara, though Balanchine prefers Marie. In Fernand Nault's staging for Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, which you can see in Quebec City, December 17 through 20, and at the Place des Arts in Montreal, December 26 through January 3, our heroine will also be Marie. If you happen to catch the show in either Leningrad or Moscow, you will find she is named Masha.

The various American *Nutcrackers* range in size from the biggies I have mentioned down to more modest productions by regional ballets, amateur civic ballets, and ballet schools that may simply put on solo variations, a pas de deux, and a character dance or two (the Chinese or Arabian dance or the *trepak*). In one guise or another you will be greeted by several hundred (!) "Nuts" wherever you go across this land of ours at Christmastime. ■

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Irving Kolodin

Two Mahler Interpreters

The trials and torments that works of great music may endure before their qualities are recognized can be deduced from the struggles of interpreters who labor at the works until indifference turns to triumph. For Gustav Mahler, New York was a tower of indifference even when the interpreter of his music was one of the greatest conductors of his time—Mahler himself. Willem Mengelberg, another titan, made his contributions in the Twenties, and the composer's closest friend and ardent champion, Bruno Walter, lent two helping hands in the Forties and Fifties. Walter's devoted assistant, Leonard Bernstein, carried the cause forward into the Sixties.

Eventually the word got around—to the extent that two recent performers came from remote corners of the world, corners that Mahler himself would have discounted as potentially sympathetic cultures. The Third Symphony in D Minor was led by a conductor born in Bombay, India; the massive Eighth in E Flat by another who originated in Shenyang, China. That there were cheers for both tells much about how well Mahler measured his own merits when he said, at a time when his compositions were disparaged, "My time will come"—though he could hardly have imagined a Zubin Mehta for No. 3 or a Seiji Ozawa for No. 8.

Indeed Mahler has now become so much a part of the musical mainstream that interpreters of his music today are less influenced by their own native cultures than by the questions of when, how, and where his works are being performed.

The "when" of Mehta's performance of No. 3 related more to his 20 years in this country and the relationships that have developed between himself and his audiences than any earlier influence. The "how" of it was essentially an American-tinged performance: full of the kinds of tonal stress and dynamic emphases to which, in the opinion of many conductors, American symphonic audiences are partial. Sustained segments were powerfully projected, especially in the broad, eloquent mainstream portions of the adagio-finale in which the strings sang out superbly.

CULVER PICTURES

Mahler—now part of the mainstream.

However, the "where" of it tended to underscore some borderline traits in which Mahler was inclined to overindulge himself, especially in the "soul-stirring" climax at the very end. In a conversation several years ago, when Mehta was about to begin his tenure as music director of the Philharmonic, I asked him: "What is your particular perception of Avery Fisher Hall and its tonal character?" He responded: "You have to be careful about brass, because they are favored in these surroundings." Now, after a while of thoughtful settling in, he tends *not* to be careful about the brass: The horns were repeatedly driven to overblowing (with more than a few wrong notes at the first performance), and the last, pounding pages reached beyond the dynamics of the score to whatever the players could produce. In a word, the effect was cheap.

As for Ozawa, after a period of residence in America almost equal to Mehta's, he is still somewhat aloof from that concept of "American performance." That is not to say that he is less attuned to his audiences. But I do believe that there are registrations within him, orchestral values and musical virtues, and that he shapes his big sound always to a sense of the vibrations within these registrations, not simply to a coarse, opaque noise.

What emerged in New York was an Eighth Symphony that was, for many pages on end, Mahler at maximum—full-hearted, but never wrong-headed. One might question some lack of contrapuntal clarity in Part I, or some degrees of discontinuity in the quieter aspects of Part II (the scherzo especially). But the performance maintained a degree of polyphonic purpose that catered in no way to audience disposition, but unfailingly to Mahler's own interest.

There was also an overpowering sense of "where" (Carnegie Hall, this time) in Ozawa's distribution of forces, not merely on the stage—where the oversized orchestra shared space with several hundred choral voices—but in the auditorium as well. Here, in the first box level at the audience's left, was the splendid Boys Chorus from Boston to

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provide the lighter sound Mahler specified in Part II. It was augmented at crucial moments by a brazen but never brassy output from instrumental choirs high up in the hall to make a richly sonorous, close to celestial, summation at the very end. What, in short, had been tailored for Symphony Hall in Boston, was worn with form-fitting distinction by Carnegie Hall in New York.

In terms of totality, Ozawa could be commended as a Mahler man of today who could be even greater tomorrow. The outstanding virtues of his sense of magnitude—so well suited to the demands of the Eighth—should not deter Ozawa from searching further into the quieter passages that connect Mahler's grander moments. The great master of orchestral order, Fritz Reiner, was known to say: "The true art of conducting is buried in transitions." He meant that any reasonably well-equipped conductor can sound out the great climaxes; it is the one who knows the secret of holding the tonal heartbeat in his hand, and supporting the sustaining breath of simpler passages, who merits the accolade of "master."

In Mahler's Eighth, much of the quieter music is distributed among the eight solo vocalists. In Ozawa's octet, the female voices—especially those of Faye Robinson, a superb high soprano, Florence Quivar, a broadly experienced Mahler mezzo, and Deborah Sasson as the Mater Gloriosa, also a soprano—bore their shares with distinction. The men were uniformly less good. Kenneth Riegel has driven his once beautiful tenor voice to a fraction of its former values; Benjamin Luxon doesn't command the baritone sonority for a proper Pater Ecstaticus; and Gwynne Howell, well regarded in New York for several appearances singing Wagner, is lacking sufficient richness in low sound for Pater Profundis.

To bring together eight superior solo voices for the music Mahler wrote is no simple matter. But if the level can be sustained with a hundred instrumentals and several hundred choristers, why fall short with eight? This is the kind of discrimination to which Ozawa must now direct himself. ■

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HOME ENTERTAINMENT

Peter Caranicas and Michael Heiss

Christmas Tech

Will it ever end? Will advances in audio technology ever cease to surprise and overwhelm music lovers? Will television viewers ever fully catch up with the onrush of change in video equipment and programming? Probably not. The embarrassment of riches in consumer electronics is especially apparent to affluent Christmas shoppers trying to select a gift for the audio or video buff on their lists – or for themselves.

In audio recording, one of the most talked-about advances of the past year is the introduction of so-called metal tape. These cassette tapes are embedded with new types of iron particles that permit a wider-ranging and "fuller" sound, but they require a new breed of recorder. One of the most impressive is the Austrian-made Eumig FL-1000. It can accept and adjust for all the new tapes, and features a program-locating memory device, remotable controls, and enough blinking lights to outshine a Christmas tree. This is no toy, however. Its quality has prompted a number of automated radio stations to replace their large 10½-inch-reel machines with this compact unit. And for home-computer owners, it sports an interface mechanism that allows computers to control the search, play, and record functions.

For those who prefer records to tape, the latest rage is linear-tracking turntables. These sleek units don't have tone arms in the conventional sense. Instead, they feature a cartridge that travels across the record in a straight line on a motor-driven arm. One of the most amazing of these turntables is Mitsubishi's LT-5V, which is actually designed to play records vertically – a great space-saver if you have shallow shelves or cabinets. It retails for $450. The sight of a machine playing records 90 degrees off the flat, horizontal position we've been used to for 75 years is enough to open up any cocktail party conversation.

In television, new generations of very large and very small sets have made their appearance. The large ones—called TV projectors because the picture is projected onto a large screen as it is in film – have screens that measure 45 inches or more diagonally. Although still quite large, the latest models are far more compact than earlier sets and easier to fit into the average living room. Quasar's PR-4800, for example, is only 28 inches deep. It has a high-resolution picture, two separate audio amplifiers, and direct-access remote tuning to any TV channel, including 23 special channels used in cable TV areas.

There's an electronic gift for that person on your list who has everything—or thinks he does.

Those looking to buy a TV set designed to fit into a backpack rather than a living room might consider Sony's KV-4000. Its 3.7-inch screen makes it the smallest color set sold in the U.S. Weighing just under seven pounds, it features an electronic-scan search tuner, and its video and audio inputs allow you to use it with any video camera or recorder – even in the field, where it can run on batteries.

Among videocassette recorders (VCRs), the latest models offer features heretofore available only to video professionals. Many, for example, can scan through a prerecorded program at high speed while maintaining a visible picture in order to locate a particular scene or bypass an objectionable segment. Some models can be set up as much as two weeks in advance to record up to eight different programs, and remote controls let you run the whole thing from your easy chair across the room. RCA's SelectaVision 650, with its sleek black-and-chrome styling, is at the vanguard of the new-generation VCRs and has all the features mentioned above as well as stop action, variable speed, and slow motion.

Recording times have now stabilized at five hours for Beta-type VCRs and six hours for VHS-type VCRs (though Sony offers a videocassette changer that allows 20 hours of unattended recording), and the race between machines now seems to be for the fastest scanning time. The winner so far is Toshiba's V-8000 Beta unit. It can speed through a program at a blistering 40 times normal speed and then slow down to a snail's pace to home in on the desired spot.

There's even an electronic gift for that person on your list who has everything—or thinks he does. You can bet that he hasn't yet bought a digital audio adaptor. By taking music, converting it into digital impulses, and then storing the information on a videocassette (no pictures are involved; rather, the high information-storage capacity of the VCR is used), a digital audio processor reaches a frequency range of up to 20 MHz and a dynamic range unattainable even on the most expensive studio recorder. Sony, Sanyo, and Toshiba, among others, are starting to distribute these units. ■

Peter Caranicas is editor of *View*, a magazine on cable television. Michael Heiss writes on consumer-electronics for several magazines.

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Stephen Wadsworth

Glittering Gould

Twenty-five years ago, CBS released a recording of Bach's Goldberg Variations played on the piano by **Glenn Gould**, an eccentric young Canadian. The critics said he'd made a mechanical sequence expressive, absorbing, and wholly interesting, and everyone loved it, especially a generation of piano students whose daily rigors were greatly eased by this vision of a somehow passionate Bach. Yet this was certainly the cleanest, least romantic Bach on records.

Gould played against the piano in a sense. Rather than exploiting its traditional "pianistic" expressiveness, Gould was straining to hear the real Bach through the din of the 19th century, with its new improved piano sound, its larger-than-life keyboards, its larger-than-life virtuosos pounding on them, and its Chopins and Liszts indulging in the new capabilities of the instrument. Gould discovered that in order to hear what he was listening for he had to get away from the distractions of the concert circuit and, to a certain extent, of life in the modern world. He retired at 32, thereafter performing only in recording studios.

He had always been a bit odd, wearing gloves and crumpled tails onstage, sitting hunched on a sawed-down, short-legged chair that looked like a relic from a fire, sticking doggedly to his musical guns. Before a performance in 1962, Leonard Bernstein, speaking to the audience, dissociated himself and his orchestra from Gould's experimental reading of the Brahms D-minor concerto as an understated, nonvirtuoso piece. Left to his own devices, Gould seemed to become even odder, wearing coat, scarf, cap, and gloves in summer, never meeting the press except by phone, avoiding planes and pollution like the plague, still sitting hunched on that ridiculous chair, which hasn't been replaced or even altered an eighth of an inch in the last 30 years.

Recordings were the voices of his silence, and they came hard and fast—Byrd, Beethoven, Brahms, Bizet of all people (Chopin and Liszt conspicuously absent), Schoenberg and Hindemith, among others, all subject to the whim, it seemed, of this musical Bobby Fischer. His technical facility was always astonishing. So was his chutzpah. He who had freely realized the figured bass in an introverted traversal of the Mozart C-minor concerto (over-doing!) was now recomposing Wagner in bold transcriptions of the operatic orchestra music (over-daring!). And if he wasn't inventing inner voices to animate the *Siegfried Idyll*, he was playing the *Meistersinger* prelude four-hands with himself (over-dubbing!).

But in all of his recordings he dares the listener to rehear the familiar, to strip down preconceptions of how the instrument "should" sound, or how certain composers "should" sound on it, and his technique and vision are abetted by an innovative approach to the recording process. CBS rightly celebrates 25 years of Gould on disc with four releases that travel from Scarlatti to Scriabin to Gould himself, with the accent on Bach.

Pablo Casals wrote in his autobiography, "For the past eighty years I have started each day in the same manner .... I go to the piano, and I play two preludes and fugues of Bach .... It is a sort of benediction on the house." Gould's newest record, *Bach: Preludes, Fughettas and Fugues*, is a benediction on the house. His playing has a sprightly exactitude just this side of crispness, the passage work criminally precise but exuberantly free, the touch brisk and percussive but loving, the tone bright but warm.

He handles the instrument as if it weren't a piano; the dry sound and *détaché* flow suggest that it's a blood descendant of the clavier for which these pieces were written. Gould never allows this big modern piano to resonate "pianistically," and his rhythmic articulation is lively and variegated—there are little catches in the line that grab you—so this ends up a more authentic performance than many rival versions played unoriginally on original instruments.

Artur Schnabel, whom Gould has worshiped since childhood, believed that unlike Bach's or Mozart's, Beethoven's music was nearly all of equal greatness. The three sonatas of Opus 2, dedicated to Haydn (*Glenn Gould Plays Beethoven Sonatas*), may be less grand in design than some of Beethoven's later big-name sonatas, or even Opus 28, also recorded here, but they are unfailingly grand in concept.

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These performances are classically proportioned, but Gould is romantically aware of the opposites and contrasts in this music, and the silences have as much rhythmic absoluteness as the audible sections.

This is especially telling in the exquisite slow movements of Opus 2, which remind Gould of string quartets. Here, his greatest single gift as a musician is on display—his intuitive grasp of the inner pulse in a piece of music, the unswerving beat within it that propels it through bar lines, cross-rhythms, and even idiosyncratic tempi. Gould's adagios move simply and inexorably and quite in spite of the fact that, again, he never lets the piano resonate in the least grandly. He could be playing a Hammerklavier, though his Opus 28, parts of which are for him a homage to Schnabel, is more round-toned and conventionally "pianistic" than his Opus 2.

Gould's most notorious eccentricity, his humming, is very much part of these records and what makes them so fine. The close miking he insists on makes his sung contributions a fact of his recorded life and our listening. It's either the last straw or the icing on the cake: If Gould bothers you, you'll loathe his humming; if you understand him, you'll *need* it. Gould said of Schnabel that he seemed not to care very much for the piano as an instrument, it was a means to an end for him, "and the end was to approach Beethoven." Gould does exactly that on these records—he approaches Beethoven, as if at home alone developing themes as he might develop strands of conversation, spontaneously, and, of course, talking back to them, egging them on with his own voice. The musician is making music, and we are overhearing.

That voices are music to Gould is proven on the two-record *Glenn Gould 25th Anniversary Album*, one disc of which is devoted to a serious conversation in a humorous vein about Gould's mannerisms. The speakers are imagined critics, the voices are his, the mixing is splendid. The format and characters are familiar to Canadian radio listeners. Gould has a distinguished record of original broadcasts for the CBC, from these zany critical free-for-alls to moving documentaries on solitude, the North, Casals, Bach, and other subjects close to him. As pure sound these are all tours de force, with voices mixed and matched and overlapped in a musical way that conveys the essence of the subject as evocatively as the words the voices are saying.

The other record in this set, which includes music by Scarlatti, C.P.E. Bach, Scriabin, and part of Liszt's transcription of Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, features a literally contrapuntal arrangement of voices in Gould's own *So You Want to Write a Fugue?*—a delicious piece. There is also a fascinating performance of Richard Strauss's stark *Ophelia Lieder* with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, a fresh reading made fresher perhaps by the fact that it was virtually unrehearsed. None of the material on this album has been released previously, though it spans 17 years in the studio.

All of the material on the last celebration record, *The Little Bach Book*, has been available before. It could have documented revealingly the development of Gould's Bach from those Goldbergs in 1955 to the new *Preludes, Fughettas and Fugues* record. Cuts from both are here. But the recording leaps back and forth over the years, from Dolby to pre-Dolby sound, so the listener gets every different style of Bach, also of Gould, also of recording, in random order. And it all smacks of "Greatest Hits of . . . ," which is of course antithetical to the Gould Gestalt. Better to buy the old Goldbergs and the new Bach record to see where Gould has gotten.

The Goldbergs had line and tenderness, but were still a touch soft-edged in that dreaded "pianistic" way. Gould's obsession is with pure, absolute music (instruments are irrelevant), and his growth is toward that ideal. He has journeyed to the center of the music as he has come away from the nucleus of the music world, where trend, tradition, and habit lead our ears into temptation. He's been cultivating solitude, plumbing its depths, and reaping its unearthly musical rewards. ■

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Stephen Wadsworth, former managing editor of *Opera News*, contributes articles to many musical publications here and abroad.

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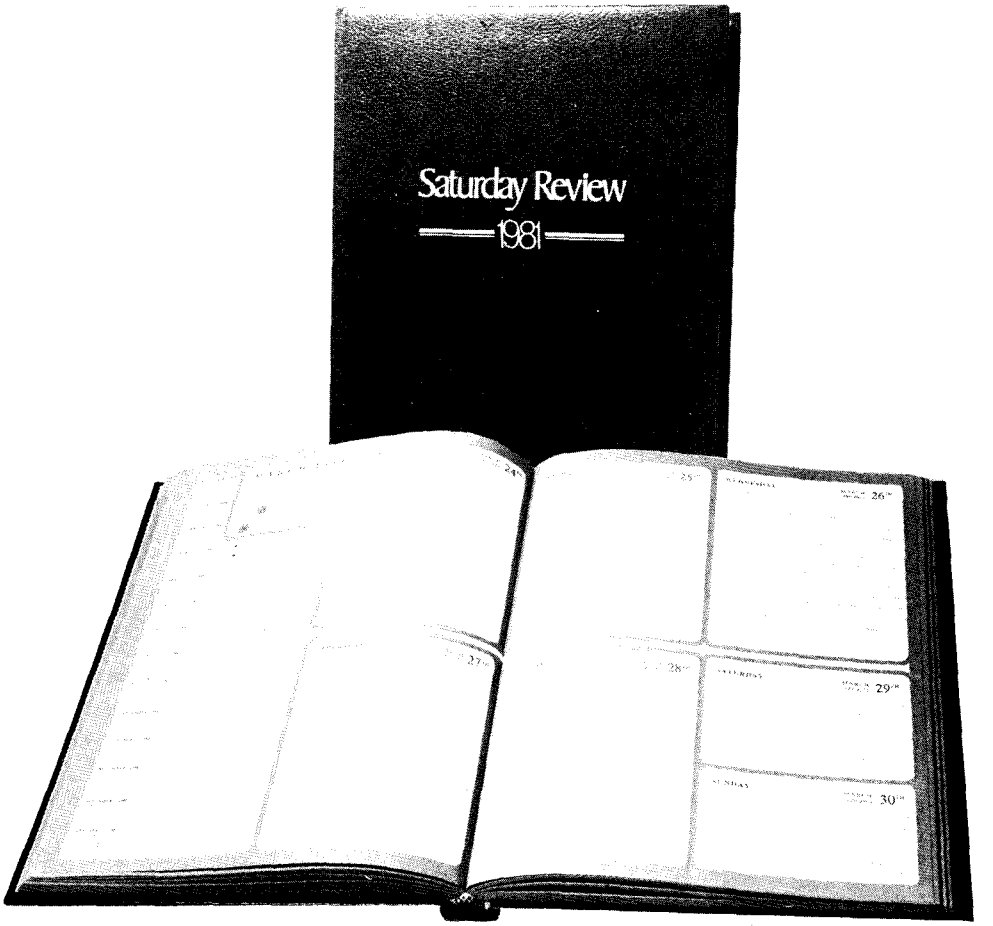

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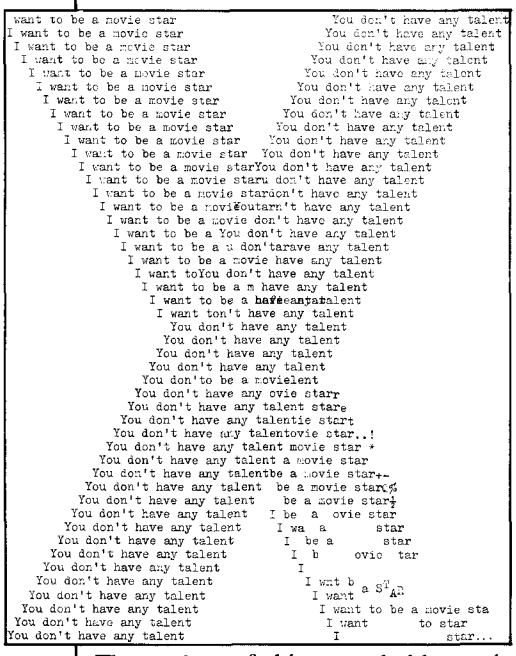
DIVERSIONS

SR Competition No. 15

Another Human Wish Crossed By Reality



The author of this remarkable work declares it to be an example of Concrete Poetry, and we do not feel like arguing. It occurred to us that many another typist must have made similarly strenuous efforts to avoid the appearance of idleness, and we should like to see some of your typewriter poems. The typeface doesn't matter, but you must be brief, sharp, and intensely black. Each entry should be on a separate sheet of immaculate bond, accompanied by a title, and by the statement that it is original and unpublished. For this special competition we shall award one prize only: $50 plus a small bottle of correction fluid to replace the gallon you used.

Entries for Competition No. 15 must be received by January 5, 1981 and the winners will be announced in the March 1981 issue. Please send submissions to SR Competition No. 15, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York, 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 12

Like the Joyce who incorporated printers' errors into *Finnegans Wake*, we would gladly take credit for the (perfectly genuine) type that had E.C. Bentley dying 19 years before he was born (1975-1956), in our September issue. This innocent blunder inspired nearly half of the *thousands* of Clerihews that have poured into this office. Except for its failure to rhyme "Bentley" with "gently," the following neat verse by Donald Drury of Long Beach, California, is fairly typical:

Bentley of the Clerihew
Was surely one of the few
Residents of planet Earth
To predecease his date of birth.

We must agree with Gene Castleberry of Oklahoma City who wrote, "This is the most pernicious competition you have ever run—once you start rhyming names it's almost impossible to stop." Appalled at having spread this addiction, we are organizing meetings of Clerihewlics Anonymous in all major cities. One day at a time, friends. You can stop if you want to. A special young persons' group will be set up in Ironton, Ohio, where the members of Ms. Sheridan's English class in the Junior High School were our youngest victims, as witness this effort by Amy Darbaker:

Cheryl Ladd
Was very bad:
She spilled her pop
On a mounted cop.

After agonies of decision, we announce these winners, who will each receive $25: First prize to J.A. Ferner of Medford, New Jersey:

Louis Jacques Daguerre
Said, "Please comb your hair
And hold that silly smile—
My process takes a while."

Second prize to Alan Duff, Newark, Delaware:

Robinson Crusoe
Though unable to do so,
Would have liked to swap Friday
For Heidi.

Third prize to Kathy Gilbert of Miami, Florida:

George Eliot wrote in her diary:
"Odd that our house is a Priory,
When I'm an agnostic who is
Living in sin with George Henry Lewes."

And finally, our warm thanks to Fanny Costello, of Charleston, West Virginia, who sent in the only Early American Primitive Clerihew we have ever seen. We love it:

Mary Miles Minter
Went skating in winter.
She was little and nice
And liked ice.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 160

PLAY JAZZ DIXIE HI C MAXA-

ZATIS MUNDPEW NDPAZ JI YOIDS

FUEI FUDIW QUE HUUGY PLCD

JI SU QUE MLIJADV VNF.

IZHIEP LNHHCES

Wit Twister No. 172

Edited By Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

"Outrageous child!" the mother rants
As once more ———— wets her pants.
"I do ————, my strength is drained.
"I'll ———— no more, once she is trained!"

Barbara B. McCorkle
West Lafayette, Indiana

November Answers

Literary Crypt No. 159

We pay for the mistakes of our ancestors, and it seems only fair that they should leave us the money to pay with.

Don Marquis

Wit Twister No. 171

tours, roust, torus, stour, routs

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 201

EDITH (A.) FOLB:
RUNNIN' DOWN SOME LINES
Synonyms for hardhead, *thug*, . . . *hoodlum*, *cutthroat*, *mad dog*, *cowboy*, *varmint*, *gangster*, not only characterize such teenagers in gangsterlike or frontier terms that connote a sense of lawlessness but suggest that, like a mad dog, such a person is potentially out of control and physically dangerous.

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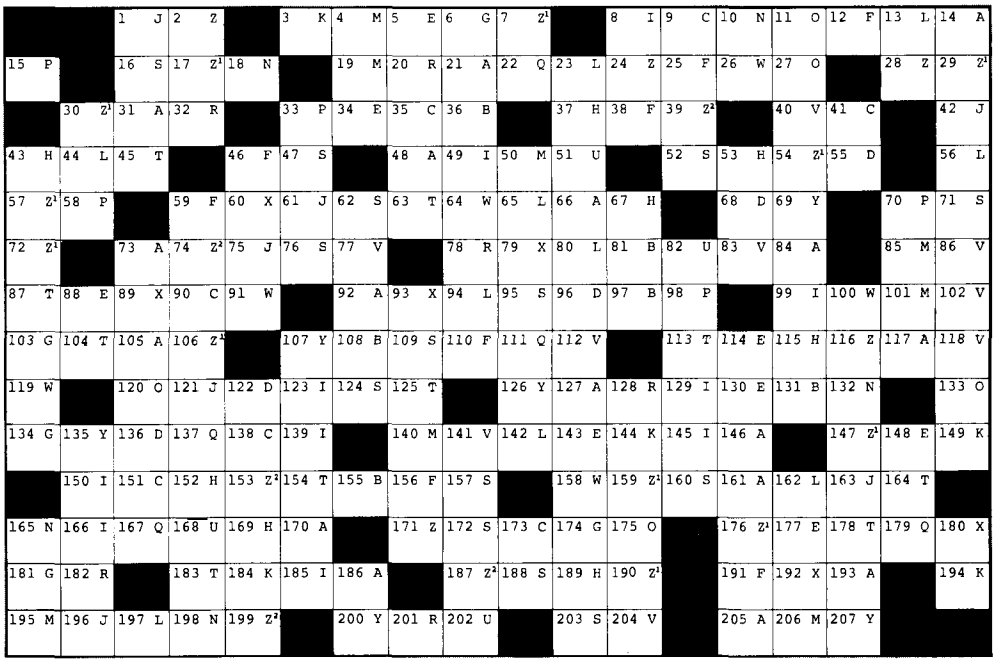
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Middleton Double-Crostic No. 202

A. Challenge to fight (4 wds.)
14 31 48 66 73 193 205 92 127 146 161
170 186 105 117 21 84

B. Bearing a nail, claw, or hoof
97 131 81 108 155 36

C. *Superficial integument or membrane*
90 138 151 173 9 35 41

D. Booze, firewater
55 68 96 122 136

E. Itinerant Mexican musician
5 34 88 114 130 143 148 177

F. Field common to Da Vinci, St.-Exupery, Glenn Curtiss, etc.
191 12 25 38 46 59 110 156

G. Ancient state of NE Africa
174 181 103 134 6

H. Keep up; allege; hold
37 43 53 67 115 152 169 189

I. Furnishing ground for a lawsuit
49 123 139 150 166 185 8 99 129 145

J. Snowy
196 1 61 75 121 163 42

K. Scottish-born American painter (1835–1911; "By the Creek, Sonoma")
144 149 184 194 3

L. Formal admission into a society, club, etc.
13 23 44 56 65 80 94 142 162 197

M. Obnoxious person, thing, etc.
206 4 19 101 85 50 140 195

N. Left-hand side of an account
132 18 165 198 10

O. Lover; country lad
120 133 175 11 27

P. Baked dessert consisting of fruit, crumbs, sugar, spices
33 58 70 98 15

Q. Particular period of time marked by distinctive features, events, etc.
22 111 137 167 179

R. Driving (a nail) obliquely
182 201 32 78 20 128

S. Play by Thomas Dekker (3 wds.)
160 172 62 71 188 203 76 157 16 52
95 47 109 124

T. Canadian poet (1883–1964; "Dunkirk"; first, last names)
87 45 113 154 63 183 125 104 164 178

U. Outdoor or makeshift mow
202 82 168 51

V. Capital of Victoria, Australia
86 112 77 40 204 118 141 83 102

W. River flowing into the St. Lawrence at Montreal
26 64 119 91 158 100

X. Subordinate authority
79 89 60 93 180 192

Y. Exhausted of vigor; worn out
107 69 200 126 135 207

Z. Defile
2 28 24 171 116

Z¹. The eve of January 6 (comp.)
30 176 72 106 29 54 17 7 159 190
57 147

Z². Slender, graceful girl or woman
199 39 153 187 74

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SR RECOMMENDS

Books

Fiction

Earthly Powers, by Anthony Burgess (Simon & Schuster, 448 pp., $15.95). While novelist Kenneth Marchal Toomey makes a religion of his art, Cardinal Campanati is intriguing at the Vatican, making an art of his religion. Each seeks the glory of an earthly crown, and in their separate ways they fail as men by succeeding in their art. Huge, symmetrical, very funny, and filled with the ideas and obsessions Burgess has hinted at in his other writing, *Earthly Powers* is a novel of Tolstoyan proportion.

A Man, by Oriana Fallaci, translated by William Weaver (Simon & Schuster, 512 pp., $14.95). The hero of *A Man*, Allessandro Panagoulis, tries to assassinate the Greek dictator George Papadopoulis. He fails, but even after mutilating tortures and years of imprisonment in a tomblike cell, he never bows his head to Papadopoulis' dictatorship. In telling of her relationship with Panagoulis, of his fight for the freedom of men, and of the events that led to his murder by political agents in 1976, Oriana Fallaci has forged a work of transcendent Greek tragedy.

Congo, by Michael Crichton (Alfred A. Knopf, 352 pp., $10.95). "The Wondrous Adventures of the Supercomputer Gang in Darkest Africa" would nicely subtitle this marvelous update of H. Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, as revealed by a solemnly academic, anonymous researcher. Michael Crichton is always a gripping hard-science storyteller and in *Congo* he outdoes himself with hardware. But it is Amy, a "talking gorilla" of enough charm to enshrine her in pop culture as firmly as R2D2 and C-3PO, who steals the book.

Nonfiction

A Biography of Alice James, by Jean Strouse (Houghton Mifflin, 384 pp., $15). Idealization and underestimation, the companionable twins, ruled the view of women in the James household. Alice didn't have the strength to leave home, marry, and raise children, and the men she wanted to please were her father and two oldest brothers, William and Henry. As a result, she spent her life between a pedestal and a sick bed. Jean Strouse brings us a subtle and compelling biography of the talented invalid who was Alice James.

Catherine the Great, by Henri Troyat, translated by Joan Pinkham (E.P. Dutton, 502 pp., $15.95). Among women rulers, only Cleopatra and Elizabeth I rival the allure that Catherine the Great inspires in the Western imagination. This unknown German princess, who at 13 had to borrow a gown to be presented to the sumptuous Russian court in 1744, became its Empress and one of the most powerful and myth-provoking monarchs of all time. Exotic stories about her sex life circulate to this day. In this definitive biography, Henri Troyat traces Catherine's schemes for the powerful Russian empire whose destiny always prevailed over her feelings.

Ghost Waltz: A Memoir, by Ingeborg Day (The Viking Press, 240 pp., $11.95). Ghosts pervade Ingeborg Day's memoir, chilling her recollections of her Austrian childhood and unsettling her present life. The ghosts are the figures of her parents, and the chill comes from her realization that she continues to "hopelessly love two people" who belonged to the Nazi party for over 20 years. In her reflections on the pathology of racism, on the meaning of nationalism, personal morality, and unshakable family ties, Day has followed, with a glimmer of irony, the advice she received as a schoolgirl on a composition: "Do not exaggerate, the truth suffices."

SR's Phoenix Code

- Outstanding
- Excellent
- Good
- Notable

Walt Whitman: A Life, by Justin Kaplan (Simon & Schuster, 416 pp., $13.95). In this delicate, calm, and painstaking biography, Justin Kaplan attempts "to look for the biographically rational line of development that led from the journalist-loafer to the incomparable poet." By his orchestration of detail, Kaplan shows us not one or two sources for Whitman's images and innovations but a thousand sources, amounting to a background. Kaplan is a superb biographer who understands the poignancy of exactness.

Film

Ordinary People. Robert Redford makes a triumphant directorial debut with this adaptation of Judith Guest's novel. Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and Tim Hutton provide us, in a touching drama of a family in crisis, with an acute perception and understanding of parental responsibility and filial response.

Resurrection. Ellen Burstyn gives us her most complex and fully realized screen performance in Lewis John Carlino's story of a "natural" healer.

The Stunt Man. Richard Rush's movie-movie melange of action and ideas offers Peter O'Toole at his megalomaniac best. An absorbing entertainment and metaphysics for those who want them.

The Mirror Crack'd. Angela Lansbury is the new and, for Agatha Christie purists, very satisfying Miss Marple in a murder mystery that is sparked by a devilish duel between two over-the-hill glamour girls—deliciously portrayed by Elizabeth Taylor and Kim Novak.

Theater

Home (Cort Theater, New York City). The Negro Ensemble Company comes as close to being a true ensemble as any troupe around. Its actors have made this story—of a young black farmer trying out city life,

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then returning to the land and to clarity—into their own, overcoming its weaknesses, fulfulling it.

The Pirates of Penzance (Uris Theater, New York City). Director Wilford Leach and music director William Elliott set an overall tone of intelligence and charm. This *Pirates* has been put together by contemporary Americans who love and respect the work but who will not try to mimic Victorian Englishmen or their descendants. Unapologetically starring pop singers Linda Ronstadt as Mabel and Rex Smith as Frederic. (Performances begin December 22.)

The Elephant Man (Booth Theater, New York City). The play—not the movie. An innocent but monstrously disfigured man becomes a socially modish figure in Victorian London. The play satirizes antiquated morality (always an easy target), but its sense of humanity is honest and moving.

Records

Messiah, Handel (L'Oiseau Lyre, 3 discs). This year's *Messiah* entry, the first ever on old instruments, faithfully reconstructs a specific 1754 performance but not in the least self-consciously. The Academy of Ancient Music, under Christopher Hogwood, zips through the score with fervor; the disarmingly true, almost vibratoless voices bring a naiveté and honesty to this noble work that wake it up from years of logy performances.

The Six Motets, J.S. Bach (Telefunken, digital, 2 discs). The Stockholm Bach Choir and the Concentus Musicus Wien animate these joyous articles of faith (five out of six were written for funerals) with all the freshness of an improvisation. A very moving record.

Static and Ecstatic and **Kitharaulos**, Krenek (Varèse International). The composer conducts the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra. Krenek, who turned 80 this year, was one of the first "serious" composers to assimilate jazz. The 10 short pieces of *Static and Ecstatic* (1972) are lively, expressive 12-tone sound essays; *Kitharaulos* showcases contemporary harp and oboe techniques. The colors of both works are vivid and varied, thanks especially to virtuosic use of percussion.

String Quartets, Debussy and Ravel (Deutsche Grammophon). Each composer wrote only one, and both are good. Debussy's, distinguished by a languid andantino, undulates movement on movement right into Ravel's, which is often similar but much gayer. The German-speaking Melos Quartet plays for a plummy, silken tone—just like Frenchmen.

Dance

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater (New York City Center). The repertory will include the world premiere of an as yet untitled work by Ailey; a revival of Donald McKayle's classic, *Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder* (1959), a biting and poignant evocation of a chain gang; and a revival of Todd Bolender's *The Still Point* (1955), which was originally created for modern dancers, moved successfully (with toe shoes added) into classic ballet repertory, and then (with toe shoes gone) back to Ailey and modern dance. (New York repertory season: December 3 to 21.)

Art

Benjamin West and His American Students: Matthew Pratt, Charles Wilson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, John Trumball, Washington Allston, Thomas Sully (National Portrait Gallery, Washington, D.C.). West was the second president of the Royal Academy, in London, and a major proponent of late-18th-century neoclassicism. An American himself, he had enormous impact on these younger compatriots in their search for a national style. This exhibition illuminates the historic struggle to invent an authentically American culture. (Through January 14.)

The Dinner Party: Judy Chicago (Brooklyn Museum). This controversial feminist sculpture is the result of several years' work by Judy Chicago's dedicated band of artists—not all of them women, incidentally. In form, *The Dinner Party* is an immense triangular table with settings for 39 culture-heroines, some of them historical figures, the rest mythical. As much a sociopolitical event as art, this work is a benchmark of art-world feminism. (Through January 18.)

The Romantics to Rodin: French Nineteenth-Century Sculpture From North American Collections (Detroit Institute of Art). Rodin so dominates our view of the last century's achievement in sculpture that we are hardly aware of the sculptural contributions of the period's other masters—among them, Théodore Géricault, Edgar Dégas, Gustave Doré, Emmanuel Frémiet, Antoine-Baptiste Carpeaux, all represented here by fine examples.

Photography

André Kertész (Images Gallery, Cincinnati, Ohio). When the 35-millimeter camera was first made available in the late Twenties, Hungarian-born Kertész seemed to understand its particular powers with intuitive brilliance, and his astonishing, contrapuntal masterpieces changed the direction of photography forever. Still working hard at 82, Kertész seems as revolutionary and new as ever. (Through December 31.)

George Krause (Hills Gallery, Denver). A youngish photographer who makes pictures that seem the work of an old-timer, Krause has managed to take venerable but somewhat timeworn themes, from gravestones to birds, and without apparent guile to make them seem disturbingly different from the photographs of all those who have gone before. (Through December 28.)

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